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LADIES' GARLAND.

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION;

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS,

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY, HISTORICAL NARRATIVES,
SKETCHES OF SOCIETY, TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS,
MORAL TALES, ANECDOTES, ETC.

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, ETC.

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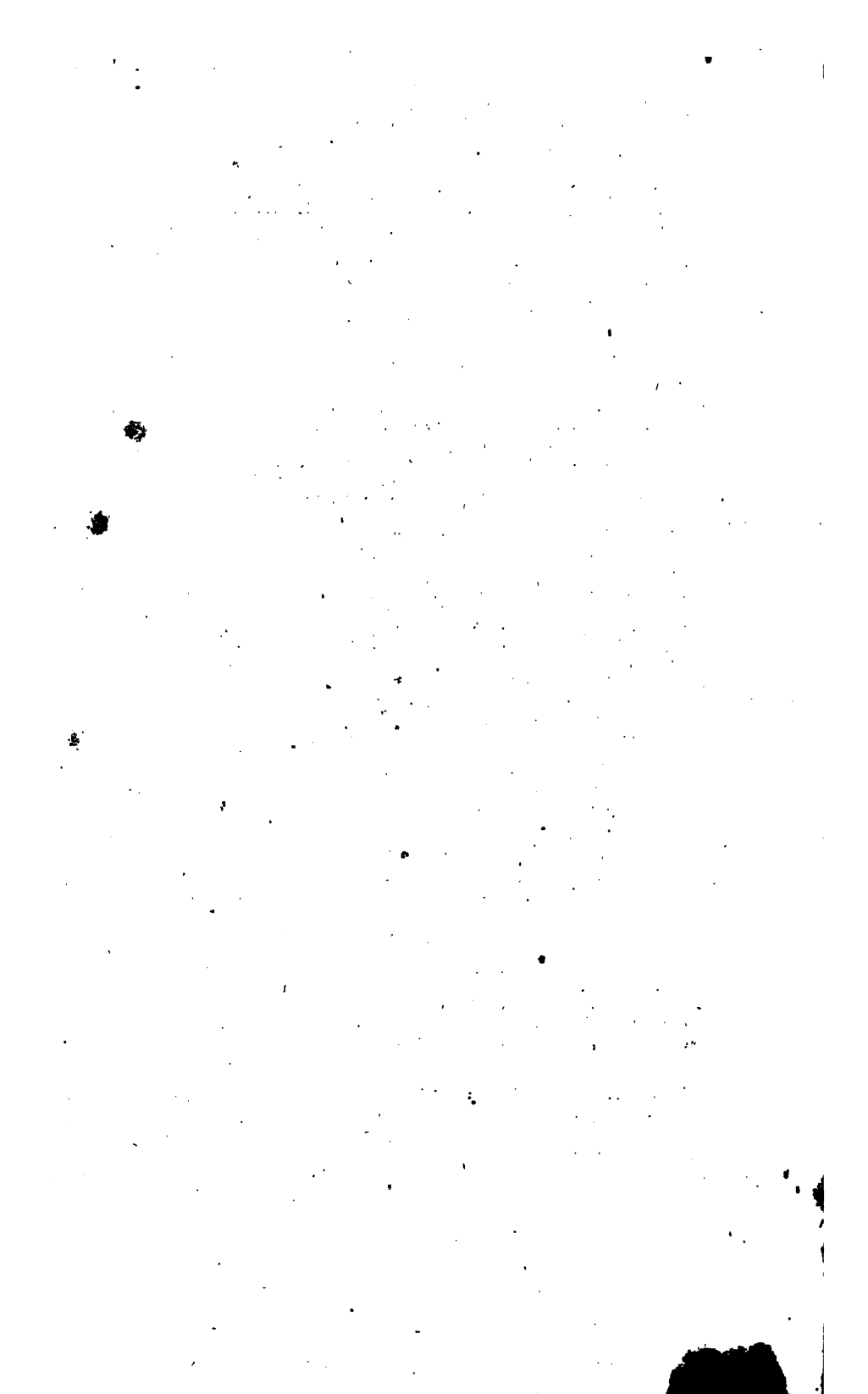


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THE LADIES' GARLAND.

Vol. II.

A WREATH OF MANY FLOWERS.

No. 1.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

Sir—"The Bride."

I'd offer thee this heart of mine,
If I could love thee less;
But hearts as warm, as soft as thine,
Should never know distress.
My fortune is too hard for thee,
'Twould chill thy dearest joy:
I'd rather weep to see thee free,
Than win thee to destroy.'

I leave thee in thy happiness,
As one too dear to love!
As one I'll think of but to bless,
Whilst wretchedly I rove.
But oh! when sorrow's cup I drink,
All bitter though it be,
How sweet to me 'twill be to think
It holds no drop for thee.

Then fare thee well; an exile now,
Without a friend or home,
With anguish written on my brow,
About the world I'll roam.
For all my dreams are sadly o'er—
Fate bade them all depart,—
And I will leave my native shore,
In brokenness of heart. S.

THE OUTCAST.

SUCH of our Scottish readers as were personally familiar with the transactions and incidents during the late war, may remember a small building that stood at the end of one of the streets of Leith, at the door of which the union Jack was seen flying from morning till night. It was the rendezvous of the "press-gang," whilst employed in their revolting occupation ashore, and where they were regularly locked in every night, to pre-

vent the risk of collision between them and the citizens, to whom they were, as a matter of course, particularly obnoxious.

The commanding officer on the station, at the period of the following incident, was a man peculiarly unfitted, by inclination at least, for the duties imposed on him by the impressment proceedings, being of a most humane and kind disposition. He was, besides, a native of Leith, where he resided in a house of his own, unless when his presence was necessarily required on board. He had also a private room in the round house (as it may be termed) above mentioned, where he attended with great punctuality, in order that his presence might prove a check to the brutal and licentious natures of the "press-gang," the most reckless and desperate characters amongst the crew, being as is well known always selected for the worse than slave-traffic in which they were employed.

In the above room, then, Captain Gillespie was seated one evening, when he was informed that a gentleman desired to speak with him, and, at his desire, the stranger was introduced. He was evidently a mere youth, slightly and elegantly made, and was very fashionably dressed. Captain Gillespie was particularly struck with the handsome, and as he thought, feminine cast of his features—a peculiarity that corresponded well with the soft and silvery tones of his voice, when after considerable hesitation, he stated the purpose of his visit. This was no other than to request that he might be taken on board a man-of-war to serve as a common sailor! Captain Gillespie expressed no little astonishment at one of his tender age and elegant appearance having adopted so strange a resolution, and begged to question him as to his motives for so doing—whether he had reflected suffi-

ciently on the consequences of such a step, the hardships he must endure, and so forth. The youth declined giving any explanation on these points, and merely reiterated his determination of entering the navy. The worthy officer was exceedingly moved at the youth's situation. He was evidently of a superior rank in life, had been carefully and delicately brought up; and his replies showed that he knew nothing at all of the world. The Captain, however, secretly felt more compassion than surprise at the circumstance. He knew that instances were then of frequent occurrence, of young men of the very best families, whose ardent and untutored imaginations were blown into enthusiasm by the inflated and high colored accounts every day put forth of our splendid naval triumphs, and with heads filled with visions of glory, and hearts with patriotism, leaving all the comforts and elegancies of home behind, little dreaming of the rough ordeal they must undergo in the path of eminence or glory.

Such an instance did the kind-hearted officer conclude was now before him; and knowing from experience all the rough realities of his profession, he endeavored to persuade the young enthusiast to abandon, or at least postpone his resolution; but finding all his arguments unavailing, he determined to give him a foretaste, at least of the sort of company he would have to associate with on board. When the junior, therefore, came on shore to relieve him for the night, he ordered him to lock the young man in the same apartment with the rascals of the "press-gang;" and directed, also, that he should be brought to his house the next morning at breakfast time.

The youth accordingly appeared at the appointed hour, and Captain Gillespie saw, at a glance, that the experiment he had tried had not been without its effect, or rather that it had succeeded much beyond what he intended. In fact, he was shocked at the alteration which he saw in the young man's features since the preceding evening, and almost repented the plan he had put in practice. He shook him kindly by the hand, and then, in as indifferent a tone as he could assume, requested to know if he still adhered to his determination of becoming a sailor. For a while the young man sat mute and rigid as marble, and seemed totally unconscious of the meaning of the words addressed to him, but at last fell on his knees before Captain Gillespie, and in a passion of tears and sobs, so violent as seemed almost to rend his frame, disclosed what his compassionate hearer had already begun distinctly to suspect—that the unhappy young creature before him was a female!

Captain Gillespie raised the suppliant be-

fore him, and endeavored to soothe her by all the persuasion he was master of, but it was long before he succeeded.* When at length she became composed enough to speak, she frankly told her short and simple tale. She was the youngest daughter of a gentleman of considerable property in a neighboring county. About six months previous to the indiscretion of which she had been guilty, a young relative, a lieutenant in the navy, had obtained leave for a short visit to her father's house. The young officer had but lately obtained his commission, was consequently in high spirits, and being quite an enthusiast in his profession, could speak of nothing else but the scenes and battles—for he had already seen a deal of hard fighting—in which he had been engaged, depicting them of course in the most glowing colors that a young and ardent imagination could suggest. In these details, although listened to with due attention, and perhaps interest, by the rest of the family, the young sailor found none, who evidently sympathised, as it were, with his own feelings but the youngest of his cousins, of whom there were four, all daughters. It was natural, therefore, that he should show a preference to her company in comparison with her sisters, although his predilection arose solely from the vain glorious pleasure of having a ready, a delighted listener. Any thing like love addresses he had never once offered to her, (and it afterwards, indeed, appeared that his affections were pre-engaged,) but his buoyant spirits, and joyous language—his aspirations after naval fame—his handsome and animated countenance, together with the decided partiality he displayed for her society—all these wrought upon the young and simple girl's imagination, to a degree of which she was not herself conscious until he was gone. It was then, and for the first time, she felt how much her happiness was at the disposal of another, and what a dreary blank the world appeared without his presence. Time, perhaps, might have enabled her to regain her equanimity, but she was subject to distress from other sources. Her father, a cold, austere man, a stern disciplinarian in his family, and who regarded any unbending from that rigid demeanor of stately and ceremonious reserve which was the rule of his own deportment, as alike an infraction of moral propriety and a derogation from his rank—had observed with swelling indignation his daughter's artless admiration of her cousin, and, at the departure of the latter, let her see the full measure of his wrath upon her. Her sisters, too, whose minds were formed on their father's model, and burned, moreover, with spite and jealousy, at the preference shown by any eligible and marriageable man

to one younger than themselves, persecuted her without mercy. The poor girl's life soon became so wretched, between her domestic troubles and her love for her absent cousin, that she at last determined to fly from her father's house, and follow her lover to sea. So ignorant was she of worldly matters, that, hearing that a "frigate-of-war" was lying in Leith roads, the nature of which she never had heard of except from the lips of her cousin, she simply concluded he must be there, and had accordingly applied, as we have seen, to be accepted as his shipmate.

Such was the simple story of the poor girl, who seemed overwhelmed with shame and remorse at her folly, and with despair at the probable consequences of it. Captain Gillespie said all he could to console her; promised to write to her father for his forgiveness, which he was sure she would obtain; and tried to cheer her, by saying that her foolish prank would soon be forgotten. But her agitation and distress only broke out afresh. She knew, she said, her father too well to think there was any hope of his mercy; and even if he did forgive her, her sisters would break her heart with their taunts and reproaches. No other course, however, was left to her new and kind-hearted friend; he accordingly wrote off the same day to Mr. Hume, (for such was his name,) informing him of his daughter's situation, and urging all he could to depreciate his indignation, and palliate his daughter's conduct, which, he assured him, she most deeply repented. He also had the weeping runaway moved immediately to the house of a female relation in the neighborhood, where every attention was paid her.

Captain Gillespie waited anxiously for a reply to his letter, which he felt quite confident in the person of Mr. Hume himself, rejoiced to discover and to take back his erring daughter to his arms. The answer, indeed, came punctually by return of post—his own letter enclosed in a blank cover! Captain Gillespie was thunderstruck. His honest and unsophisticated mind was quite unable to comprehend the possibility of such a thing. It presented poor human nature in a light which was perfectly new to him; and he examined his letter and the envelope more than once, to make sure that the fact was really true. A parent to refuse forgiveness to a penitent child for such a mere act of youthfulness!—Was it in the heart of erring man to do it? It was impossible. There must be some mistake—some misconception:—he would write again. He wrote again accordingly, repeated what he had stated in his former letter, and adding every thing else he could think of, in mitigation of his fair charge's indiscretion. He concluded by remarking—

which was the fact—that she seemed fast sinking under her misery; and begged him, as a Christian and a parent, to hasten to her relief, and save her life, by pronouncing his forgiveness. It was in vain. His letter was again returned to him as before, with, however, the following laconic note in the envelope:—"Mr. Hume knows no such individual as that referred to in the enclosed, and begs that no more communications may be sent to him regarding that individual." Captain Gillespie was staggered at this epistle, and certain suspicions began to arise in his mind. Could she be an imposter? Was it possible that one so young, so modest, and so heart-broken, could be deceiving him with a fabricated story? This he could not bring his mind to believe; but on the other hand, reckoned it still more improbable that a parent could thus abandon his child to starvation or infamy. Was it that she had been guilty of some worse indiscretion than she had confessed, and was afraid to reveal to him? He was puzzled for some time what to think or do, but he felt he had proceeded too far to let the matter rest where it was; and concluded by determining to sift it to the bottom, and that without delay. He immediately made arrangements, therefore, for a day's absence from duty, and set out in a post chaise for Mr. Hume's residence.

To be continued.

BEAUTIES OF SALATHIEL.

BY REV. GEORGE CROLY.

No. VII.

I was in one of those fits of abstraction, revolving the misery in which my beloved daughter might be, even in that moment, if indeed she were in existence, when the door of my chamber opened softly, and one of my domestics appeared, making a signal of silence. This was he whom I had detected in correspondence with the Roman agent, and forgiven through the entreaties of Miriam.—The man had since shown remarkable interest in the recovery of my daughter, and thus completely reinstated himself. He knelt before me, and with more humility than I desired, implored my pardon for having again held intercourse with the Roman.

"It was my zeal," said he, "to gain intelligence; for I knew that nothing passed in the provinces a secret from him. This letter is his answer, and perhaps I shall be forgiven for the sake of what it contains." I read it with trembling avidity. It was mysterious; described two fugitives who had made their escape to Cesarea; and intimated that, as they were about to fly into Asia Minor, the pursuit must be immediate, and conducted with the utmost secrecy.

I was instantly on horseback. Dreading to disturb my family by false hopes, I ordered out my hounds, ranged the hills in sight of my dwelling, and then turning off, struck in the spur, and attended only by the domestic, went full speed to Cæsarea. From the summit of Mount Carmel, I looked down upon the city and the broad Mediterranean. But my eyes then felt no delight in the grandeur of art or nature. The pompous structures on which Herod the Great had expended a treasure beyond count, and which the residence, of the governor made the Roman capital of Judea, were to me but so many dens and dungeons, in which my child might be hid. The sea showed me only the path by which she might have been borne away, or the grave in which her wanderings were to close.

By extraordinary speed, I reached the gates just as the trumpet was sounding for their close. My attendant went forth to obtain information; and I was left pacing my chamber in feverish suspense. I did not suffer it long. The door opened, and a group of soldiers ordered me to follow them. Resistance was useless. They led me to the palace. There I was delivered from guard to guard, through a long succession of apartments, until we reached the door of a banqueting-room. The festivity within was high; and if I could have then sympathized with singing and laughter, I might have had full indulgence during the immeasurable hour that I lingered out, a broken wretch, exhausted by desperate effort, sick at heart, and of course not unanxious for the result of an interview with the Roman procurator, Gessius Florus; a man whose name was equivalent to vice, extortion, and love of blood, throughout Judea. I was betrayed.

* * * * *

“Well,” said he, after a whispered exposition from Septimius, “you must go and settle the matter with the Emperor. The fact is, that I am too tender hearted to govern such a nation of dagger-bearers. So, to Nero! If we cannot send the Emperor money, we will at least send him men.” He laughed vehemently at the conception; ordered the singing and dancing slaves to return; called for wine, and plunged again into his favorite cup. Septimius rose, and led me into another chamber. I remonstrated against the injustice of my seizure. He lamented it, but said that the orders from Rome were strict, and that I was denounced by some of the chiefs in Jerusalem as the head of the late insurrection, and the projector of a new one. The procurator, he added, had been for some time anxious to get me into his power without raising a disturbance among my tribe; the treachery of my domestic had been employed to effect this; and “now,” concluded he, “my best wish

for you—a wish prompted by motives of which you can form no conjecture, is, that you may be sent to Rome. Every day that sees you in Cæsarea sees you in the utmost peril. At the first rumor of insurrection, your life will be the sacrifice.”

“But my family! What will be their feelings! Can I not at least acquaint them with my destination?”

“It is impossible. And now, to let you into a state secret, the Emperor had ordered that you should be sent to Rome. Florus menaced, only to extort money. He now knows you better, and would gladly enlist you in the Roman cause. This I know to be hopeless. But I dread his caprice, and shall rejoice to see the sails hoisted that are to carry you to Rome. Farewell: your family shall have due intelligence.” He was at the door of the chamber, but suddenly returned, and pressing my hand, said again, “Farewell, and remember that neither all Romans, nor even all Greeks, may be alike!” He then with a graceful obeisance left the room.

Fatigue hung with a leaden weight upon my eyelids. I tried vain expedients to keep myself from slumber in this perilous vicinage. The huge silver chandelier, that threw a blaze over the fretted roof, began to twinkle before me; and busts and statues gradually mingled, and I was once more in the land of visions. Home was before my eyes. I was suddenly tost upon the ocean. I stood before Nero, and was addressing him with a formal harangue, when the whole tissue was broken up, by a sullen voice commanding me to rise. A soldier, sword in hand, was by the couch; he pointed to the door, where an armed party were in attendance, and informed me that I was ordered for immediate embarkation.

It was scarcely past midnight; the stars were still in their glory; the pharos threw a long line of flame on the waters; the city sounds were hushed; and silent as a procession to the grave, we moved down to where the tall vessel lay rocking with the breeze. At her side a Nubian slave put a note into my hand; it was from the young Roman. The sails were hoisted; the stately mole, that even in the night looked a mount of marble, was cleared, the libation was poured to the Tritons for our speedy passage, and the blazing pharos was rapidly seen but as a twinkling star.

Our trireme flew before the wind. By day-break, the coast was but a pale line along the waters; but Carmel still towered proudly eminent, and with its top alternately clouded and glittering in the sun, might have been taken for a gigantic beacon, throwing up alternate smoke and flame. With what awe did I continue to look, until the mighty land too sank in the waters! But thought still lingered on the shore. I saw, with a keen

ness more than of the eye, the family circle; through many an hour of gazing on the waters, I was all but standing in the midst of those walls which I might never more see; listening to the uncomplaining sighs of Miriam, the impassioned remonstrances of my sole remaining child, and busied in the still harder task of finding out some defence against the self-accusation that laid the charge of rashness and cruelty heavy upon my soul. But the scene round me was the very reverse of moody meditation.

Our voyage was rapid; but even a lingering transit would have been cheered by the animation of the innumerable objects of beauty and renown, which rise on every side in the passage through a Grecian sea. The islands were then untouched by the spoiler; the opulence of Rome had been added to Attic taste, and temples, theatres, and palaces, starting from groves, or studding the sides of stately hills, and reflected in the mirror of bays, smooth and bright as polished steel, held the eye a continued captive. On the sea, flights of vessels, steering in all directions, glittering with the emblems of their nations, the colored pennants, the painted prows, the gilded images of the protecting idols, covered the horizon with life.

We had reached the southern Cape of Greece, and were, with a boldness unusual to ancient navigation, stretching across in a starless night, for the coast of Italy, when we caught a sound of distant music, that recalled the poetic dreams of nymphs and tritons. The sound swelled and sank on the wind, as if it came from the depths of the ocean, or the bosom of the clouds. As we parted from the land, it swelled richer, until it filled the midnight with pompous harmony. To sleep was profanation, and we all gathered on the deck, exhausting nature and art in conjecture of the cause. The harmony approached and receded at intervals, grew in volume and richness, then stole away in wild murmurs, or died, to revive with still more luxuriant sweetness. Night passed away in delight and conjecture. Morning alone brought the solution. Full in the blaze of sunrise steered the imperial fleet, returning in triumph from the Olympic games, with the emperor on board. We had unconsciously approached it during the darkness. The whole scene wore the aspect of a vision summoned by the hand of an enchanter. The sea was covered with the fleet in order of battle. Some of the galleys were of vast size, and all were gleaming with gold and decorations; silken sails, garlands on the masts, trophies hung over the sides, and embroidered streamers of every shape and hue, met the morning light. We passed the wing of the fleet, close enough to see the sacrificial fires on the poop of the im-

perial quinqueme. A crowd in purple and military habits were standing round a throne, above which proudly waved the scarlet flag of command. A figure advanced, all foreheads were bowed, acclamations rent the air; the trumpets of the fleet flourished, and the lofty and luxuriant harmonies, that had charmed us in the night, again swelled upon the wind, and followed us long after the whole floating splendor had dissolved into the distant blue.

At length the headlands of the noble bay of Tarentum rose above the horizon.

Night fell at last. The moon, to which our captain had taken a sudden aversion, was as cloudy as he could desire; and we rushed in between the glimmering watch-towers on the Japygian and Lacinian promontories. The glow of light along the waters soon pointed out where the luxurious citizens of Tarentum were enjoying the banquet in their barges and villas. Next came the hum of the great city, whose popular boast was, like that of later times, that it had more holydays than days in the year.

I had no time to give to the glories of Tarentum. Nero's approach hurried my departure. The centurion who had me in charge trembled at the idea of delay; and we rode through the midst of three hundred thousand sleepers in streets of marble and ranks of trophies, as silently and swiftly as if we had been the ghosts of their ancestors. When the day broke we found ourselves among the Lucanian hills, then no desert, but living with population, and bright with the memorials of Italian opulence and taste. From the inn where we halted to change horses, the Tarentine gulf spread broad and bold before the eye.

The city of luxury and of power, once the ruler of southern Italy, and mistress of the seas; that sent out armies and fleets worthy to contest the supremacy with Pyrrhus and the Carthaginian; was, from this spot, sunk, like all the works of man, into littleness. But the gulf, like all the works of nature, grew into grandeur. Its circular shore edged with thirteen cities, the deep azure of its smooth waters inlaid with the flashes of sunrise, and traversed by fleets, diminished to toys; reminded me of one of the magnificent Roman shields, with its centre of sanguine steel, the silver incrustation of the rim, and the storied sculpture.

We passed at full speed through the Lucanian and Samnian provinces, fine sweeps of cultivated country, interspersed with the hunting grounds of the great patricians; forests that had not felt the axe for centuries, and hills sheathed with the wild vine and rose. But on reaching the border of Latium, I was already in Rome; I traveled a day's journey among

streets, and in the midst of a crowded and hurrying population. The whole was one huge suburb, with occasional glimpses of a central mount, crowned with glittering and gilded structures. "There!" said the centurion, with somewhat of religious reverence, "Behold the eternal Capitol!"—I entered Rome at night, passing through an endless number of narrow and intricate streets, where hovels, the very abode of want, were mingled with palaces blazing with lights and echoing with festivity. The centurion's house was at length reached. He showed me to an apartment, and left me, saying, "that I must prepare to be brought before the Emperor immediately on his arrival."

I am now, thought I, in the heart of the heart of the world; in the midst of that place of power, from which the destiny of nations issues; in the great treasure house to which men come from the ends of the earth for knowledge, for justice, for wealth, honor, thrones! and what am I!—a solitary slave.

Rome was all shows. Its innumerable public events were thrown into the shape of pageantry. Its worship, elections, the departure and return of governors and consuls, every operation of public life was modeled into a pomp; and in the boundless extent of the empire; those operations were crowding on each other every day. What must have been the strong excitement, the perpetual concourse, the living and various activity of a city from which emanated the stream of power through the world, to return to it loaded with all that the opulence, skill, and glory of the world could give!

Triumphs, to whose grandeur and singularity the pomps of later days are but the attempts of paupers and children; sacrifices and rites, on which the very existence of the state was to depend; the levy and march of armies, which were to carry fate to the remotest corners of the earth; the pageants of the kings of the east and west, coming to solicit diadems, or to deprecate the irresistible arms of Rome; vast theatres; public games, that tasked the whole fertility of Italian talent, and the most prodigal lavishness of imperial luxury, were the movers that among the three millions of Rome made life a hurricane. I saw it in its full and joyous commotion: I saw it in its desperate agony; I saw it in its frivolous revival; and I shall see it in an hour, wilder, weaker, and more terrible than all.

By an influence of which I was then ignorant, I was permitted to be present at some of those displays, under charge of the centurion. No man could be better fitted for a state jailor. Civility sat on his lips, but caution the most profound, sat beside her. He professed to have the deepest dependence on

my honor, yet he never let me beyond his eye. But I had no desire to escape. The crisis must come; and I was as well inclined to meet it then, as to have it hanging over me.

Intelligence in a few days arrived from Brundisium of the emperor's landing, and of his intention to remain at Antium, on the road to Rome, until his triumphal entry should be prepared. My fate now hung in the scale. I was ordered to attend the imperial presence. At the vestibule of the Antian palace, my careful centurion deposited me in the hands of a senator. As I followed him through the halls, a young female richly attired, and of the most beautiful face and form, crossed us, light and graceful as a dancing nymph. The senator bowed profoundly. She beckoned to him, and they exchanged a few words. I was probably the subject; for her countenance, sparkling with the animation of youth and loveliness, grew pale at once: she clasped both her hands upon her eyes, and rushed into an inner chamber. She knew Nero well; and dearly she was yet to pay for her knowledge. The senator, to my inquiring glance, answered in a whisper, "The Empress Poppæa."

A few steps onward, and I stood in the presence of the most formidable being on earth.—Yet, whatever might have been the natural agitation of the time, I could scarcely restrain a smile at the first sight of Nero. I saw a pale, undersized, light-haired young man sitting before a table with a lyre on it, a few copies of verses and drawings, and a parrot's cage, to whose inmate he was teaching Greek with great assiduity. But for the regal furniture of the cabinet, I should have supposed myself led by mistake into an interview with some struggling poet. He shot round one quick glance on the opening of the door, and then proceeded to give lessons to his bird. I had leisure to gaze on the tyrant and parricide.

Physiognomy is a true science. The man of profound thought, the man of active ability, and above all, the man of genius, has his character stamped on his countenance by nature; the man of violent passions and the voluptuary have it stamped by habit. But the science has its limits: it has no stamp for mere cruelty. The features of the human monster before me were mild, and almost handsome: a heavy eye and a figure tending to fulness gave the impression of a quiet mind; and but for an occasional restlessness of brow, and a brief glance from under it, in which the leaden eye darted suspicion, I should have pronounced Nero one of the most indolently tranquil of mankind.

He remanded the parrot to his perch, took up his lyre, and throwing a not unskilful hand over the strings, in the intervals of the performance languidly addressed a broken sentence to me. "You have come, I understand,

from Judea;—they tell me that you have been, or are to be, a general of the insurrection;—you must be put to death;—your countrymen give us a great deal of trouble, and I always regret to be troubled with them. But to send you back would only be encouragement to them, and to keep you here among strangers would only be cruelty to you. I am charged with cruelty:—you see the charge is not true. I am lampooned every day; I know the scribblers, but they must lampoon or starve. I leave them to do both. Have you brought any news from Judea?—They have not had a true prince there since the first Herod; and he was quite a Greek, a cut-throat, and a man of taste. He understood the arts. I sent for you, to see what sort of animal a Jewish rebel was. Your dress is handsome, but too light for our winters. You cannot die before sunset, as till then I am engaged with my music-master. We all must die when our time comes.”

I retired to execution! and, before the door closed, heard this accomplished disposer of life and death preluding upon his lyre with increased energy. I was conducted to a turret until the period in which the Emperor's engagements with his music-master should leave him at leisure to see me die. Yet there was kindness even under the roof of Nero, and a liberal hand had covered the table in my cell. The hours passed heavily along, but they passed; and I was watching the last rays of my last sun, when I perceived a cloud rise in the direction of Rome. It grew broader, deeper, darker, as I gazed; its centre was suddenly tinged with red; the tinge spread; the whole mass of cloud became crimson; the sun went down, and another sun seemed to have risen in his stead. I heard the clattering of horses' feet in the court-yards below; trumpets sounded; there was confusion in the palace; the troops hurried under arms; and I saw a squadron of cavalry set off at full speed.

As I was gazing on the spectacle before me, which perpetually became more menacing, the door of my cell slowly opened, and a masked figure stood upon the threshold. I had made up my mind; and demanding if he was the executioner, I told him “that I was ready.” The figure paused, listened to the sounds below, and after looking for a while on the troops in the court-yard, signified by signs that I had a chance of saving my life. The love of existence rushed back upon me. I eagerly inquired what was to be done. He drew from under his cloak the dress of a Roman slave, which I put on, and noiselessly followed his steps through a long succession of small and strangely intricate passages.—We found no difficulty from guards or domestics. The whole palace was in a state of extraordinary confusion. Every human being

was packing up something or other: rich vases, myrrhine cups, table services, were lying in heaps on the floors; books, costly dresses, instruments of music, all the appendages of luxury, were flung loose in every direction, from the sudden breaking up of the court. I might have plundered the value of a province with impunity. Still we wound our hurried way. In passing along one of the corridors, the voice of complaining struck the ear; my mysterious guide hesitated; I glanced through the slab of crystal that showed the chamber within. It was the one in which I had seen the Emperor, but his place was now filled by the form of youth and beauty that had crossed me on my arrival. She was weeping bitterly, and reading with strong but sorrowful indignation a long list of names, probably one of those rolls in which Nero registered his intended victims, and which, in the confusion of departure, he had left open. A second glance saw her tear the paper into a thousand fragments, and scatter them in the fountain that gushed upon the floor. But we flew onward only to witness scenes of surpassing terror and magnificence.

To be continued.

THE BRIDAL DAY.

BY L. E. L.

She leans beside her mirror, in her old accustomed place,

Yet something unfamiliar is on her lovely face;

She wears a wreath, a snow white wreath, which yet she never wore;

It gives a paleness to the cheek, unknown to it before.

The maiden goeth to the grove, and of the flowers beneath,

She takes the lily or the rose, to bind her midnight wreath;

But of one plant she gathers not, though fair its blossoms be;

Only the bride hath leave to wear buds from the orange-tree.

Once, only once, that wreath is worn—once only may she wear

The pale white wreath of orange-flowers within her shining hair;

They wear, upon their soft wan bloom, the shade of coming years;

The spiritual presence round of human hopes and fears!

Ay, let her soft and thoughtful eyes upon her mirror dwell,

For, in that long and tender look, she taketh her farewell

Of all her youth's unconsciousness, of all her lighter cares,

And for a deeper, sadder life—a woman's lot prepares.

She leaves her old familiar place, the hearts that were
her own ;
The love to which she trusts herself is yet a thing un-
known ;
Though at one name her cheeks turn red, though
sweet it be to hear,
Yet for that name she must resign so much that has
been dear.

It is an anxious happiness—it is a fearful thing,
When first the maiden's small white hand puts on the
golden ring ;
She passeth from her father's house unto another's
care ;
And who may say what troubled hours, what sorrows
wait her there ?

Ah ! love and life are mysteries, both blessing and
both blest ;
And yet how much they teach the heart of trial and
unrest !

Sweet maiden, while these troubled thoughts, mid
bridal fancies sweep,
Well mayest thou pensive watch thy glass, and turn
aside to weep.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES; ON EDUCATION.

Female education, even with all the im-
provements it has undergone, in this enlight-
ened age, is still very defective. The causes
are few, and easily removed by the hands that
move the springs of society. May I hint at
some of those causes ?

1. In the education of females, the place
they are to occupy and the duties they are
required to perform, are too much disregarded.
In the first creation, Eve was made because it
was not good that man should be alone. Pos-
sessed of a social principle, Adam needed so-
ciety. God, therefore, formed a companion
for him, and gave her to the man. Thus
plainly are her place and duties indicated in
her original creation.

That education, therefore, is manifestly de-
fective, which fails to regulate, strengthen,
and elevate the female mind. You must be
taught to think, to think seriously, to investi-
gate truth ; to go down into the well where
it is said to be hid, and bring it up ; to medi-
tate, reflect, review your decisions, and act
from rational conviction, intelligently, and
from principle.

Look at that thoughtless girl. What secu-
rity is there to her moral principles ? She
may have formed no deliberate consent to sin.
But she is thoughtless. She is a child of
mere feeling. Innocent, perhaps, in her fol-
ly, yet what a subject for deception ! How ea-
sily might the destroyer take her in his toils !
She has always leaned on indulgent parents,
or others, and has never thought of self-pro-
tection. She can hardly be said to have char-

acter. That is still to be formed. And what
if she is exposed to form it amid temptations
thick and strong ! Who would guarantee her
integrity ? But give her knowledge—that is
power. Let her mind be strengthened by the
conflicts of opinion, by the excitement of
study, by the quickening influence of argu-
mentation ; let great principles be thus estab-
lished, and her intellectual character formed
and elevated by an education, which puts her
on her own resources, and develops them.—
Can such a lady be imposed upon ? No.—
Place her in any community, alone and friend-
less. She has mind, she has knowledge—that
is power. She can do something—that com-
mands respect. She will be respected. She
will receive attention. She is worth some-
thing to the world. She acts her part in the
great business of life, and her actions tell on
the great interests of man.

As intelligent and just views of truth are
the best means of giving strength to the in-
tellect, and firmness to purpose, it is plain,
that the education of the mind forms the pro-
per subject of female instruction. Yet how
widely different from this is the practice of
many parents, and the notions of many young
ladies. Some seem never to have entertained
the thought that the ordinary modes of edu-
cation belong to them. I have seen some
ladies, and mothers too, who seemed to think
it vulgar for ladies to study. The idea of
taking a part in the active duties of life hardly
enters their minds. To rise before the sun,
belongs, in their view, to poor people, hire-
lings, slaves. To be usefully employed in com-
pany, to be found with a book, or at work,
would mortify them exceedingly. They live
for—they know not what. They will die—
they know not when. They will go—they
seem to care not where.

A second mistake in female education is
the neglect, or misdirection of the social prin-
ciple. This principle may be regarded as
one of the distinctive characteristics of man.
It implies something more than brute instinct,
and is elevated above mere animal pleasures.
It involves the exercise of the highest quali-
ties of the head and the heart, and originates
a class of refined pleasures connected with
the immortality itself of the soul. Education,
then, should be employed to develop, exercise,
and give direction to this principle, to distin-
guish it from mere animal feeling, to make it
observe a moral effect, and connect it with
another and a nobler life.

In social intercourse, the prescribed rules
of etiquette are often an affectation of refine-
ment at the expense of all comfort, improve-
ment, business, and even truth itself. When-
ever truth is sacrificed at the door, sacrilege
and profanation will be deemed no crime in the
temple. It is far better to turn your bolt on

the whole world, and be solitary, than vulgarly familiar, or associated with unworthy companions. Even suitable associations are often unprofitably conducted. Time is trifled away, and the door of improvement closed by a visitor, to whose usurpations your civility yields. Against such, is there no law? There certainly is. Introduce a profitable book. O, that will be very impolite. In whose judgment? By none, except those whose company you can well spare. They impose on you their authorship, and may you not in turn select yours, and introduce, if you please, another visitor? Change the conversation, that has become unprofitable. Insist on it.—The premises are yours. If not, retire.—Make your social intercourse profitable, at least not injurious.

But there are dangers and temptations in every house, not chargeable to visitors. With those who are always together, there is a strong temptation to seek after something new, to excite admiration or change the scene.—Hence, slanders, exaggerations of truth, or glaring falsehoods, are often brought to the aid of a vacant mind.

Avoid the habit of ceaseless conversation on living characters. It cherishes a superficial manner of thinking, as well as a censorious disposition. Conversation, to be made profitable, must be mainly employed upon principles and facts; persons should be referred to incidentally, and with strict regard not only to truth, but candor and propriety.—Some seem to think of little else than their neighbors. They are always in a state of excitement at the ordinary events of life.—A pruriency of thought, which requires restraint, is thereby sometimes betrayed even by young ladies, little calculated to recommend them to those whom they seek to please. As a remedy for these evils, which will be encountered more or less in every family, I advise you, in the first place, learn to be silent. This is a lesson which costs nothing, and, early taken, may be easily learnt, but rarely attained, when an opposite habit has become inveterate. As a second means of defence against the evils of an ungoverned tongue, have always some sober, profitable subject of thought, which you may call up at pleasure. Ground pre-occupied is not so easily entered upon.

3. A third cause for the defective education of females may be found in their imperfect apprehension of their own responsibilities.—They too often entertain the notion, that as intellectual beings, it was not the design of Providence that they would associate with the lords of this lower world; and as to being helps to their lords, they think they were made only to be helped and waited upon. Fatal misapprehension! Let their protector, by

one of the thousand casualties constantly impending, fail in business—must they not share his adversity? Let him die, and his estate be represented insolvent—must they not beg their bread, or work for it? Do they not contribute their full share to success where it comes, and by their assiduous services, crown the blessing? And can these responsibilities be discharged by a mere puppet, a plaything? No. It requires a rational being, elevated in moral feeling, towering in intellect, rising with godlike man in his improvements. It requires a *companion* to do this. Is he not an intellectual being, and shall he be satisfied with the companionship of a mere animal? Is he, by the causes constantly operating in his sphere of duty, rising in the scale of intellectual being, and shall he not proceed “*pari passu*” as his companion? Can she otherwise hold his respect, or be worthy of his companionship? She cannot. Be assured, when their plays and days of falseness are over, the other sex will seek ladies of cultivated minds and thought, on whom to bestow their confidence, and receive to their companionship.

4. A fourth bar to female improvement is the slavish control of *fashion*. Some notions of what belongs to the claims of society, are set on foot often by the thoughtless, or those least worthy of regard. They are practised on by a few, reported by the loquacious, and finally required as necessary forms in society. These rules often come in conflict with every plan of intellectual improvement, and make mental dwarfs of our children. These children are thus early placed in the hand of intellectual nuzes, who withhold all wholesome nutriment, and feed their immortal souls with the serpent's food.

5. Parental indulgence is another serious detriment to female education. Instead of directing their children in their education, children often direct their parents. When a child is put to school, and the lessons become hard, she flinches. Then is the time for salutary discipline. But instead of commanding her to persevere, the parent announces to the teacher that the dear creature is dissatisfied, and she must be withdrawn. Thus, before she has time to prove the pleasures of acquisition, she is taken from her studies with the remembrance only that they are bitter.

6. The indiscreet flatteries of friends oppose another obstacle. As soon as a young lady can calculate the disbursement of her pin money, write a billet intelligibly, and finger the piano a little better than her grandmother, she is set up as a prodigy, and finishes her education.

Be firm in your resolutions—but weigh well before you resolve.

THE EARLY DEAD.

There is a plaintive sweetness in the following (anonymous) stanzas, which goes directly to the heart.

He rests—but not the rest of sleep
Weighs down his sunken eyes,
The rigid slumber is too deep,
The calm too breathless lies!
Shrunk are the wandering veins that streak
The fixed and marble brow;
There is no life-flush on the cheek—
Death! death! I know thee now!

Pale King of Terrors, thou art here
In all thy dark array:
But 'tis the *living* weep and fear
Beneath thine iron sway;—
Bring flowers and crown the Early Dead,
Their hour of bondage past:
But wo, for those who mourn and dread,
And linger till the last.

Spring hath its music and its bloom,
And morn its glorious light;
But still a shadow from the tomb,
A sadness and a blight,
Are ever on earth's loveliest things,
The breath of change is there,
And Death his dusky shadow flings
O'er all that's loved and fair.

So let it be—for ne'er on earth
Should man his home prepare;
The spirit feels its heavenly birth,
And spurns at mortal care,
Even when young Worth and Genius die
Let no vain tears be shed,
But bring bright wreaths of victory
And crown the Early Dead.

For the Ladies' Garland.

THE BLIND BOY.

Mrs. Danville was standing on the steps of the piazza of her pleasant country house, with her youngest child, a fair, delicate, blind boy, standing by her side.

"How very beautiful is this scene," she said, raising her eyes to the blue firmament of heaven. "How very lovely is all around and above us! Oh, truly, His works declare Him! Henry, my love, can you not *feel* that this is a bright, a beautiful day?"

"Yes, I can feel, mother, though I cannot see," he answered sadly; "and yet so good has God been to me, in giving me friends, who, in some measure, supply the deficiency of sight, that I seldom feel a repining thought. But sometimes, when I hear the soft accents of love, I have thought that if I could only see yours and Mary's face, I would be too happy, and that I would worship God with

more fervent love, if I could behold his wondrous works."

Mrs. Danville had seated herself, and the blind boy leaned against a pillar of the piazza while he spoke. But when he ended, he ran to his mother, and throwing himself on his knee beside her, burst into tears.

"Do not yield thus to unavailing grief, my Henry," said his tender parent, "and here comes Mary, with her light step, and happy voice, to cheer you;" as his sister, (a lovely girl of thirteen) came bounding towards them.

"See, mother, what beautiful flowers I have brought you," she exclaimed; and here are some too, Henry. Don't they smell sweet, dear brother? What! tears in your eyes! but dry them away quickly, and I will read you some poetry which I am sure will please you. I saw it in Sarah Conroy's Album, and got her to copy it for me. Here it is:—

"I said I would love thee, in want or in wealth,
Through clouds, and through sunshine, in sickness, in health:

And fear not, my love, when thy spirits are weak,
The troth I have plighted, I never will break.

"Aye, sickness: but sickness, it touches the heart
With a feeling where how many feelings have part;
There's a magic in soothing the wearisome hour,
Pity rears up the stem, and hope looks for the flower.

"The rose smells as sweetly in sunshine and air:
But the green house has all our affection and care;
The lark sings as sweetly while soaring above,
But the bird that we nurse is the bird that we love.

"I have loved thee in sickness, I'll love thee in health,
And if want be our portion, why love be our wealth;
Thy comfort in sorrow, thy stay when most weak—
The troth I have plighted, I never will break."

"Do you not like that, mother!" asked Mary, raising her bright eye as she concluded, "particularly these lines; and she repeated—

"There's a magic in soothing the wearisome hour;"

and,

"The lark sings as sweetly while soaring above,
But the bird that we nurse is the bird that we love."

"How very true that is!—much as I always love dear Henry, I think I feel towards him, a deeper, purer affection, when he is almost entirely dependant upon us, for his comfort. Have you ever felt so, mother?"

"Yes, my love, frequently."

"And he bears his many sufferings so patiently and quietly!" Mary continued, as she embraced her brother, "oh, Henry, will I ever be as good as you are!"

Mrs. Danville was the widow of a revolutionary officer; and, at the close of the war, after his death, she retired to her beautiful residence on the Potomac; where she at this time lived, in peace and tranquility, superin-

tending the education of her children. Mary, the eldest, was extremely amiable, and affectionate; and though she had her faults, she strove so earnestly to overcome them, that they seldom appeared. Henry was born blind:—but so tender was his mother, so kind and obliging his sister, and the rest of the family, that he comparatively little felt his great misfortune. It might be owing to the circumstance of his being more thrown upon his own mental resources, than he would otherwise have been, that his mind and imagination became precocious and glowing; and his language seemed sometimes unnatural for one of his tender age.

One beautiful morning he was dull and languid; and Mary begged him to go with her to the garden. "You do not look well, dear brother," she said, as she kissed his broad and beautiful forehead. "Come, go with me, and the sweet odors of the flowers will revive you."

But Henry was too ill to accompany her.—He had always been very delicate, frequently subject to fits. This morning he had all the symptoms of an approaching one; and, in the afternoon, he was seized with a violent spasm. It lasted for an alarming length of time, and after that he lay in a state of total insensibility, while his attendants applied every restorative that was in their power.

He slept for a while after he awoke from his trance; and the next morning his brain remained perfectly clear, though his friends knew he was passing from them. The bed on which he lay was by a window, on the first floor, and Henry requested them to raise the curtain.

"The sweet smell of the flowers, and the cool, balmy air of morning, will refresh me," he said; "and, dear mother, and sister, come near me, and receive my dying words. I am but a poor, blind boy, and have been much care and trouble to you. Stay, sweet sister, do not weep—and although I cannot see your faces in this world, I will behold them in that purer, brighter one to which I am now fast hastening. Do not mourn for me when I am gone, for I will be happy, very happy then."

He sank back into the arms of Mrs. Daville, much exhausted, but almost immediately continued in a faint, weak voice;—

"Stoop, mother, and kiss me, and you, too, sweet sister. Oh, what do I not owe to your tender care! How wicked and froward I have often been, and yet you have kindly borne with it all and have prayed God to pardon me, and He is taking me to himself; will you not forgive your poor blind boy?"

A fervent kiss, and uncontrolled weeping was the only answer; and Henry turned away and appeared for a while to slumber.—Not many minutes had, however, elapsed,

when he opened his beautiful though sightless eyes, exclaiming joyfully—

"I see them,—I see them! the holy angels waiting to convey me to Jesus—dear Jesus! and clasping his hands, with a smile of ecstasy, his last breath departed. E. B.

Alexandria, D. C., July, 1838.

For the Ladies' Garland.

TO CECELIA

BY MILO A. TOWNSEND.

When sunset on Ohio's hills
Doth glance so bright and free,
And tints the softly purling rills,
O, then I'll think of thee.

And when yon evening star appears,
So beautiful and gay,
I'll cast a thought on other years,
That fled so swift away.

And when the regal moon, so bright,
Is roaming down the sky,
I'll gaze with fond and lone delight,
And wish that thou wert nigh—

For moonlight is a holy hour,
That breathes of bliss and love,
And prints on Hope's unfading flower,
"There is a home above."

Above, where radiant forms survey
The elysian fields of light,
And angels tread that flowery way,
In unalloyed delight.

New Brighton, Pa., May, 1838.

For the Ladies' Garland.

THE SABBATH MORN.

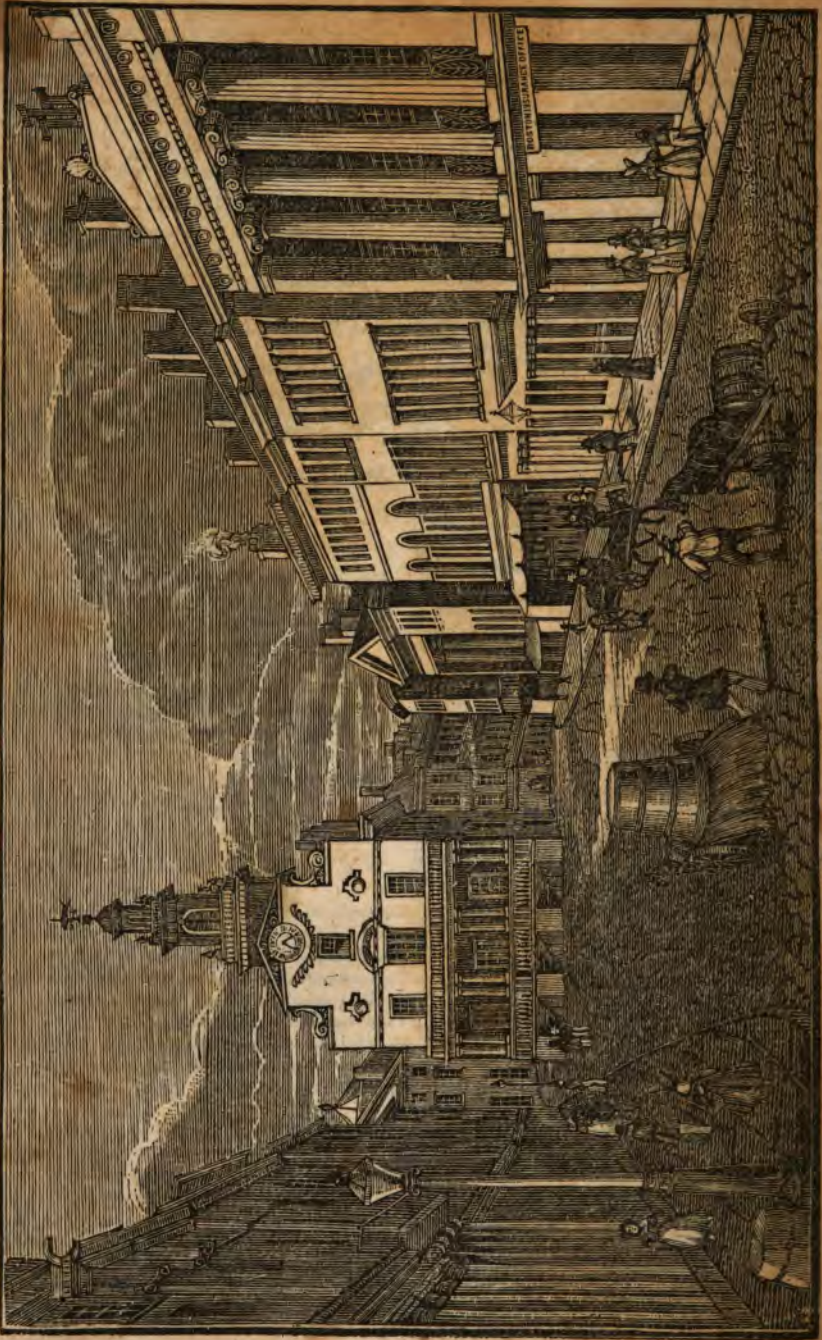
How calm, how bright,

How emblematic of eternal rest,
Dawns the blest sabbath morn.
The din of worldly strife is hushed,
The beasts of burden roam, unharness'd and unshak'd,
O'er the green earth, designed for them to enjoy—
The songsters of creation, soar in the air,
With sweeter strains on this glad day—
For earth's discordant sounds rise not to mingle
With their notes of praise.

But most of all, does he whose heart is purified
By love, rejoice to cast aside the cares that bound him
Through a week of toil; and while his hands
Rest from the labors of this fleeting world—
The mind unfalter'd rises to its God,
And contemplates the joys of millions in the heavenly
world—

And faith, and hope, in whispers soft assure him
That e'er long these transient days of holy rapture
Shall give place to one unending sabbath of repose
Where bliss unbounded reigns. H.

New Jersey, June 8, 1838.



VIEW OF STATE STREET, BOSTON.

VIEW OF STATE STREET, BOSTON.

WITH A CUT.

Boston is situated at the head of Massachusetts bay, on a peninsula about four miles in circumference, and is about three miles in length, and one mile and twenty-five rods, where widest, in breadth, and is connected with the main land at the south end by a narrow isthmus, called the Neck, leading to Roxbury: The town is built in an irregular circular form round the harbor, which is studded with about forty small islands, many of which afford excellent pasture; and are frequented in summer by numerous parties of pleasure. The harbor is formed by Nahant Point on the north, and Point Alderton on the south, and is so capacious as to allow five hundred vessels to ride at anchor in a good depth of water, while the entrance is so narrow as scarcely to admit two ships abreast. The entrance is defended by Fort Independence, belonging to the United States, on Castle Island, and by Fort Warren, on Governor's Island. There is another, Fort Strong, on Noddle's Island.

Alterations and additions have of late years greatly improved the appearance of Boston. The streets, which were formerly almost without an exception narrow and crooked, have been in a great degree rendered wide and commodious; the old wooden structures have in the greater part of the city been replaced by handsome buildings of stone or brick. In the western part, particularly, there is much neatness and elegance. The splendor of the private buildings here, is not equalled in any other part of the union.

The literary institutions of this city are of the first order. The public libraries contain 70,000 volumes. The Boston Athenæum is the finest establishment of its kind in the United States; its library contains above 25,000 volumes, and a reading-room, in which the most esteemed periodicals, from all parts of the world, may be found. If we add to these the library of Harvard College, in the neighborhood, of 40,000 volumes, making the number of books within the reach of the citizens 110,000.

State street, called King street in the days of Stamp-Acts and "the Regulars," is the main artery of the heart of New England. The old State House, which stands at the head of it, was called the town house, and was first erected in 1680. It is honorably mentioned in a book of travels, written in a pleasant vein, by "John Josselyn, Gent." who visited the colonies in 1663. "There is also a Town House," he says, "built upon pillars, where the merchants may confer. In the chambers above they hold their monthly courts. Here is the dwelling of the Governor (Bellingham). On the south there is a

small but pleasant common, where the gallants, a little before sunset, walk with their marmalot madams, as we do in Moorfields, till the nine o'clock bell rings them home to their respective habitations; when presently, the constables walk the rounds to see good order kept, and take up loose people." The State House has been twice burnt, and rebuilt. A council chamber, ornamented with full length portraits of Charles II. and James II. formerly occupied the east end; and it was in this chamber that James Otis declared before a court of admiralty, that "taxation without representation is tyranny," a phrase which became, before long, a slogan in the mouths of the people. "Then and there," writes President Adams, "was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain. Then and there, the child Independence was born." It was upon a trial of the question of "Writs for assistance, a power which was required by the Board of Trade to enforce some new and rigorous Acts of Parliament, touching trade; and Otis opposed the Attorney-General. "As soon as he had concluded," says the historian, "Otis burst forth as with a flame of fire, with a promptitude of classical allusion, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance into futurity, and a torrent of impetuous eloquence, which carried all before him." This was the preparation for the resistance to the Stamp Act, and the Revolution soon followed.

State street has been the scene of most of the events of a very public nature, which are recorded in the Annals of Boston. The balcony of the State House is the popular pulpit, and hence was read the Declaration of Independence. In 1770 the "Boston massacre" took place in State street. For several days preceding the event, there had been disturbances between the king's soldiers and the townspeople, which had put the officers on the alert. The soldiers were collected into the barracks before night, and sentinels were placed around them at all hours to prevent difficulty. One of these sentinels was stationed in a narrow alley, and was striking fire against the walls with his sword, for amusement, when two or three young men attempted to pass him. Having orders to let no one pass, a struggle ensued, and one of the young men received a wound on the head.—The noise of the rencountre drew together a considerable crowd, and as but few could enter the narrow scene of action, the remainder listened to an inflammatory speech from "a tall man, with a red cloak, and a white wig," in the adjacent square. At the close of the oration there was a general cry "To the main guard!" and the crowd rushed tumultuously toward its station in State street.

On their way they passed the Custom House, before the door of which stood a single sentinel. Alarmed at their approach, he retreated up the steps, and the people collecting around, he sent word to the barracks, near by, that he was attacked, and a company in a few moments arrived to his assistance, and formed a half circle around the steps. The captain of the day, named Preston, followed immediately, and the Custom House, which stood at the corner of State and Exchange Streets, was soon thronged by a considerable multitude. The soldiers were soon pressed upon very closely by the mob, who were mostly armed with clubs; and those at a distance soon began to throw snowballs, followed by fragments of ice, stones, sticks, while from every side came the cry, "*Fire, if you dare!*" The soldiers soon heard, or thought they heard, the order, and they fired in quick succession from right to left. Two or three of the guns flashed, but the rest were fatal. Three persons were killed on the spot, two received wounds of which they died next day, and others were more slightly injured. The people immediately dispersed, leaving the dead bodies in the street, but returned in a few minutes; when the soldiers aimed once more at them, but the commanding officer struck up the guns with his sword. The drum was beat to arms, and several of the officers, on their way to join the guard, were knocked down, and their swords taken from them. Order was soon restored, and Captain Preston delivered himself up for trial. The dead were buried with some pomp, and when the excitement had subsided a little, Preston was tried and acquitted.

State street is at present a street of banks, insurance offices, and similar institutions.—The buildings are of granite, and some of them, particularly a new bank, lately erected near Kilby street, present very creditable specimens of city architecture.

X ———
For the Ladies' Garland.

REMEMBER ME.

BY M. A. TOWNSEND.

Written in a Lady's Album

Remember me, when all is still
And quiet o'er the world;
When not a breeze disturbs the rill,
And twilight falls upon the hill,
And eve's dim veil unfurl'd.

Remember me, when thou dost sigh,
And softly bend the knee,
To offer up thy prayer on high,
While kindred spirits hover nigh—
Oh! then remember me.

New Brighton, Pa. May 1838.

HOUSES OF DOMESTIC REFORMATION IN HOLLAND.

There are, in most of the large cities of Holland, one or more institutions thus called, the object of which is to confine and restrain any person, male or female, whose conduct is marked by ruinous extravagance; and many a family have been preserved from total ruin by their salutary operation.

They are placed under the immediate superintendence of the magistracy, and such obstacles are opposed to their abuse, that it is not possible to place an individual in one of those houses without showing ample causes for the coercion.

Mynheer Van Der —, who lived in 1796, in high style on the Keizer Gragt, in Amsterdam, had a very modest wife who dressed most extravagantly, played high, gave expensive routs, and showed every disposition to help off with money quite as fast as her husband ever gained it. She was young, handsome, vain, and giddy; and completely the slave of fashion.

Her husband had not the politeness to allow himself to be ruined by her unfeeling folly and dissipation; he complained of her conduct to her parents and nearest relations, whose advice was of no more avail than his own.—Next he had recourse to a respectable minister of the Lutheran church, who might as well have preached to the dead. It was in vain to deny her money, for no tradesman would refuse to credit the elegant—the fascinating wife of the rich Van Der —.

Involved as the young lady was in the vortex of fashionable dissipation, she had not yet ruined either her health or reputation, and her husband, by the advice of his friend, M—k—r, determined to send her for six months to a Verbetering Huis.

With the utmost secrecy he laid before the municipal authorities the most complete proofs of her wasteful extravagance and her incorrigible levity; added to which, she had recently attached herself to gaming with French officers of rank, who lay under an imputation of being remarkably expert in levying contributions. She was already in debt upwards of thirty thousand florins to tradesmen, although her husband allowed her to take from his cashier a stipulated sum every month, which was more than competent to meet the current expenses of his household; whilst to meet a loss which occurred at play, her finest jewels were deposited in the hands of a benevolent money lender, who accommodated the necessitous, upon unquestionable security being previously left in his custody.

Her husband was fully twenty years older than his volatile wife, of whom he was rationally fond, and at whose reformation he

aimed, before she was carried too far away by the stream of fashionable dissipation.

Against his will, she had agreed to make one of a party of ladies who were invited to a grand ball and supper at the house of a woman of rank and faded character.

Her husband, at breakfast, told her she must change her course of life, or her extravagance would make him a bankrupt, and her children beggars. She began her usual and playful way of answer, and said, she certainly had been a little too thoughtless, and would soon commence a thorough reformation. "You must begin to-day, my dear," said her husband, "and, as a proof of your sincerity, I treat you to drop the company of —, and to spend your evening at home this day with me and your children." "Quite impossible, my dear man," said the modest wife in reply: "I have given my word and cannot break it." "Then," said her husband, "if you go out this day dressed, to meet that party, remember, for the next six months, these doors will be barred against your return. Are you still resolved to go?" "Yes," said the indignant lady, "if they were to be forever barred against me!"

Without either anger or malice, Mynheer Van Der — told her not to deceive herself, for, as certain as that was her determination, so sure would she find his foretelling verified." She told him, "if nothing else had power to induce her to go, it would be his menace." With this they parted, the husband to prepare the penitentiary chamber for his giddy young wife, and the latter to eclipse every rival at the ball that evening.

To afford her a last chance of avoiding an ignominy which it pained him to inflict, he went once more to try to wean her from her imprudent courses, and proposed to set off that evening to Zutphen, where her mother dwelt; but he found her sullen, and busied with milliners and dresses, and surrounded with all the paraphernalia of splendid attire.

At the appointed hour the coach drove to the door, and the beautiful woman (full dressed, or rather undressed,) tripped gaily down stairs; and stepping in the coach, told the driver to stop at —, on the Keizer Gragt. It was then dark, and she was a little surprised to find the coach had passed through one of the city gates: the sound of a clock awoke her as from a dream. She pulled the check string, but the driver kept on; she called out, and some one behind the coach told her, in a suppressed voice, that she was a prisoner, and must be still. The shock was severe; she trembled in every limb and was near fainting with terror and alarm, when the coach entered the gates of Verbetering Huis, where she was doomed to take up her residence.

The matron of the house, a grave, severe,

yet a well bred person, opened the door; called the lady by name, and requested her to alight. "Where am I? in God's name tell me, and why am I brought here?" "You will be informed of every thing, madam, if you please to walk in doors." "Where is my husband," said she, in wild affright; sure he will not let me be murdered!" "It was your husband who drove you hither, madam, he is now upon the coach-box!"

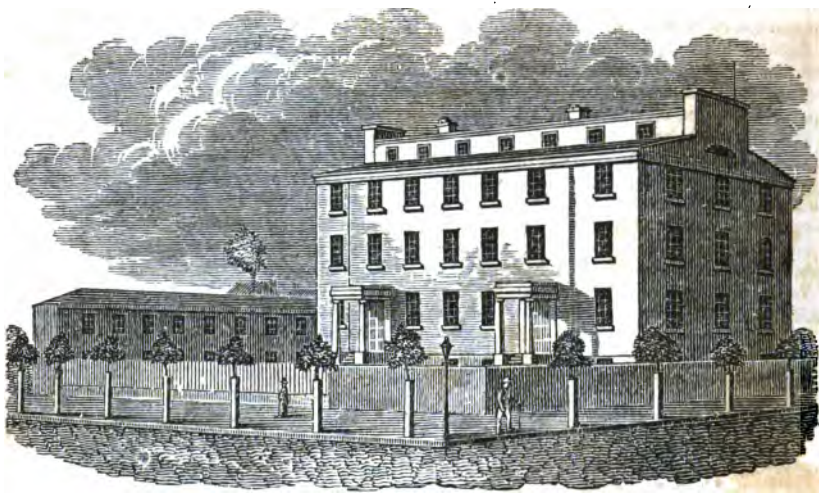
This intelligence was conclusive. All her assurance forsook her. She submitted to be conducted into the house, and sat pale, mute, and trembling; her face and her dress exhibiting the most striking contrast.

The husband, deeply affected, first spoke; he told her, "that he had no other means to save her from ruin, and he trusted the remedy would be effectual; and, when she quitted that retreat, she would be worthy of his esteem."

She then essayed, by the humblest protestations, by tears and entreaties, to be permitted to return, and vowed, that never more while she lived would she ever offend him. — "Save me," said she, "the mortification of this punishment, and my future conduct shall prove the sincerity of this reformation." Not to let her off too soon, she was shown her destined apartment and dress, the rules of the house, and the order for her confinement during the six months! She was completely overpowered with terror and fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered she found her husband chafing her temples, and expressing the utmost anxiety for her safety. "I have been, unworthy of your affection," said the fair penitent, "but spare me this ignominious fate, take me back to your home, and never more shall you have cause to reproach me."

Her husband, who loved her with unabated affection, notwithstanding all her levity, at last relented; and the same coach drove her back to her home, where not one of the domestics (a trusty man-servant excepted) had the least suspicion of what had occurred. As soon as her husband led her to her apartment she dropped on her knees, and implored his pardon; told him the extent of all her debts, begged him to take her to Zutphen for a few weeks, and promised so to reduce her expenditures as to make good the sums she had so inconsiderately thrown away.

Allowing for the excessive terror she had felt when she found, instead of being driven to —'s rout, she was proceeding round the ramparts, outside of the city gates, which she could not wholly overcome, she spent the happiest evening of her life with her husband; and from that day she abandoned her former career of dissipated folly, and became all that her husband desired—a good wife and affectionate mother.



For the Ladies' Garland.

INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND.

The "PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE BLIND," located at the N. W. corner of Race and Schuylkill Third streets, in the city of Philadelphia, owes its origin to the efforts made by a few individuals in the spring of 1833.

The blind had in our community been almost the only class of unfortunates, for whom no adequate provision had been made—the efforts of individual philanthropists had all proved abortive, and it was not till after the arrival of JULIUS R. FRIEDLANDER, Esq., in Philadelphia, that the community was convinced that instruction could be efficiently imparted to those deprived of the advantages of vision.

This gentleman, a man of talents, and a scholar, had been engaged in some of the schools for the blind in his native country, and full of zeal in the cause, visited the United States for the purpose of founding an institution, and improving the means heretofore employed for their instruction.

The Pennsylvania Institution was organized in March, 1833, and the services of Mr. Friedlander secured as Principal. In this situation he has devoted himself to its interests with a zeal which leaves its friends no source of regret, but the injured health, which but too often follows the labors of those engaged in favorite schemes of benevolence.

From the very limited scale upon which the school was originally organized, so great has been its success, that the Board of Managers have been able to extend its buildings, till at the present time it contains upwards of fifty pupils, with accommodations for thirty more, with instructors for the various branches taught in an elementary school—for Algebra, Geometry, Grammar, Geography, Music, the German Language, &c.

Among the handicrafts, shoe-making, the manufacture of brushes, mats, mattresses, baskets, ropes, turning, and some branches of carpentering, are carried on with a success that is truly incredible to those who have not visited the schools and work-shops of the Institution. The female pupils are also employed in sewing, and spinning, with various kinds of fancy work.

The course of instruction is a thorough one; the managers aim not only to enable their pupils to earn an honest livelihood, but to give their minds a high degree of cultivation, to offer them elevated sources of recreation and to send them back to the community, useful and respectable citizens.

A few months since, a powerful printing press was erected at the Institution, for printing books with the raised characters, by passing the fingers over which, the blind are able to read with great facility. The form of letter used is that originally employed by Mr. Friedlander, and since adopted by the excellent Institution at Glasgow. This printing is, we believe, more distinct and more beautiful than any ever before executed for the use of this unfortunate portion of our fellow beings.

In February last, No. 1 of the "Students' Magazine," the first periodical ever printed for the blind, was issued from the Pennsylvania Institution. Its contents are made up of selec-

tions and original contributions by the pupils. It is published semi-monthly at \$3 per annum, and the proceeds of its subscription are devoted to the purposes of the Institution.

The printing for the blind is necessarily expensive—but the liberal endowment of our Institution by one of its late Vice Presidents, Wm. YOUNG BROWN, Esq., has enabled the managers to carry on this part of its operations with vigor. The generous, it is to be hoped, will never allow it to languish, for whenever sufficient funds are obtained, it is expected that not only every blind pupil in the schools, but that every blind person in the land, will be supplied with at least a copy of the Holy Scriptures.

This Institution, conducted in the most enlightened spirit and upon the most liberal scale, is every way worthy of the patronage it has received from the State and her citizens, an honorable monument to its founders, creditable to the city in which it is located, and is one of the most noble and beautiful of her many charities.

For the Ladies' Garland.

GIRLHOOD.

Oh! do not damp that girlish glee
'Tis life's sole cloudless beam,
It's changeful round ne'er brought to me,
Ought like fair girlhood's dream.

And even now I love to muse,
Upon the glad some hours,
And think how sweet affection's dews,
On hope's first budding flowers.

And how in those gay, happy days,
My young heart danced to hear
The voice of kind, approving praise,
Fall on my listening ear.

They told me not of blooming cheek,
For bloom was seldom there;
But called me gentle, mild, and meek,
And talked of talents rare—

Whose light so dim and twinkling now,
Did partial kindness ween,
Would gild the future woman's brow,
With bright and dazzling sheen.

Oh! how my pulses throb'd with joy,
At thought of coming years,
Of changeless bliss without alloy,
Of smiles, unmixed with tears.

For then I look'd to womanhood
As to some fairy scene,
Upon whose threshold pleasure stood,
With garlands evergreen.

And cold and bitter was the blight
That crush'd that chaplet rare,
And dark and starless was the night,
That hid that prospect fair.

And fully does the woman prove,
The girl's bright visions vain,
And yet the woman still would love
To dream them o'er again. S.

Camden, N. J., July 6th, 1838.

FEMALE FIDELITY.

"Being passages from the Diary of a country Physician," first published in the National Republican.

"Twas on a Sabbath morning in the month of June, eighteen hundred and twenty-eight; I was summon'd to visit a young lady, residing a few miles distant from the beautiful village of Port Elizabeth, New Jersey, in which place I then resided.

She was one whom I had known from infancy, and had long been intimately acquainted with her family. She was her father's only child, the idol of his aged heart, and the hope and solace of his latter days. Just entering her seventeenth year, with a mind highly cultivated, and a sensibility alive to every amiable impression, she became a fit object to love and be beloved. Her youth had been passed in quietness and seclusion in a celebrated Female Seminary at Burlington. Grief and sorrow were unknown to her, and she knew not of the troubles and trials of this weary world of woe. Because Mary was innocent.

The communication I received, strongly excited my apprehensions;—that without immediate haste, my presence or services would be entirely unavailable. Accordingly, without delay, I was soon fast approaching the object of my visit. The light of another day had just begun to dawn upon the world. The calm and quiet hour of morning twilight, when the dark shadows of night are fast mingling with the rays of approaching day. It was at that bewitching and enchanting period of time, when all creation seems to feel and acknowledge the supreme and overwhelming power of Omnipotence. All nature, smiling in reanimated beauty, paying homage and adoration to Him who is its great Divine Creator. Whether the high mountain peak that mingles with the clouds, clothed with eternal snows, or the low sequestered glen beneath, carpeted with the verdure of nature; whether the tall sturdy towering oak that decks the forest, or the tiny bird which warbles among its branches; all eloquently proclaim the wisdom and power of that hand, which has been the Author of them all.

A thousand reflections hurried through my

mind as I traveled along the lonely road which led to the abode of Mary and her aged parents. Can it be possible, thought I, again and again—that she whom I had seen so recently, flushed with health and beauty—the charm of cheerfulness upon her lips, the joy and pride of her family, was now the victim of disease, and probably of Death? Relentless, cruel Spoiler! how dost thou love to revel and riot among the charms of female loveliness, withering like an early blight the rose that blooms on beauty's cheek; dashing at one fell blow to the grave, all their hopes and expectations here, there to lie, and fade, and perish? How dost thou with thy sturdy foot love to trample over the fair fragile forms of those we once loved, but now can love no more for ever.

Indulging in this sad train of melancholy musings, I found I had approached the house without being conscious of the distance passed over. I was soon ushered into the chamber of the sick. There lay the wreck of one, who but a short time since was glowing with health and vigor, exulting in the buoyancy of youth, and the "consciousness of existence." Death's dark doings were depicted on her countenance. I advanced to the bed,—she seized my hand with a convulsive grasp (which I can never forget) pressing it with a power as if all her expiring energies at that moment were concentrated in her fingers; she exclaimed, "Doctor, am I not dying? I have not sent for you professionally. I well know it is now too late to derive any benefit from your skill. I have sent for you as an acquaintance, as a friend, and especially so as the esteemed friend of *Frank Woodville*. You know him, Doctor?"

Intimately well, Mary. He is now, I remarked, absent on a visit to his friends in Massachusetts.

"Yes," she replied, "I know it, and immediately after his return we were to be united in marriage. He, is making the preparatory arrangements for that anticipated joyful event—and I, must make preparation for the sad solemnities of death and the grave, with all their dreary appendages!"

I endeavored to soothe her by stating she might not be so near her end as she apprehended. But if she believed life to be so nearly at its close, her mind and all her affections should be directed and fixed upon Him only, who is able and willing to support and sustain her in the hour of affliction and distress.

She bestowed on me an inexpressible look of calmness and composure—a faint smile playing round her mouth—remarking, "Doctor, this have I attended to long before sickness brought my head to this pillow. And I can now say with the Psalmist of old, 'though

I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'

"Doctor, I have a few words to say to you, and I feel by increasing weakness that they must be said soon.

"Listen carefully and attentively."

With an earnestness of expression which I shall ever remember, she said, "You will see Frank Woodville again—I never shall! Tell him I love him dearly and sincerely. He has made that avowal times without number. I never have. This has not arisen from a want of affection—but from my youth and the natural diffidence and timidity of my sex. * * * * *

"Doctor, please remove this lock of hair."

I immediately separated the large black ringlet which she held in her hand, overshadowing her brow and contrasting beautifully with the marble whiteness of its surface.

"Give this to Frank Woodville, and tell him a 'gift from Mary! * * * Tell him I love him! * * * Oh! could I only sound those few short words in his hearing, I would leave the world contentedly, yea, triumphantly. Tell him the last words Mary ever uttered—the last accent that quivered upon the cold, pulseless lip of Mary, was the endeared name of Frank Woodville!"

My feelings had now completely overcome me. I sat beside her with my face concealed with my handkerchief.

She seized my hand again, and with a death-like grasp, uttered in a feeble, indistinct tone, "tell Frank Wood——"

A momentary pause ensued, I looked around—one short, suppressed, spasmodic gasp terminated the struggles of the lovely Mary. All was over. The spirit had fled, and in its flight, had left impressed upon her face a beautiful serenity of countenance, a placidness of expression, as if the soul had begun to taste the joys of Heaven before it had left the clay tenement of earth. * * * * *

Should this painful narrative ever meet the eye of Frank Woodville, I fear it will open wounds afresh, which have long been closed, by the soft plastic hand of time, but which never can be cured.

In the course of a fortnight Frank returned, but not to his Mary. His soul was congealed in agony. The preparations for the nuptial knot were thrown aside for the sad "habiliments of woe." All was sorrow, sadness, and distress. The hand that was to unite him to one, whom he regarded more than all the world beside, was motionless in the grave; that voice which he had so often listened to with ecstasy and delight, was now choked in dust. The glowing cheek on which he had so lately imprinted the parting

kiss was now mouldering and mingling with its kindred dust. All the sad memorials left him in this general wreck of all—was the sacred lock of hair—a mound of earth—and a modest stone; which told him where his Mary lay.

L. F. F.

Camden, June, 1838.

For the Ladies' Garland.

STANZAS TO A FRIEND.

I.

Say, wouldst thou, my friend, for the treasures of time
Surrender the bliss true religion affords?
Is *their* peace so sure, *their* hope so sublime—
As that thou hast proved thy Redeemer and Lord's.
For what is the world—and what is its joy—
But phantoms and bubbles that lure to destroy?

II.

The visions of youth, as they float o'er thy mind,
May dazzle thine eyes as their plumage they toss;
And whisper that sin is polite and refined,
And point thee away from the manger and cross:
But what is the world? and what is its joy?
A phantom! a bubble! that lures to destroy.

III.

Then ever be fixed in the purpose of truth:
Be firm as a rock in thy march to thine home:
For far brighter scenes than the visions of youth
Await thee at last, when THE MESSIAH shall come.
Then adieu to the world—then farewell to its joy—
Its phantoms, and bubbles, that lure to destroy.

C. W. D.

Wilmington, Del.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS.

NO. II.

ROMANCE OF RHODE-ISLAND HISTORY.

It was not many months after that haughty and overbearing British Prelate, the celebrated and visionary Bishop Berkley, landed in Rhode-Island, that a ship belonging to parts unknown was seen to hover around the southern borders of the state, and though she never entered any of the harbors that indent the seaboard of Rhode-Island, it was evident, that her commander, and her crew, would cheerfully communicate with the inhabitants of the infant colony.

Her conduct was so exceedingly singular that the venerable Bishop indulged in a thousand speculations concerning her, and although he scorned to display any uneasiness, or to evince any discomfiture, he would often say to his female companion, "I would give a bishoprick, if that same ship would not annoy me. I fear her not; but then as she continually hovers around us, I cannot remain contented with her deportment;—would to God that she would leave us."

But it was in vain, that the venerated Bishop prayed for the departure of the stranger; still she hovered around the coast; and though evidently well manned and equipped with abundant armament, if any one endeavored to board her, or made any inclination or disposition to know who she was, she instantly "filled away," and hid beneath the disk of the southern horizon. It was folly to attempt to discover the name of the stranger, the Bishop at last avowed, and with a sorrowing countenance abandoned the hope of ever knowing the cause of her singular conduct.

Having thus abandoned a pursuit, which it was but too evident, would be idle and useless, the bishop became the more composed, and endeavored to forget that the ship existed.—He now watched her with complacency; no longer regarded her with a feeling of horror; and though she still continued to "lay off and on the coast," he was completely easy, and flattered himself that as she never ventured within the harbor, she certainly could not do him any injury.

It was on a warm and tempestuous night in the month of September, that as the Bishop sat in his study, reflecting upon the events of life, and studying the crude absurdities, which afterwards immortalized his name, that his ears were saluted with the heavy discharge of minute guns at sea, whilst the ship bell tolled a solemn knell, which but too plainly bespoke the distresses of the shipwrecked mariner.—The Bishop, starting from his study, rushed to his garden; and to his utter confusion, witnessed one of the most appalling tempests that ever "shook down trees," or drove the affrighted sea gull from his native ocean.

The vast Atlantic was worked up to a fury; and whilst the raging billows lashed the iron-bound coast, the flashes of vivid lightning glittered through the clouds, whilst the swift flying scud, as it ever and anon mantled the moon, gave evident indications of the approach of one of those awful tornadoes, which more than once have desolated Rhode-Island. As the faint rays of the moon burst through the clouds, or when the lightning flickered on the bosom of the deep, on the distant verge of the horizon was seen the luckless barque, contending with the wild winds that assailed her, and each and every moment approaching that dreadful and flinty shore, which was destined to receive her, and to dash her out of existence. The sea bird uttered a dismal note, as if conscious that ruin stalked around it, and the rolling of the thunder, and the howling of the winds, originated a scene too sublime and too terrific for description.

As the Bishop, with head uncovered and exposed to the peltings of the pitiless storm, gazed upon the sublime scene before him, his whitened locks floated upon the gale; and

whilst his tunic flapped with the wind, he assumed the aspect of a maniac, nor were the sensations that overcame him far more agreeable than those which torment the madman. Absorbed with contemplation, he had forgot the lateness of the hour, and would have remained motionless where he was till morning, had not his faithful female domestic sought and found him; and prostrating herself upon her knees before him, solicited him in all the fervency of female eloquence, to return to the cottage, and escape a tempest so rude and wild. The Bishop would have obeyed the wishes of his faithful Rebecca, but at the moment he was about to return to the cottage, a vivid flash of lightning burst from the clouds, and brightened the very universe; whilst a deafening peal of thunder seemed to shake the very centre of the globe itself. The flash of lightning played upon the clouds for more than a moment, and discovered all the horrors of the tempest—the frightful bursting of the waves, and the helpless ship, as she tugged and breasted the furies of the night. It was the ship of the stranger, and while she rolled and tossed “with head off shore,” she endeavored, with the aid of what sail she could set, to work to the windward, and escape the fate that awaited her. The gale still continued to increase, and whilst the faithful mariner in the chains cried “by the deep six,” the pilot stood aghast, whilst he beheld how rapidly the current urged her to the place of destruction.

Horror stricken, the once gallant crew looked toward the gulf that was soon to receive them;—the gale still increased;—presently the maintopmast went by the board;—the storm staysail was rent in twain, and the helpless barque lay at the mercy of the elements.

The day had already dawned; and yet the gale had not abated; the hapless ship was within a few yards of the reef, and there was none had power to help her—no human aid could secure her from destruction. The Bishop gazed intently on the scene;—he possessed not the means or the power of rescuing the unfortunates; but he uttered a prayer to the high Heavens in behalf of her wretched sailors. Again he looked towards the scene of desolation;—the ship mounting on the wave, was suddenly dashed downwards, and pitching upon the coral reef, was rent in twain. She careened but once or twice—her massive spars soon fell upon the surge, and whilst the hull struggled for existence, he beheld the companions of the ship, as they for the last time upraised their anxious eyes, and hoped for safety.

Among others who presented themselves, and implored the interposition of the Almighty, there was a female, who, for a moment, stood upon the wreck, whilst she clasped

to her bosom an infant child, and wept amid the agony of despair. But in a moment, all was over;—a tremendous wave came rolling from the “far off ocean;”—it assailed the wreck of the stranger ship;—for a moment she tottered upon the flinty reef, then plunging forward, in obedience to the impulses of the wave, was in a moment cast into the shades of darkness and oblivion.

The ocean closed upon her; a faint shriek of terror escaped the companions of her voyage; presently all was lost amid the turbulence of the tumultuous and rebellious ocean, and the gallant ship, which had long breasted the billows, together with her inmates, were erased from existence. The venerable Bishop, however, soon succeeded in discovering the history of the barque; but as our readers are not fond of “long winded stories,” we shall leave the stranger ship, and her history, where we found them, in the bosom of the ocean.

✱ ———

For the Ladies' Garland.

Extempore Lines enclosed in lead, and suspended to the neck of a sea bird taken on a voyage to India 1825.

Go—and enjoy the narrow span
That God to thee has given,
Thou hast an equal right with man
To happiness, the boon of heaven.

Droop not thy head—thy prison hour
Is past—and thou art free again;
Expand thy wing, and lightly scour
The heaving bosom of the main.

Go, trembling prisoner—depart,
And with thee bear o'er ocean blue
This last memento of a heart
That bids thee *thus* a kind adieu.

C. B. M.

—————

AN ACCOUNT OF CATHARINA ALEXOWNA,
EMPERESS OF RUSSIA.

Catharina Alexowna, born near Derpat, a little city near Livonia, was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother, in their cottage covered with straw; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labor of her hands, she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself.

Though her face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind; her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her, not only

with a ready, but a solid turn of thought; not only with a strong, but a right understanding.

Catharina was fifteen when her mother died: she now, therefore, left her cottage, and went to live with a Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in dancing and music, by the masters who attended the rest of his family. Thus she continued to improve till he died; by which accident she was once more reduced to pristine poverty. The country of Livonia was at this time wasted by war, and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; wherefore Catharina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburg, a city of great plenty. With her scanty wardrobe, packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey, on foot.

One evening, upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage, by the way side, to take up her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers, who insisted upon qualifying her, as they termed it, *to follow the camp*. They might, probably, have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come in to her assistance. Upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately deserted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected, in her deliverer, the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend.

This was an happy interview for Catharina. The little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted; her generous countryman, therefore, parted with what he could spare, to buy her clothes, furnished her with a horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr. Gluck, a faithful friend of his father's and superintendent of Marienburg.

Our beautiful stranger had only to appear, to be well received; she was immediately admitted into the superintendent's family, as governess to his two daughters, and, though yet but seventeen, showed herself capable of instructing her sex, not only in virtue, but politeness.

She was determined to marry no one but her deliverer, though now deprived of an arm and otherwise disfigured by wounds; and in order to prevent further solicitations, offered her person the first opportunity, which he accepted with transport. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking; the very day

on which they were married, the Russians laid siege to Marienburg. The unhappy soldier had now no time to enjoy the well-earned pleasures of matrimony; he was called off, before consummation, to an attack, from which he was never after seen to return.

Marienburg was taken by assault; and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women and children were put to the sword. At length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharina was found hid in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor, but still was free; she was now to conform to her hard fate and learn what it was to be a slave. The fame of her merit and resignation reached even Prince Henzikoff, the Russian General; he desired to see her, was struck with her beauty, bought her from the soldier, her master, and placed her under the direction of his own sister.

She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great, paying the prince a visit, Catharina happened to come in with some dry fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day, called for the beautiful slave, asked her several questions, and found her understanding even more perfect than her person.

He immediately inquired the history of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen.—He traced her through the vale of obscurity, through all the vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design; their nuptials were solemnized in private; the Prince assuring his courtiers, that virtue alone was the proper ladder to a throne.

We now see Catharina, from the low, mud-walled cottage, Empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smile. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon a whole nation. To her fortune she owed a part of this pre-eminence, but to her virtues, more.

She ever after retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne; and while the extraordinary prince, her husband, labored for the reformation of his male subjects; she studied, in her turn, the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dresses, introduced mixed assemblies, instituted an order of female knighthood; and, at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of Empress, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret—regretted by all.

THE SUMMER MONTHS.

BY MARGARET M'NARY.

The summer months have come again—a freight of golden hours—

They're come with fragrance in their breath, with sun light cloud and showers;

And decked the earth with greenness, and the forest with a shade—

And in the meadow and the woods the birds a home have made.

How beautiful o'er field and flood each rosy morning breaks,

A gush of pleasant sounds is heard, and the slumbering world awakes;

The dew still on the greensward, in a shower of diamonds lies,

While from the mountain's smoky top the subtle vapors rise.

O Summer! thou art fraught with charms—thou manhood of the year—

The quiet of thy drowsy noons, the worn and wearied cheer;

The lambs seek for the hedgerow, and the hind the shaded nook,

And unyoked cattle stand and pant in the midway of the brook.

The gorgeous sun sets rich in gold—thy deepest twilight hues—

How lovely in their blending shades when nature's face imbues

Their varying tints and shadowy form, as if an angel's hand,

With colors wrought in heaven, had lined the beauties of the land.

Those hallowed hours of peace and love, thy mellow star-lit eves,

When in the sea the skies are traced, and winds scarce lift the leaves;

And round the heart a softness steals which melts the soul in prayer—

What raptures in such moments dwell! how blest their memories are!

It was on such an eve as this when last I looked upon

The countenance of one I loved, and had in years ago;

The moon was shining, as 'tis now, when we together sung,

And 'neath our window in its bloom the pale catalpa hung.

And now that fast receding hour like yesterday appears,

So sweetly then we talked about the things of early years—

And of the friends we both had lov'd, whose homes are in the skies;

And while the bliss was in the heart the tears were in the eyes.

But now the seasons come and go, the year itself rolls by,

With flowers as lovely and as sweet I gaze on them and sigh—

And when the summer music breathes, I hear a broken strain,

E'er echo of that loved one's voice swells not with it again.

EVELYN.

Beauty, thou art twice blessed! thou blest the gazer and the possessor; often at once the effect and the cause of goodness! A sweet disposition, a lovely soul, an affectionate nature, will speak in the eyes, the lips, the brow, and become the cause of beauty. On the other hand, they who have a gift that commands love, a key that opens all hearts, are ordinarily inclined to look with happy eyes upon the world; to be cheerful and serene; to hope and to confide. There is more wisdom than the vulgar dream of in our admiration of a fair face.

Evelyn Cameron was beautiful: a beauty that came from the heart and went to the heart; a beauty, the very spirit of which was love! Love smiled on her dimpled lips; it reposed on her open brow; it played in the profuse and careless ringlets of darkest yet sunniest auburn that a breeze could lift from her delicate and virgin cheek. Love, in all its tenderness murmured in her low melodious voice; in all its kindnesses, its unsuspecting truth, love colored every thought; in all its symmetry and glorious womanhood, love swelled the swanlike neck and moulded the rounded limb.

She was just the kind of person that takes the judgment by storm; whether gay or grave, there was so charming and irresistible a grace about her. She seemed born not only to captivate the giddy, but to turn the heads of the sage. Roxalana was nothing to her. How, in the obscure hamlet of Brook Green, she had learned all the arts of pleasing, it is impossible to say. In her arch smile, the pretty toss of her head, the half-shyness, half-freedom of her winning ways, it was as if Nature had made her to delight one heart and torment all others.

Without being learned, the mind of Evelyn was cultivated and well informed. Her heart, perhaps, helped to instruct her understanding; for by a kind of intuition she could appreciate all that was beautiful and elevated. Her unvitiated and guileless taste had a logic of its own; no schoolman had ever a quicker penetration into truth; no critic ever more readily detected the meretricious and the false. The book that Evelyn could admire was sure to be stamped with the impress of the noble, the lovely, or the true!

But Evelyn had faults, the faults of her age, or, rather, she had tendencies that might conduce to error. She was of so generous a nature that the very thought of sacrificing herself for another had a charm. She ever acted from impulse; impulses pure and good, but often rash and imprudent. She was yielding to weakness; persuaded into any thing; so sensitive that even a cold look from one moderately liked cut her to the heart; and by the sympathy that accompanies sensitiveness, no pain was so great as that of giving pain to another. Hence it was that Vargrave might form reasonable hopes of his ultimate success. It was a dangerous constitution for happiness! How many chances must combine to preserve to the mid-day of characters like this the sunshine of their dawn!—The butterfly, that seems the child of the summer and the flowers, what wind will not chill its mirth, what touch will not brush away its hues?

THE NEW MARRIED COUPLE.

BY COLERIDGE.

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one.
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow softly to their meeting,
And join their course in silent force,
In peace each other greeting.
Calm was the scene, through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam and summer's stream,
Flow on in joy to meet
A purer sky, where troubles cease—
A calmer sea, where all is peace.

PROPER STUDY FOR LADIES.

Beauty in vain her pretty eyes may roll,
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

History and Natural Philosophy are alone sufficient to furnish a woman with an agreeable kind of study; the latter in a series of useful observations and interesting experiments, offers a spectacle well worthy the consideration of a reasonable being. In vain, however, does nature present her miracles to the generality of women, who have no attention but for trifles; she is dumb to those who know not how to address her with interrogations.

There is scarcely a young lady who has

not read, with avidity, a great number of idle romances and puerile tales, sufficient to corrupt her imagination, and cloud her understanding. Had she devoted the same time to the study of history, she would in those varied scenes which the world offers to view, have found facts more interesting and instructing. What preservation is there against weariness and disgust, in the society of women of weak and unimproved understandings? In vain do they endeavor to fill the void of their conversation with insipid gaiety; they soon exhaust the various funds of fashionable trifles, the news of the day, and the hackneyed compliments; and are at length obliged to have recourse to scandal.

If ladies of the first rank would condescend to form their taste upon the best authors, and collect ideas from their useful writings, conversation would take another turn; and their acknowledged merit would banish that swarm of noisy, illiterate coxcombs, who flutter about them, and who endeavor to render them as contemptible as themselves, men of sense and learning would then be glad of their company.

The arts in themselves are too amiable to need any recommendation; all the objects they offer to their view have some analogy with women, and are like them adorned with the brightest colors.

It surely requires but a small degree of attention to be struck with that wonderful harmony which reigns throughout the universe, and to be ambitious of investigating its secret springs. This is a large volume, which is open to all; here a pair of beautiful eyes may be employed without being tired; this amusement will banish languor from the sober amusements of the country, and repair that waste of intellect which is caused by the dissipation of the town.

SONG.

While beauty clothes the fertile vale
And blossoms on the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet, how sweet the vernal day.

O let my wandering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
Thy bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.

Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song,
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyous tongue.

Laugh not at your own wit and humor,
Leave that to the company.

✓ MATERNITY.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy.

Pleasures of Hope.

The softest, sweetest, the most delicate and touching feature in the domestic circle, is where maternal solicitude discovers itself in the thousand nameless little attentions towards lovely innocence. The pencil of Raphael would be inadequate to the task of delineating the expressive, the soul-thrilling gaze of her whose throbbing breast beats affection to the precious little one, lent her from the skies. The opening charms of spring in its livery of green, the harmony of inspiring sounds from unfettered brooks, the newly peopled woods and groves, may be considered as affording pictures of the unfolding beauties of infant loveliness, and the pleasing train of buoyant thoughts that are imaged up by the fond mother, while fancying herself already repaid for all her cares and tears, and anxieties. These moments are the most delicious of her existence—moments of bliss on which she feasts with mingled sensations of pain and pleasure. It is not a paroxysm of joy in which she revels. Her feelings, it is true, are awake, and every pulsation of her soul trembles like leaves when kissed by whispering breezes. But we speak of feelings we are incapable of comprehending—feelings attuned only to the fairest and loveliest of God's works, and felt only by them, to which man must, at least in part, ever remain a stranger.

There is a very pretty turn to the following, from the Asiatic Journal:

The summer rose not yet hath faded,
The sylvan brook not yet decay'd:
The purple sky is still unshaded,
And from the glimmering ivy-shade
Floateth the night-bird's serenade.
Flower, and stream, and song remain;
Not one of Nature's charms hath fled;
But she who breathed a softer strain,
Herself a fairer flower, is dead!

SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.

I like, I confess, to see a young wife neatly dressed. There is a neatness which is perfectly compatible with plainness; and a dress may be graceful without being ridiculous. I like a neat simplicity, because, somehow or other, there appears to be a frequent connexion between the outside and the inside. The exterior is, to some extent a key to the inte-

rior. If I see a person dressed like a thorough-going fop, I cannot, if I would, respect the mind of the person. Even where a future close acquaintance discloses to me my error, it is hard to overcome first impressions.

For the Ladies' Garland.

From the records of the "Philadelphia Literary Association."

LINES

Written after reading Elizabeth Smith's Fragment.

Thy journey Eliza is o'er,
The cold earth now presses thy breast;
Thy spirit is fled to that shore,
Where in peace it forever shall rest.

The violet shall bloom on thy grave,
The cypress shall shadow thy tomb;
Above thee the tall grass shall wave,
And the wild briar breathe its perfume.

Thou could'st gently attune the sweet lyre
With soft and harmonious skill;
Then thy heart beat with poesy's fire,
But that heart is now icy and still.

Thy harp no kind mistress now knows,
Whose melody once sounded high;
Thou art gone to enjoy the sweet balm of rest
In a mansion beyond the blue sky. [pose,
T.

For the Ladies' Garland.

TO MARY B * * *

It is not that thine eyes are blue,
Of fairer, deeper die,
Than violet's meek and chastened hue,
Or tints of evening sky;
That thus they beam enchanted round,
Until the spell mine own hath bound.

Thy marble brow, thy velvet cheeks,
When lily vies with rose—
Each feature which expression speaks
Each tint where beauty glows—
Might not unaided and apart,
Command the homage of the heart.

Though Dian's chaste and virgin zone
Begirt thy sylph-like form—
Though Venus claim thee as her own—
And love thy bosom warm;
Had'st thou but these thou'dst want the part,
That gives to love his keenest dart.

Dost thou enquire to know the power
That makes thee lovelier far
Than "pensive beauty in her bower,"
A power time cannot mar!

Then know, fair one, in thee I find
The magic beauty of the mind,

MATRIMONIO.

THE LADIES' GARLAND.

Vol. II.

A WREATH OF MANY FLOWERS.

No. 2.

THE HEART.

THE human heart—no mortal eye
Hath seen its strings laid bare;
A beauty and a mystery
Is all that resteth there.
In love, how silently 'twill brood
O'er feelings unconfessed—
A bird that feeds in solitude
The younglings of its nest.

Its hate is like volcanic fire!
We wreck not of its wrath,
'Till bursts the lava of its ire
Around its scorching path;
Its friendships! oh! the blessed seeds
It strews in time's dark bowers—
'That spring through misery's bitter weeds
To crown life's cup with flowers.

The heart's despair—what simile
Portrays its gloom aright?
It is the hell of memory—
Unutterable night!
Its holiness!—a tree whose life
Eternity supplies;
And flocking to whose branches come
The birds of Paradise.

In ev'ry change the human heart
Is but a living lyre,
Where each fierce passion plays its part
Upon a separate wire;
But harsh and wild the tones will be,
Whilst passion round them clings:
It never breathes true melody,
Till God has touched its strings.

Endeavor to be first in thy calling, whatever
it be: neither let any one go before thee in
well doing; nevertheless do not envy the
merits of another, but improve thine own tal-
ent.

THE OUTCAST.

[Concluded.]

He found that gentleman at home, and was
received by him with that cold civility of ap-
pear and manner with which he would have
welcomed equally his warmest friend and his
bitterest foe.

"My name is Captain Gillespie, of his Ma-
jesty's frigate the Wasp, stationed at Leith."

"Ah!—pray be seated, sir."

"I have written to you twice within the
last week, upon a very painful subject to you,
I dare say, Mr. Hume. May I ask if you re-
ceived my letters?"

"I did, sir."

"And pray, sir, may I beg to know what
answer you have to make to them?"

"I have already answered them, sir."

"A blank sheet of paper is no answer, Mr
Hume."

"There was something more than that ac-
companying your last returned epistle, sir."

"Then I am to understand that this young
person has been imposing on me, and that you
are really not her parent?"

"Sir!—Why, that is strange doctrine, and
quite beyond my understanding."

"Pray, sir, if she *was* your daughter, how
do you make out that she is not so *now*?"

"Her own conduct, sir, is a sufficient ex-
planation of the paradox."

"Then it is her conduct, Mr. Hume, that I
wish to get explained. Let us understand
one another, sir, on that point, before saying
another word, and allow me, in the first place,
to relate to you the statement made to me by
the unhappy girl herself of the circumstances
which induced her to act so indiscreetly as she
has done."

The worthy officer then recapitulated faith-
fully the story told him by Miss Hume, soft-

ening nothing that related to her own thoughtlessness or folly, but touching as slightly as possible on her statements respecting her father's severe reproaches for her partiality to her cousin, in order not to irritate his auditor. He concluded by asking if the narrative were true or false.

"It seems to be all very correct, sir," was the cold reply.

"And was there no aggravating circumstances connected with it, previous to her leaving your house?"

"None, sir, that I am aware of."

"Had she not previously been guilty of some flagrant misconduct to call down your anger?"

"Never, sir; she had always behaved as a daughter ought to do."

"And in the name of all that is sacred, do you consider yourself warranted, by this single act of youthful imprudence, to cast off your own child for ever?"

"She cast me off, sir, and may, therefore, find a home and a father where she may. But, sir," continued Mr. Hume, rising from his seat, "I will not submit to have my conduct questioned by any one, far less by a stranger. If your visit had reference to nothing else but this topic, I have to beg that it may terminate."

"Do you not consider yourself bound, sir," pursued Capt. Gillespie, also rising, but with a swelling heart and glowing cheek—"are you not bound, sir, by the ties of nature, by the mere sense of decency, to take back your erring child to your heart? Should you not reflect, sir, that her present folly may perhaps be owing to some neglect on your part in the training of her young mind, and that it is only the more imperative upon you, from what has now happened, to endeavor to instruct her understanding, confirm her principles, and by parental lenity and kindness, to make her penitence for her error more lasting and salutary? She is yet pure and unspotted as when she left her mother's bosom. Surely, surely, sir, you make some distinction between folly and crime."

"You have my answer, sir," was the only reply.

"And do you really mean to abandon her thus to the mercy—to the cruelty and villany rather—of the world, without protection, without subsistence?"

"I see every reason for believing," replied the other in a significant tone, "that she will not be at a loss for either."

The honest hearted sailor started at the insinuation conveyed by these words, as if a shell had exploded at his feet.

"Sir," said he, unable to repress his indignation, "but for these gray hairs I would strike you beneath my feet! But you say

right, sir," continued he, recovering himself; "yon poor meuraer shall not suffer for the cruelty of her unnatural parent. While it is in my power, she shall neither want assistance nor protection; nor shall it be my fault if she does not cease to forget that she owed her being to so callous-hearted a monster as you have proved yourself to be!"

And he kept his word. Upon his return home, he imparted the result of his interview to the unfortunate girl in as gentle terms as possible, and begged her, at the same time, to look to him as her future parent. The poor outcast could but sob her gratitude.

Captain Gillespie in a few weeks received orders to proceed to a foreign station; and seeing the daily decreasing health of his charge, he sought out a residence for her in a respectable family in the country, not many miles from the metropolis; and at the same time, aware of the uncertainty of life in a profession like his, he deposited sufficient funds to secure the unfortunate a maintenance for life. He set sail, and never saw her more, having subsequently to his return from abroad, married and settled in England. The object of his benevolence lived for many years afterwards, but gradually declined, and at last sunk into the grave, there can be but little doubt, from the effects of a broken heart.—Not one of her relatives had ever deigned to inquire after her—and they even carried their vindictiveness beyond the grave. On being informed of her death her generous benefactor hastened down to Scotland for the purpose of seeing the last rites paid to her remains, and thought it but his duty to send a notification of the event to her parents, who were still alive; but no notice was taken of the intimation. Captain Gillespie, therefore, laid her head in the grave himself, assisted by a few friends, who were aware of all the circumstances that originated the connexion between them, and who pitied the dead no less than they honored the living.

It was from one of these mourners that we learned the particulars of this mournful tale, which in every part is related exactly as it reached us. In saying so, we are not practising one of those arts by which the writers of narratives, probable and otherwise, so often attempt to abuse the confidence of their readers. The story is positively true, and such, in our opinion, as its publicity in this place may perhaps raise a feeling of repentance in that unnatural heart, hitherto so obdurate.—Such an anecdote cannot fail to suggest in every mind a reflection upon the guilt which may occasionally attach to a character, in every common respect held as above impeachment. A man may be, in the sense of the world, respectable for the discharge of almost every obligation of life—may be in fact, both

moral and religious to the eye of the world; and yet he may, in a mere excess of certain feelings which, in a moderate degree, might be laudable and beneficial, do that which all ordinary men would shudder at, or, as in the present case, make such omissions of duty, as in a later and better state of heart, are fit to raise within him the most exquisite tortures of remorse and despair. At the same time, the moral may be fitly drawn by the young and inexperienced, that one false step in life—one trifling aberration from the strictest rules of propriety may be visited with a degree of punishment which no previous calculation could have anticipated, and which even on general principles of justice may be condemned.

For the Ladies' Garland.

THE FIRST WILD NOTE OF SPRING.

What charm in that wild note! it says, now the Spring
Is preparing her roses and lilies to fling.

O'er the place where the lov'd ones repose;
The walks of the dead shall now smile "though in
• uin;"

Zephyrs in silence the high grass is wooing,
Luxuriant, refreshing, and green.

The butterflies, waving in circles near by,
Unconscious of those who in solitude lie,
Flit and sport round the flow'rs of the grave;
The willows revive, and fann'd by the gale
Repeat the soft sigh—their aerial wail
O'er the slumberers resting below.

How rich are those flow'rs, of superior bloom,
As they proudly and silently wave near the tomb,
And sacred alone to the dead!
Yes! I hear thee, sweet bird! thy note says "arise,"
Quit sorrow, quit mourning; look up to the skies—
Soar above the dull winter of Time.

"It is but a day at the longest you grieve,
Permission from heav'n will soon give you leave
To revive on a happier soil;
The song of the seraph—the lyre of the blest,
Will gladden the spirits in regions of rest,
And eternal enjoyment impart."

Washington, May, 1836.

A PORTRAIT.

Her close lips
Were delicate as the tinted pencilling
Of veins upon a flower; and other cheek
The timid blood had faintly melted through,
Like something that was half afraid of light.
There was no slighter print upon the grass,
Than her elastic step; and in her frame
There was a perfect symmetry that seem'd
Ærial as a bird's.

BEAUTIES OF SALATHIEL.

BY REV. GEORGE CROLY.

No. VIII.

I left this lovely and unhappy creature, this dove in the vulture's talons, with almost a pang. A few steps more brought us into the open air, but among bowers that covered our path with darkness. At the extremity of the gardens my guide struck with his dagger upon a door; it was opened; we found horses outside; he sprang on one; I sprang on its fellow; and palace, guards, and death, were left far behind.

He galloped so furiously, that I found it impossible to speak; and it was not till we had reached an eminence a few miles from Rome, where we breathed our horses, that I could ask to whom I had been indebted for my escape. But I could not extract a word from him. He made signs of silence, and pointed with wild anxiety to the scene that spread below. It was of a grandeur and terror indescribable. Rome was an ocean of flame.

Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanos, exploding volumes of smoke and fire; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts, then climbed and consumed again. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration.

Hostile to Rome as I was, I could not restrain the exclamation; "There goes the fruit of conquest, the glory of ages, the purchase of the blood of millions! Was vanity made for man?" My guide continued looking forward with intense earnestness, as if he were perplexed by what avenue to enter the burning city. I demanded who he was, and whither he would lead me. He returned no answer. A long spire of flame that shot up from a hitherto untouched quarter engrossed all his senses. He struck in the spur, and making a wild gesture to me to follow, darted down the hill. I pursued; we found the Appian choked with wagons, baggage of every kind, and terrified crowds hurrying into the open country. To force a way through them was impossible. All was clamor, violent struggle, and helpless death.—Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble, that had then lost all respect of conditions. One dense mass of miserable life, irresistible from its weight, crushed by the narrow streets, and

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scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava.

We turned back, and attempted an entrance through the gardens of the same villas that skirted the city wall near the Palatine. All were deserted, and after some dangerous leaps over the burning ruins, we found ourselves in the streets. The fire had originally broken out upon the palatine, and hot smoke that wrapped and half blinded us, hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces: but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on. It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his hand on his heart in ré-assurance of his fidelity, and still spurred on.

We now passed under the shade of an immense range of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time. A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its summit; burning cordage, sheets of canvass, and a shower of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads. An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever heard, a hideous mixture of howls, shrieks, and groans. The flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made the passage next to impossible. While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the building heaved, as if in an earthquake, and fortunately for us fell inwards. The whole scene of terror was then open. The great amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus had caught fire; the stage with its inflammable furniture was intensely blazing below. The flames were wheeling up, circle above circle, through the seventy thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire. At length a descending blast cleared away the smoke that covered the arena. The cause of those horrid cries was now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games had broke from their dens. Maddened by affright and pain, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole herds of the monsters of India and Africa were enclosed in an impassable barrier of fire. They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they tore; they ran howling round and round the circle; they made desperate leaps upwards through the blaze; they were flung back, and fell only to fasten their fangs in each other, and with their parching jaws bathed in blood, die raging.

I looked anxiously to see whether any human being was involved in this fearful catastrophe. To my great relief, I could see none. The keepers and attendants had obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness, I was startled by a loud cry from my guide, the first

sound that I had heard him utter. He pointed to the opposite side of the amphitheatre.—There indeed sat an object of melancholy interest; a man who had either been unable to escape, or had determined to die. Escape was now impossible. He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely naked. He had chosen his place as if in mockery on the imperial throne; the fire was above him and around him; and under this tremendous canopy he gazed, without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below; a solitary sovereign with the whole tremendous game played for himself, and inaccessible to the power of man.

I was forced away from this absorbing spectacle; and we once more threaded the long and intricate streets of Rome. As we approached the end of one of those bewildering passages, scarcely wide enough for us to ride abreast, I was startled by the sudden illumination of the sky immediately above; and rendered cautious by the experience of our hazards, called to my companion to return.—He pointed behind me, and showed the fire bursting out in the houses by which we had just galloped. I followed on. A crowd that poured from the adjoining streets cut off our retreat. Hundreds rapidly mounted on the houses in front, in the hope by throwing them down to check the conflagration. The obstacle once removed, we saw the source of the light—spectacle of horror! The great prison of Rome was on fire. Never can I forget the sights and sounds—the dismay—the hopeless agony—the fury and frenzy that then overwhelmed the heart. The jailors had been forced to fly before they could loose the fetters, or open the cells of the prisoners. We saw those gaunt and wo-begone wretches crowding to their casements, and imploring impossible help; clinging to the heated bars; toiling with their impotent grasp to tear out the massive stones; some wringing their hands; some calling on the terrified spectators by every name of humanity to save them; some venting their despair in execrations and blasphemies that made the blood run cold; others, after many a wild effort to break loose, dashing their heads against the walls, or stabbing themselves. The people gave them outcry for outcry; but the flame forbade approach. Before I could extricate myself from the multitude, a whirl of fiery ashes shot upwards from the falling roof; the walls rent into a thousand fragments; and the huge prison, with all its miserable inmates, was a heap of red embers.

Exhausted as I was by this restless fatigue, and yet more by the melancholy sights that surrounded every step, no fatigue seemed to be felt by the singular being that governed

my movements. He sprang through the burning ruins—he plunged into the sulphurous smoke—he never lost the direction that he had first taken; and though baffled and forced to turn back a hundred times, he again rushed on his track with the directness of an arrow. For me to make my way back to the gates, would be even more difficult than to push forward. My ultimate safety might be in following, and I followed. To stand still, and to move, were equally perilous. The streets, even with the improvements of Augustus, were still scarcely wider than the breadth of the little Italian carts that crowded them.—They were crooked, long, and obstructed by every impediment of a city built in haste, after the burning by the Gauls, and with no other plan than the caprice of its hurried tenantry. The houses were of immense height, chiefly wood, many roofed with thatch, and all covered or cemented with pitch. The true surprise is, that it had not been burned once a year from the time of its building.

The memory of Nero, that hereditary concentration of vice, of whose ancestor's yellow beard the Roman orator said, "No wonder that his beard was brass, when his mouth was iron and his heart lead," the parricide and the prisoner, may yet be fairly exonerated of an act which might have been the deed of a drunken mendicant in any of the fifty thousand hovels of this gigantic aggregate of every thing that could turn to flame.

We passed along through all the horrid varieties of misery, guilt, and riot, that could find their place in a great public calamity: groups gazing in woe on the wreck of their fortunes, rushing off to the winds in vapor and fire; groups plundering in the midst of the flame; groups of rioters, escaped felons, and murderers, exulting in the public ruin, and dancing and drinking with Bacchanalian uproar: gangs of robbers trampling down and stabbing the fugitives to strip them of their last means; revenge, avarice, despair, profligacy, let loose naked; undisguised demons, to swell the wretchedness of this tremendous infliction upon a guilty and blood-covered empire.

Still we spurred on, but our jaded horses at length sank under us; and leaving them to find their way into the fields, we struggled forward on foot. The air had hitherto been calm, but now gusts began to rise, thunder growled, and the signs of tempest thickened on. We gained an untouched quarter of the city, and had explored our weary passage up to the gates of a large patrician palace, when we were startled by a broad sheet of flame rushing through the sky. The storm was come in its rage. The range of public magazines of wood, cordage, tar, and oil, in the valley between the Cœlian and Palatine hills, had at length been involved in the conflagra-

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tion. All that we had seen before was darkness to the fierce splendor of this burning.—The tempest tore off the roofs, and swept them like floating islands of fire through the sky. The most distant quarters on which they fell were instantly wrapped in flame. One broad mass, whirling from an immense height, broke upon the palace before us. A cry of terror was heard within; the gates were flung open, and a crowd of domestics and persons of both sexes, attired for a banquet, poured out into the streets. The palace was wrapt in flame. My guide then for the first time lost his self-possession. He staggered towards me with the appearance of a man who had received a spear-head in his bosom. I caught him before he fell; but his head sank, his knees bent under him, and his white lips quivered with unintelligible sounds, I could distinguish only the words—"gone, gone for ever!"

The flame had already seized upon the principal floors of the palace; and the volumes of smoke that poured through every window and entrance, rendered the attempt to save those still within, a work of extreme hazard. But ladders were rapidly placed, ropes were flung, and the activity of the attendants and retainers was boldly exerted, till all were presumed to have been saved, and the building was left to burn.

My overwhelmed guide was lying on the ground, when a sudden scream was heard, and a figure, in the robes and with the rosy crown of the banquet, strange contrast to her fearful situation, was seen flying from window to window in the upper part of the mansion. It was supposed that she had fainted in the first terror, and been forgotten. The height, the fierceness of the flame which now completely mastered resistance, the volumes of smoke that suffocated every man who approached, made the chance of saving this unfortunate being utterly desperate in the opinion of the multitude.

My spirit shuddered at the horrors of this desertion. I looked round at my companion; he was kneeling, in helpless agony, with his hands lifted up to heaven. Another scream, wilder than ever, pierced my senses. I seized an axe from one of the domestics, caught a ladder from another, and in a paroxysm of hope, fear, and pity, scaled the burning wall. A shout from below followed me. I entered at the first window that I could reach. All before me was cloud. I rushed on, struggled, stumbled over furniture and fragments of all kinds, fell, rose again, found myself trampling upon precious things, plate and crystal, and still, axe in hand, forced my way. At length reached the banqueting-room. The figure had vanished. A strange superstition of childhood, a thought that I might have been lured by some spirit of evil into the place of

ruin, suddenly came over me. I stopped to gather my faculties. I leaned against one of the pillars; it was hot; the floor shook and crackled under my tread, the walls heaved, the flame hissed below, and over head roared the whirlwind, and burst the thunder-peal.

My brain was fevered. The immense golden lamps still burning; the long tables disordered, yet glittering with the costly ornaments of patrician luxury; the scattered Tyrian couches; the scarlet canopy that covered the whole range of the tables, and gave the hall the aspect of an imperial pavilion, partially torn down in the confusion of the flight, all assumed to me a horrid and bewildered splendor. The smokes were already rising through the crevices of the floor; the smell of flame was on my robes; a huge volume of yellow vapor slowly wreathed and arched round the chair at the head of the banquet. I could have imagined a fearful lord of the feast under that cloudy veil! Every thing round me was marked with preternatural fear, magnificence, and ruin.

A low groan broke my reverie. I heard the voice of one in despair. I heard the broken words, "Oh, bitter fruit of disobedience! Oh, my mother, shall I never see your face again!—For one crime I am doomed. Eternal mercy, let my crime be washed away—let my spirit ascend pure. Farewell, mother, sister, father, husband!" With the last word I heard a fall, as if the spirit had left the body.

I sprang towards the sound: I met but the solid wall. "Horrible illusion," I cried—"am I mad, or the victim of the powers of darkness?" I tore away the hangings—a door was before me. I burst it through with a blow of the axe, and saw stretched on the floor, and insensible—Salome!

I caught my child in my arms; I bathed her forehead with my tears; I besought her to look up, to give some sign of life, to hear the full forgiveness of my breaking heart.—She looked not, answered not, breathed not. To make a last effort for her life, I carried her into the banquet-room. But the fire had forced its way there; the wind bursting in, had carried the flame through the long galleries: and flashes and spires of lurid light already darting through the doors, gave fearful evidence that the last stone of the palace must soon go down.

I bore my unhappy daughter towards the window; but the height was deadly, no gesture could be seen through the piles of smoke, the help of man was in vain. To my increased misery, the current of air revived Salome, at the instant when I hoped that by insensibility she would escape the final pang. She breathed, stood, and opening her eyes, fixed on me the vacant stare of one scarcely aroused from sleep. Still clasped in my arms,

she gazed again; but my wild face covered with dust, my half-burnt hair, the axe gleaming in my hand, terrified her; she uttered a scream, and darted away from me headlong into the centre of the burning.

I rushed after her, calling on her name.—A column of fire shot up between us; I felt the floor sink; all was then suffocation—I struggled, and fell.—

To be continued.

EVENING.

Sunset was resting on the world—

Rich clouds of purple, flame, and dun,
Swept o'er the west, like fragments hurled
From other realms to blot the sun,
And quivering in the crimson rays
That lighted all the depths of air,
Seemed melting in the glorious blaze,
And gushing down in masses there.

The mountain caves were lighted,
And grey rocks glittered in the light
That streamed from glory's flowing cup
On every hill and mountain height;
The pinnacles that rose on high,
And pierced the rarer atmosphere,
Gleamed in the radiance of the sky,
As heaven's own fires were blazing near.

Then sunk the sun below the arch,
And golden stars sprang into birth.—
Huge spectral shadows in their march
Had traveled over half the earth,
And now, beneath the deepening shade,
Hill, vale and forest went to rest,
As if the world in silence prayed,
Or calmly slept on nature's breast.

And rapt in slumber, millions lie
Left to another night of dreaming,
While o'er the wide unshadowed sky,
The diamond stars are brightly gleaming,
As if yon veil of azure, flung
Above the deep immensity,
To hide the heavens from view, were hung
With Eden's wreath of jewelry.

The winds are hushed—or only sweep
In whispering stillness o'er the hills,
While through the valleys slowly creep
The murmurs of the shaded rills:
Dim Night, with all her spirit-dreams,
Has folded earth within her robe,
And the Almighty's presence seems
O'ershadowing the breathless Globe.

A time for holy thought is this—
For visions high to crowd the soul,—
And in this hour of loneliness,
An age of blessed thought will roll
Across the mind. Scenes, pure and bright,
Are floating on the baseless air,
While all, beneath the wing of Night,
Seem listening to Devotion's prayer.

THE QUAKER MEETING.

I arose one Sabbath and performed the duties that are generally performed on that morning—the extra attention to personal appearance—at a much earlier hour than was usual with me. I had for some time cherished an inclination to make a short excursion, and this was the morning that I had chosen for its accomplishment. I finished the labors of the toilet with especial care and was soon prepared to take my departure.

At the distance of three miles from the town in which I was then visiting, was situated a meeting house belonging to that peculiar sect of christians called Quakers. I had never visited it, although I had heard much of the youth and fascinating beauty that were there to be met with on the Sabbath. I sallied forth on foot with feelings of enthusiasm; and occupied myself for a while by decorating my anticipations with many imaginary splendors—an occupation that I have generally found to be followed by disappointment.

I journeyed on unaccompanied, and gave my mind up to the brilliant anticipations that were passing before it. The day was such as I would have selected from a thousand. It was the middle of May;—a season wherein if a man's heart fail to dance blithely, he must indeed be the victim of dulness. The sun was moving upward in his diurnal course, and had just acquired sufficient heat to render a shade desirable. The heaven was cloudless—scarcely wind enough played over the landscape to make the tiny leaf tremble, or the full blown flower part its fragrance. All was calmness; and a soft languor rested on the face of nature, stealing the mind's sympathy, and wooing it to the delights of repose. My excitement was too great, my mind was too much occupied with anticipations, to do more than barely notice the splendor and the symphonies around me. The hum of the bee and the beetle as they winged their swift flight onwards, the song of the thrush and the meadow lark as they tuned their throats to the praises of the risen sun, and the distant crowing of some gallant chanticleer, moved lazily on the sluggish air. It was a season of general repose. In fine, it was just such a day as a saint would choose to assist his fancy in describing the sunny regions whither his thoughts delight to wander, or a poet would select to refine his ideas of the climate of Elysium. I passed on encountering shade and sunshine, and feeling my heart to leap within me from the very fullness of its fruition. At length, after much revery, and many attentions to surrounding scenery, I arrived at a turn in the road, from which I desisted, at a considerable distance, the place of my destination.

Within a spacious inclosure that skirted the roadside, arose the house of silent worship. It was a building of stone, on which the effects of the beating storms of many years were discoverable. The stone was sufficiently darkened by the weather to give an antiquated appearance to the building. The veneration which is felt when we contemplate an object that bears the marks of many seasons is universal. Old age, old habits, and old buildings, severally call up sentiments of respect from those who are not given to recklessness. The splendors that modern taste has engrafted on the architecture of the age appeal triumphantly to the mind, but the time-worn aspects, and rude style of many of our ancient buildings, assert an empire over the feelings; to the one we give our fancy, to the other our veneration, our hearts. Surrounding the house, were trees that had withstood the blight and the blasts of ages, and had shaded the house of devotion for a century. In the rear, and undecorated by tombs, slept the former worshippers in this temple consecrated to the service of the Most High.

I passed by various groups who were gathered beneath the shade engaged in interchanging the courtesies of society, and received the demonstrations of respect that a stranger always commands from this people. I surrendered myself to the full influence of the scenes around me. I wandered among the mansions of the slumbering dead, and could not help contrasting their simple appearance with the magnificence I had seen in other places devoted to the same purposes. Here was no marble on which was inscribed the name or any thing in relation to him whose remains mouldered beneath—here was no cause to think of the lines, alas! too true, of a sweet poet—

"Full oft the flattering marble bids renown

With blazoned trophies deck the spotted name."

Instead of marble, at either extremity of the graves, was placed a simple stone, without inscription or device. The rank grass interlocked its spires above the humble mounds of the departed. But were those who slumbered beneath forgotten? Far otherwise. The husband here contemplated the lowly dwelling place of the former minister to his delight—the lover recognized the place where she, whose presence was once all-inspiring, reposed—and each one knew where were interred those who had been lights to their world of love, and on which grave to shed the drop born of affection and sorrow. Although the pomp, the state, and the pageantry of woe were here unseen, yet hither, in moments when surrounding objects were forgotten, had retired the afflicted, and poured

forth the watery tribute that bedews the cheek of those that mourn in "spirit and in truth." Hither came those whose spirits had been bowed down beneath the burden of distress, and indulged in the melancholy occupation of silent grief, from which no man ever went forth without benefit. I thought of Falconer's lines,

"Full oft shall memory from oblivion's veil
Relieve your scenes, and sigh with grief sincere."

While I was indulging this train of reflections, the number of those who were on the outside of the house was gradually diminishing. I directed my steps thitherward, not without wishing, that when I should go hence my grave might be unknown save to the eye of affection, and that I might

"sleep,
And not a stone tell where I lie."

The interior of the building corresponded with the plainness and simplicity of its inmates, being entirely without the "foreign aid of adornment." The front seats which were somewhat elevated above the others, were filled with the most venerable looking personages I had ever seen. There they sat in solemn silence, motionless, and personifying gravity. It would have been impossible for a stranger to such scenes, with a particle of sensibility, to have resisted the imposing awe mingled with respect, that emanated from the noiseless group. I fully understood why Brennus and his barbarian followers were awed into respect by the unmoving and living statuary of the Roman Senate. Every one seemed to be engrossed with devotional thoughts. No sound disturbed the deep silence that reigned throughout the sanctuary. I had never before been so completely entranced by the spell—so entirely aware of the profound mysteries of silence. I was fully able to appreciate Thompson's line

"Expressive silence, let us muse his praise."

To me it seemed that I was the only being in the large assemblage who was animated by any feeling akin to curiosity. I moved my feet cautiously; and could distinctly hear every inspiration of breath. I soon became busied in making observations. The bright eyes, a flash of whose light I could occasionally perceive sparkling beneath the plain silken bonnets of the fair quakeresses, reminded me of devotion, not exactly of that kind which seemed to be rising from every heart around me. The unmoving muscles of the faces of the more elderly females, appeared to me to have lost the faculty of relaxation. I speculated on the physiognomy of many faces near me. In one I thought I could discover the rigid and ungraceful lines of avar-

ice; another was glowing with all the openness of benevolence. I marked the stiff lines that denoted austerity; and, again I fancied that some gentle curves were eloquent of amiability. As I was speculating on the probable character of individuals as indicated in the expression of their faces, my attention was suddenly called to a person who occupied a seat at the head of the upper bench. He arose slowly, in a solemn and dignified manner, as if entirely aware of the deep and important responsibility of the office he was about assuming. He was a man who appeared to have experienced the vicissitudes of half a century. His dress was neat, simple, and of that peculiar kind by which the members of his society are every where distinguished. His look was in itself a sermon, denoting solemnity, benevolence and profound reflection. He stood utterly motionless for a moment before he ventured to break the silence. He commenced his discourse in a slow, thoughtful, half-subdued tone. For the first few minutes his hand never left the railing before him. His first words were, "What is worship?" He then proceeded to answer the interrogation agreeably to the peculiar views of the society in regard to that important act. He went on to the consideration of the effects of those passions and practices that militate against the advancement of true and genuine religion. In the course of his remarks, he took under his especial regard the feeling of vanity. He spoke of the entire insignificance of the power of man when compared with the immeasurable power of the Creator,—of the very small sphere that he could possibly fill, and of the vastness of space. His action and his force of expression increased as his mind expanded under the consideration of the glories of the illimitable creation. He spoke of the planetary system and the starry worlds. He filled the mind of every one who heard him with sublime ideas of the extent, and the vastness of creation. While every mind was thus charged with lofty conceptions, he suddenly paused. In a tone of voice that I can never forget, and with his open hand fully before him he said, "Man! what art thou; who durst be vain?" The effect was tremendous. Every vain man present felt utterly insignificant, and dropped his head with shame. He spoke a full hour. After the preacher had resumed his seat, a silence, deeper if possible than that which preceded, ensued. Every one seemed afraid to disturb it. In a few minutes the preacher extended his open hand to him who sat next—the signal that the meeting was ended. A general shaking of hands soon followed, and the members arose and left the house.

After the meeting was over a scene en-

sued that I could not but admire. There was no obstreperous mirth; but every one conducted himself with gravity and decorum, as though the influence of worship was still felt. After a frequent interchange of salutations the members left the place—some on foot and some in vehicles. I lingered until the last; when I accepted an invitation from one of them, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, to accompany him to dine. I left the ground with feelings never to be forgotten, and fully satisfied that it was good for me that I had been there.

TO MY DAUGHTER,

On being separated from her on her Marriage.

BY MRS. J. HUNTER.

Dear to my heart as life's warm stream
Which animates this mortal clay,
For thee I court the waking dream,
And deck with smiles the future day;
And thus beguile the present pain,
With hopes that we shall meet again.

Yet will it be, as when the past
Twined every joy and care and thought,
And o'er our minds one mantle cast
Of kind affections finely wrought?
Ah, no! the groundless hope were vain,
For so we ne'er shall meet again.

May he who claims thy tender heart
Deserve its love as I have done;
For kind and gentle as thou art,
If so belov'd thou'rt fairly won.
Bright may the sacred torch remain,
And cheer thee till we meet again!

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

No. II.

MEMOIR OF THE PRINCESS WOLFENBUTTEL, (OF RUSSIA.)

The virtuous and beautiful Charlotte Christiana Sophia de Wolfenbittel was born in the year 1694, and at an early age became the wife of czarovitz Alexis, son of Peter the First, czar of Muscovy; a man of the most brutal and ferocious character, who had conceived such an unaccountable aversion to her, that his personal ill-treatment of her, during a very precarious state of health, was such as was thought likely to endanger her life; and the monster having reason to believe she would not recover, left her, and retreated to his country house.

The countess of Konismark, who attended during her illness, naturally concluding that she would one day perish from the brutal dis-

position of the czarovitz, formed a scheme to induce the women about the princess to give out that she was dead; and a bundle of sticks was interred in her stead with funeral solemnity.

The orders which the tyrant had given to bury the princess without delay or ceremony, favored the deception; and she was removed to a retired spot in order to recover her health and spirits; which object was no sooner accomplished than she set off for Paris, accompanied by an old German domestic, in the character of her father; the countess of Konismark having secured for her all her jewels and a considerable sum of money, and clothed her in the habiliments of common life.

Here she made but a short stay; and having hired a female servant, proceeded to a sea-port, and embarked on board a vessel bound for Louisiana. Here her figure and manners attracted the notice of the inhabitants of the colony, and an officer, named D'Auband, who had formerly been in Russia, immediately recollected the royal fugitive; and though he could at first hardly persuade himself of the reality of what he saw, in order to ascertain the truth, he contrived to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the pretended father, and soon formed so intimate a friendship with him, that they agreed to live under one roof.

This charming society had not long subsisted before the news reached the colony announcing the death of the czarovitz Alexis. D'Auband then took the opportunity to declare to the princess his knowledge of her; at the same time offering to sacrifice every thing to her service, in order to conduct her back to Russia; but she had experienced the insufficiency of royalty to confer happiness, and chose rather to enjoy the peace and tranquillity of retirement than to return again into the scenes of splendid ambition.

"O knew they but their happiness! of men
The happiest they, who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drink the pure pleasures of the rural life."

All she required of D'Auband was a promise of inviolable secrecy, and he solemnly pledged himself to obey her commands; but though she had refused his kind services, she was not herself insensible to the tender passion with which her virtues and her beauties had inspired his bosom.

Their reciprocal attachment daily increased; and the death of her old and faithful domestic, together with motives of the purest delicacy, induced her to give D'Auband her hand in marriage. This circumstance added a new veil to her real condition; and thus she, who had been destined to wear the dia-

dein of Russia, became the humble but happy wife of a lieutenant in infantry!

In the succeeding year she had a daughter, whom she nursed herself, and educated with a truly parental solicitude in the French and German languages, and in various other branches of polite literature.

Ten happy years had elapsed when D'Auband was seized with a disorder which required an operation to be performed; and it became necessary for them to embark in the first vessel for France for that purpose.

The most skilful surgeons in Paris were engaged on this occasion, and his wife waited upon him with the most tender and patient attention and affection till the time of his recovery. In a short time after, the lieutenant had the good fortune to obtain from the French East India Company a major's commission for the Isle of Bourbon.

While the above business was in agitation, the princess, walking one morning in the garden of the Thuilleries with her daughter, with whom she was conversing in the German language, their conversation attracted the notice of marshal de Saxe, who was passing, and who immediately recollected her. He was preparing to address her, when, with great confusion and embarrassment, she begged him to accompany her to a more retired spot, in order to avoid observation; and there, after enjoining the strictest secrecy, she acknowledged herself to him.

By appointment, the marshal paid her a visit at her own habitation on the following morning, where she recited to him her adventures, together with the share which his mother, the countess of Konismark, had in them.

At the expiration of three months, the major D'Auband, with his wife and daughter, proceeded to the Isle of Bourbon; when the marshal, according to agreement, was at liberty to inform the King, who was at Versailles, of the circumstances of the princess, who immediately ordered the minister of marine to write to the governor of Bourbon to treat the major and his family with every mark of distinction. To the kind offices of the king she was likewise indebted for the representation of her situation to her niece, the queen of Hungary, who gave her an invitation to come and reside with her, on condition she would quit her husband and daughter: but, without hesitation, she rejected the splendid offer, and preferred her domestic and conjugal pleasures, in this remote and peaceful retirement, to all the blandishments of wealth and royalty.

Envy not the appearance of happiness in any man, for thou knowest not his secret griefs.

BROKEN HEART.

From a volume of "Poems by one of a family circle."

He seemed to love her, and her youthful cheek
Were for a while the transient bloom of joy;
And her heart throbb'd with hopes she could not speak,
New to delight, and new to ecstasy.

He won that heart in its simplicity,
All undisguis'd in its young tenderness;
And, smiling saw that he, and only he,
Had power at once to wound it or to bless.

She gave to him her innocent affection,
And the warm feelings of her guileless breast;
And from the storms of life she sought protection
In his dear love, her home of earthly rest.
In this sweet trust, her opening days were blest,
And joyously she hail'd her coming years,
For well she knew that even if distress,
There would be one kind hand to dry her tears.

He left her—and in trouble she awoke
From her young dream of bliss; but murmur'd not
Over her silent sufferings, nor spoke
To any one upon her cruel lot.
You would have deem'd that he had been forgot,
Or thought her bosom callous to the stroke:
But in her cheek there was one hectic spot,
'Twas little—but it told her heart was broke.

And deeper and more deep the painful flush
Daily became; yet all distress seem'd o'er,
Save when the life-blood gave a sudden rush,
Then trembled into silence, as before.
At once too proud, too humble to deplore,
She bow'd her head in quietness; she knew
Her blighted prospects could revive no more:
Yet she was calm, for she had heaven in view.

She lov'd, and she forgave him—and in dying
She ask'd a blessing on his future years;
And so she went to sleep; meekly relying
Upon that power which shall efface all tears.
Her simple turf the young spring flow'ret wears,
And the pale primrose grows upon her tomb
And when the storm the simple blossom tears,
It bows its head—an emblem of her doom.

An active career is not a path of roses.
The moment you attempt distinction, you
will be abused, calumniated, reviled. You
will be shocked at the wrath you excite, and
sigh for your old obscurity, and consider, as
Franklin has it, that "you have paid too
dear for your whistle." But, in return, for
individual enemies, what a recompense to
have made the public itself your friend; per-
haps even posterity your familiar.

It is easier to pretend to be what you are not,
than to hide what you really are; he that can
accomplish both has little to learn in hypocr-
isy.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS.

No. III

ADVENTURES OF THE WEST.

BY HON. JUDGE HALL.

Among the adventurers whom Boon described as having reinforced his little colony, was a young gentleman named Smith, who had been a major in the militia of Virginia, and possessed a full share of the gallantry and noble spirit of his native state. In the absence of Boon, he was chosen, on account of his military rank and talents, to command the rude citadel, which contained all the wealth of this patriarchal band—their wives, their children, and their herds. It held also an object peculiarly dear to this young soldier—a lady, the daughter of one of the settlers, to whom he had pledged his affections. It came to pass upon a certain day, when the siege was over, and the employments of husbandry resumed, that this young lady with a female companion strolled out, as young ladies in love are very apt to do, along the banks of the Kentucky river. Having rambled about for some time, they espied a canoe lying by the shore, and in a frolic stepped into it, with the determination of visiting a neighbor on the opposite bank. It seems that they were not so well skilled in navigation as the *Lady of the Lake*, who paddled her own canoe very dexterously; instead of gliding to the point of destination, they were whirled about by the stream, and at length thrown on a sand bar, from which they were obliged to wade ashore. Full of mirth, excited by their wild adventure, they hastily arranged their dresses, and were proceeding to climb the banks, when three Indians, rushing from a neighboring covert, seized the fair wanderers, and forced them away. Their savage captors, not allowing them time for rest or reflection, hurried them along during the whole day by rugged and thorny paths. Their shoes were torn off by the rocks, their clothes rent, and their feet and limbs lacerated and stained with blood.—To heighten their misery, one of the savages began to make love to Miss —, (the intended of Major Smith,) and while goading her along with a pointed stick, promised in recompense for their sufferings, to make her *his squaw*. This at once roused all the energies of her mind, and called its powers into action. In hope that her friends would soon pursue them, she broke the twigs as she passed along, and delayed the party as much as possible by tardy and blundering steps. But why dwell on the heartless and unmanly cruelty of savages? The day and the night passed, and another day of agony had nearly rolled over the heads of the afflicted females, when their

conductors halted to cook a wild repast of buffalo meat.

The ladies were soon missed from the garison. The natural courage and sagacity of Smith, now heightened by love, gave him the wings of the wind and the fierceness of a tiger. The light traces of female feet led him to the place of embarkation—the canoe was traced to the opposite shore—the deep print of the moccasin in the sand told the rest, and the agonized Smith, accompanied by a few of his best woodsmen, pursued “the spoil encumbered foe.” The track once discovered, they kept it with that unerring sagacity so peculiar to our hunters. The bended grass, the disentangled briars, and the compressed shrub, afforded the only, but to them the certain, indication of the route of the enemy. When they had sufficiently ascertained the general course of the retreat of the Indians, Smith quitted the trace, assuring his companions that they would fall in with them at the pass of a certain stream ahead, for which he now struck a direct course, thus gaining on the foe, who had taken the most difficult path. Arrived at the stream, they traced its course until they discovered the water newly thrown upon the rocks. Smith, leaving his party, now crept forward upon his hands and feet, until he discovered one of the savages seated by a fire, and with a deliberate aim, shot him through the heart.

The women rushed towards their deliverer, and recognizing Smith, clung to him in the transports of newly awakened joy and gratitude, while a second Indian sprang towards him with his tomahawk. Smith, disengaging himself from the ladies, aimed a blow at his antagonist with his rifle, which the savage avoided by springing aside, but at the same moment the latter received a mortal wound from another hand. The other and only remaining Indian fell, in attempting to escape. Smith, with his interesting charge, returned in triumph to the fort, where his gallantry, no doubt, was repaid by the sweetest of all rewards.

REQUIRED LOVE.

What words can be more delightful to the human ear, than the unexpected effusions of generosity and affection from a benevolent woman. A gentleman after great misfortunes, came to a lady he had long courted, and told her his circumstances were so reduced, that he was actually in want of five guineas.—“I am glad to hear it,” said she.—“Is this your affection for me?” he replied in a tone of despondency, “why are you glad?” “Because (answered she) if you want five guineas, I can give you five thousand!”

THE FORUM IN ROME.

WITH A CUT.

We stood upon the Forum. Two long rows of huge and magnificent ruins designate the spot chosen by ancient Rome for the lofty purposes of national conventions, public justice, and the most solemn acts of government.

Even the first centuries after the building of Rome were here witnesses of the festive plays and other assemblies of the citizens. As early as Tarquinius Priscus, the Forum was encompassed with colonnades, for protection against the inclemencies of the weather. When the power of Rome was extending itself, first over Italy, and subsequently over half the globe, within this spot were concentrated all that was capable of producing the effectual idea of the grandeur and majesty of the commonwealth—all that could possibly be thought of by absolute power, unlimited riches, and a luxury almost fabulous:—here were situated the palaces of the consuls and emperors, and the temples of the gods; triumphal arcs adorned its avenues; baths, circuses, race-courses, museums, and public libraries surrounded it on all sides. All the most admirable master-pieces of the arts, possessed by Greece, Italy, Ionia, and Egypt were procured by the order of universal Rome, to adorn its Forum.

All this has passed away long since, or lies in dust, less through the power of time, than through that of man and the elements—of wasting Barbarians and numberless conflagrations. Herds are now bellowing where Cicero and the Gracchi poured forth the fire of their eloquence before a numberless people; where emperors resided, the vine is blooming. Innumerable ruins, however, still prove to future centuries this by-gone magnificence.

The Forum was bounded on the southwest by the Palatine,—and on the north by the Capitoline mounts; and formed an oblong rectangle of about half a million square feet. The most splendid roads, as well as the triumphal arcs of Constantine, Septimius Severus and Titus, gave entrance to it. Turning towards the capitol, resplendent with the fairest works of architecture, up to which a flight of marble steps led, on the left was seen the imperial palaces covering the whole mount Palatine, and on the right a line of magnificent temples, of which those of Peace, of Antonine and of Faustine, of Mars, and of Saturn, are still furnishing their precious fragments. In the back-ground rose high the amphitheatre of Flavius (called colosseum from a gigantic statue of the god of the sun, 150 feet high, once placed before it,) exciting the highest admiration by the immen-

sity of its mass and the plain elegance of its structure.

Of this miracle of architecture, the northern half of it, and the substructions of the southern, are entirely preserved. Its exterior form was that of a rather oval rotunda, 160 feet high, and nearly 1800 in circumference, surrounded by three colonnades supporting each other. The columns and outer walls are wholly of white Tiburtine marble. The area in the centre of the interior had 600 feet in circumference, and would admit 10,000 combatants at once. The whole interval between the area and the exterior wall was filled up with stone benches, rising like an amphitheatre, that would accommodate more than 110,000 spectators; the lowest rounds were for the vestals and the senators; those next above them for the knights; then followed these for the citizens, and upon the highest were seated the ~~magistrates~~ ^{judges}. Above these were stationed 10,000 slaves, holding, extending over all the seats, a shagreened carpet of the most precious workmanship, either embroidered with gold and pearls, or decorated with the most splendid pictures. The vaulted spaces below the seats contained the wild animals chosen for combat, the men devoted to them as victims, the gladiators, and part of the life-guard of the emperor, whose palace was connected with the colosseum by a portico.

This theatre was built by Vespasian, at the expense of more than fourteen millions of dollars; 12,000 Jews, taken prisoners, were employed at it, of whom one-half died by hard labor and other fatal accidents. Titus consecrated it, and his brother and successor, Domitian, exhibited here the greatest combats which at any time were ever witnessed by that bloody-minded Rome, which perpetually rioted in cruelties; thousands of the first Christians, thrown a prey before wild beasts, suffered here the martyrdom. The then degenerate Roman people were at last so accustomed to the blood-shedding spectacle, that they would no more do without it; people of quality kept slaves for the mere purpose of seeing them kill each other at domestic and private festivals; even knights and senators, seized with the fury of blood-mindedness, often precipitated themselves into the area, and of their own accord entered under the claws of wild animals, or the swords of gladiators;—the emperor Commodus performed several times the part of a public gladiator. Trajan ordered gladiatorial spectacles to be given for 120 successive days, and each day appeared 10,000 combatants.—Thus was wasted the flower of the subjugated nations! Thus the world was exhausted, and whole provinces were depopulated, in order to satisfy the daily cry after



THE FORUM IN ROME.

bread and play (*panis et circenses!*) of the Roman people, then degenerated into a gang of slothful hyenas.

Within this frightful place, once overflowing with foaming torrents of conquered blood, and resounding with bestial shouts at the tearing into pieces of Christians by lions and panthers, naught now strikes the ear, except the barking of the dog of an aged hermit—the guardian of these sad relics,—or, on holy-days, the ringing of the little bell of the mass-saying Capuchin!—for all around the interior of the area, penitential altars are erected, with a small bell, suspended over each one, for the purpose of inviting passers-by, or those visiting the colosseum, to join in prayer.—Here how strangely are the heathen past and the Christian present linked together! What a subject for meditation!

Our fine print presents the prospect from the triumphal arc of Titus, across the Forum, toward the splendid fragments of the temple of Concordia, the portico of which, with seven erect standing marble columns, furnishes one of the most beautiful and picturesque remains of Roman architecture.—The tricolunar ruin, to the right, belonged, together with the fragments lying on the ground, to a temple of Jupiter Tonans, which Augustus ordered to be raised upon the spot where, during a tempest, one of his companions was struck by lightning, and killed.—All these ruins are wholly of marble.—They were only a few years since, buried under ground to half their height, but are now freed to the very foundation. The marble pavement of the triumphal road, covered twenty feet high with the rubbish of 1500 years devastation, has likewise been completely cleared.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Among some, who have read Blackstone, and more who have not, the erroneous and ungallant opinion prevails that a husband may chastise his wife, provided the weapon be not thicker than his little finger. For the benefit of the ladies, the information of the gentlemen, and the honor of our land, it should be known that this is not the law. There was a decision of our constitutional [supreme] court about 13 years since pronounced by the late Judge Wilds, in the dignified sweetness of his noble spirit, in which he proclaimed the law on the subject, in the following graceful extract from the Honey Moon:—

“The man that lays his hand upon a woman
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom ’twere gross flattery to call a coward.”

Neither the cold nor the fervid, but characters uniformly warm, are formed for friendship.

MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

In the bloom and promises and blights of spring, parents may behold a striking emblem of their rising families. Delightful as the present season is, how many of its smiles may deceive us. How many lovely blossoms have already faded and disappeared, and how would a single frost mar and wither the beauty of all this charming scenery. How many vernal hopes have you known cut off in a single night. The tender bud, the fragile stem, and the opening blossom, have been smitten and have fallen together. And so it has been in some of your families;—the bud has been nipt by an untimely frost;—the sweet and smiling babe has been taken out of your arms, and laid away where you will never see it more. Or when the bud was spared to expand a little, and the lovely flower was daily unfolding new charms, it was suddenly severed from the stem, and you saw all its beauty wither in an hour. Or if it was left still longer to expand—and while you were gazing upon the full blown rose, admiring its beauty and inhaling its sweetness, “the wind passed over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.”

Such, however, has not been the mournful experience of all the heads of young families who will read these pages. You look round, perhaps, and see no vacancy in the little blooming and joyous circle; and you think how these prattlers will one day minister to your decrepitude, and bear your names and bless your memory. But look abroad a little and learn to check these fond anticipations. Where are the blossoms of yesterday? How many of them have fallen already, and how many of the sweetest, loveliest that remain, will soon lie scattered on the ground. Look upon your children then, as you do upon the ephemeral flowers of the season:—“For all flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.”

Consider, also, that your beloved children are now in the spring season of life. Let their tender minds be daily and assiduously cultivated. Be careful to sow good seed. Plant and water with all diligence, and look continually to God to give the increase. Be careful to root out the noxious weeds, as soon as they appear, and cherish every promising shoot. When you are in the field turning up the soil and casting abroad the precious grain, and when you consider how soon the present seed-time will be over, let your employment and your meditations quicken you in the all-important duties which you owe to your children. O, let it not be said, that while your farms are kept in the best condi-

tion, these tender plants, at once so precious and demanding so much culture, are neglected. Let it not be told in the judgment, that your offspring perished through your neglect.

THE DUTY OF MOTHERS,

To superintend the course of Reading pursued by their Children.

A taste for reading is of the greatest importance to cultivate in early life; since it opens channels of the best instruction; and places within the sphere of domestic employment, the most interesting materials for the occupation of the hours of leisure. Never was there a period, in the ages that are past, in which so happy a selection of books for the youthful mind could have been made, as is practicable at the present day; nor was there ever a period, in which parental wisdom was so urgently required, in making a safe and beneficial selection. Not only have the elements of science and literature been presented in their most simple and most attractive form, and brought down to the level of juvenile capacity; but the same process of simplifying and embellishing has been employed to subserve the cause of dangerous error of disguised and of avowed infidelity, and of principles equally hostile to happiness, to morals, and to religion. The indiscriminate perusal of works of fiction also, whether in prose or poetry, is calculated to induce consequences which a pious parent cannot contemplate without dread. It has a tendency at once to vitiate the taste; to give undue excitement to the imagination, at the expense of every other intellectual energy; to subjugate reason to the dominion of the passions; to contaminate the thoughts, by contaminating the heart; to exhibit, under false and fascinating colors, a course of amusement and dissipation, and to overspread with gloom the scenes of common life, so as to render its duties irksome, and its lawful pleasures insipid. Judge, then, ye parents, whether indiscriminate reading can be permitted with safety; and whether a mild, and gentle, and persuasive authority ought not to be exercised in the choice of books for your children.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

It is this sweet home feeling, this settled repose of affection in the domestic scene, that is, after all, the parent of the steadiest virtues and purest enjoyment.

Domestic Bliss, that, like a harmless dove, (Honor and sweet endearment keeping guard) Can centre in a little quiet nest
All that desire would fly for thro' the earth;
That can, the world eluding, by itself
A world enjoyed; that wants no witnesses

But its own sharers, and approving heaven.
That, like a flower, deep hid in rocky cleft,
Smiles, though 'tis only looking at the sky.

NEATNESS AND TASTE,

In a female, particularly, well deserve the name of virtues; but without them, whatever may be her excellencies, she has none that will be honored and acknowledged. A woman may be industrious and economical; she may possess a well cultivated mind; but destitute of neatness and taste, she depresses rather than elevates the character of her sex, and poisons, instead of purifying the fountain of domestic and public happiness.

Whatever a misinformed piety may judge, true piety, well informed, is the nurse of every personal and social virtue. Religion has not unfrequently lost her pure and benign influence by needlessly arraying herself against all those personal accomplishments, which, though not the first, constitute one of the appropriate and important duties of the female sex. You may discover a neatness and taste in the mind of a praiseworthy woman, be her condition in life ever so humble. You shall see them interwoven with her thoughts, expressions, and conduct, and giving a cast to every thing she is and every thing she does. Her *manners* will partake largely of these excellent qualities, and in every respect be the emanation of a neat and polished mind, and a well cultivated and benevolent heart. Equally removed from that affectation of softness which is disgusting and nauseous, and that intrepidity which sets at defiance the maxims of ordinary discretion, they will be modest, pleasing, and dignified, and the natural and unstudied expression of that cautious delicacy which is the best guardian of female reputation.

EVELINA.

The following beautiful Sonnet, translated from the Irish, is said to have been written some time in the twelfth century.

It was on the white hawthorn, on the brow of the valley, I saw the rising of day first break; the young, the soft, the gay delightful morn; it kissed the crimson of the rose, mixed with her smiles, and laughed the season on us.

Rise, my Evelina; soul that informs my heart; do thou rise, too, more lovely than the morn in her blushes, more modest than the rifled rose, weeping in her dews, pride of the western shores!

The sky's blue face, when cleared by dancing sun-beams, looks not serener than thy countenance; the richness of the wild honey is on thy lips, and thy breath exhales

sweet the apple blossom; black are thy locks, Evelina, and polished as the raven's smooth pinions; the swan's silver plumage is not fairer than thy neck—and the witch of love heaves all her enchantments from thy bosom.

Rise, my Evelina, the sprightly beam of the sun descends to kiss thee without enmity to me, and the heath reserves its blossom to greet thee with its odors!—thy timid lover will pluck the strawberries from the awful crag, and rob the hazel of its auburn pride, the sweetness of whose kernel thou far exceedest; let my berries be as red as thy lips, and the nuts ripe, yet milky as the love-begotten fluid in the bridal bosom.

Queen of the cheerful smile! shall I not meet thee at the moss grown cave and press to my heart thy beauties in the wood of Inis-cother? How long wilt thou leave me, Evelina, mournful as the lone son of the rock: telling thy beauties to the passing gale, and pouring out my complaints to the grey stone of the valley.

Ah! dost thou not hear my song, Oh virgin! thou shouldst be the tender daughter of a meek-eyed mother.

Whenever thou comest, Evelina, thou approachest like summer to the children of frost; and welcome with rapture are thy steps to my view, as the harbinger of light to the eye of darkness.

CONSUMPTION,

OR, THE THREE SISTERS.

CAROLINE was the first to die. Her character, unlike that of both her sisters, had been distinguished by great spirit and vivacity, and when they were present, had always diffused something of its own glad light over the serene composure of the one, and the melancholy stillness of the other, without seeming ever to be inconsistent with them; nor did her natural and irrepressible buoyancy altogether forsake her even to the very last.—With her the disease assumed its most beautiful show. Her light blue eyes sparkled with astonishing brilliancy—her cheeks, that had always hitherto been pale, glowed with a rose-like lustre—although she knew that she was dying, and strove to subdue her soul down to her fate, yet, in spite of herself, the strange fire that glowed in the embers of her life, kindled it often into a kind of airy gladness: so that a stranger would have thought her one on whom opening existence was just revealing the treasures of its joy, and who was eager to unfold her wings, and sail on into the calm and sunny future. Her soul, till within a few days of her death, was gay in the exhilaration of disease, and the very night before she died, she touched the harp with a playful hand and warbled as long as her strength would admit,

a few bars of a romantic tune. No one was with her when she died, for she had risen earlier than her sisters, and was found by them, when they came down to the parlor, leaning back with a smiling face on the sofa, with a few lilies in her hand, and never more to have her head lifted up in life.

The youngest had gone first, and she was to be followed by EMMA, the next in age.—Emma, although so like her sister who is now dead, that they had always been thought by strangers to be twins, had a character altogether different. Her thoughts and feelings ran in a deeper channel; nature had endowed her with extraordinary talents, and whatever she attempted, serious acquisition, or light accomplishment, in that she easily excelled. Few, indeed, is the number of women that are eminently distinguished among their sex, and leave names to be enrolled in the lists of fame. Some accidental circumstances of life or death have favored those few, and their sentiments, thoughts, feelings, fancies, and opinions, retain a permanent existence. But how many sink into the grave in all their personal beauty, and in all their mental charms, and are heard of no more! Of them no bright thoughts are recorded, no touching emotion, no wild imaginations. All their fine and true perceptions, all their instinctive knowledge of the human soul, and all their pure speculation on the mystery of human life, vanish forever and aye with the parting breath. A fair, amiable intelligent young maiden has died and is buried—that is all;—and her grave lies in its unvisited rest. Such an one was Emma Beaton. Her mother, her sisters, and a few dear friends, knew what treasures of thought were in her soul, what gleams of genius, and what light of unpretending wisdom. But she carried up her pure and high thoughts with her to heaven, nor did any of them survive her on earth, but a few fragments of hymns set by herself to plaintive music, which no voice but her own, so deep and yet so sweet, so mellow yet so mournful, could ever have fitly sung.

The sufferings of this sister were heavy indeed, and she at last prayed to be relieved.—constant sickness, interrupted only by fits of racking pain, kept the fair shadow for the last weeks of her life to bed, and nothing seemed to disturb her so much as the incessant care of her elder sister. Emma's religious thoughts had long been of an almost dark and awful character, and she was possessed of a deep sense of her own utter unworthiness in the sight of God. It was feared, that, as her end drew near, and her mind was weakened by continual suffering, her last hours might be visited with visions too trying and terrible; but the reverse was the case, and it seemed as if God, to reward a life of meekness, had

ing gladly like the April breeze, and your blood flowing like an April brook, up with "the merry lark," as Shakspeare calls it, which is "the ploughman's clock," to warn him of the dawn—up and breakfast on the morning air, fresh with the odor of budding flowers, and all the fragrance of the maiden spring; up from your nerve destroying down beds, and from the foul air pent within your close drawn curtains, and with the sun, "walk o'er the dew of far eastern hills." Whoever is found in bed after five o'clock, from Mayday to Michaelmas, cannot in any conscience expect to be free from some ailment or other, dependant upon relaxed nerves, stuffed lungs, disordered bile, or impaired digestion.

GERMANTOWN.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

Nature has lavished her quiet, unobtrusive beauty upon the scenery of Pennsylvania. This remark applies only to the lower and middle counties;—to the west and northwest the parallels of the tremendous Alleghany begin to heave up side by side like the swells of the great sea when provoked by the only element that is able to disturb the home of the leviathan. It was a summer's sunset, near Germantown; and the soft splendor of the departing day lingered on a lovely elevation which commands the view of the greater part of that ancient town. No dweller there can mistake the features of nature which will ever mark the romantic eminence. It is not a bald, sugar-loaf hill, dropped like a hail-stone from the clouds, but it is rather an inclined vale propped up by many hills, where beauty might for ever wish to linger as in a second vale of Tempe, sheltered by the young green trees, and cooled by the gurgling brooks.

It was the close of one of the days of the American revolution—bright as the evening of Italy, and balmy as the green spice gardens of the happy Arabia. But the hearts of the sons and daughters of America were aching with the bitterness of a sanguinary contest, on the long deferred result of which the happiness of millions depended. Prayer and battle and agony were the elements of the convulsion which reached to the heart of a young nation, and every class in society without distinction of sex felt that the cause in which all were engaged to be one of a holier import than those national dramas so often enacted on the world's wide stage, apparently unconnected with the great leading principles of human happiness. No wonder, then, that the fair daughters of Columbia were nymphs of the pensive shades and of the evening sighs, rather than the merry maids their grand-daughters now are. No wonder that

care passed oftentimes like a cloud over their brows when their lovers and brothers were in the tented field, subjected to the dangers of sickness as well as the death-shot of the enemy.

Maria Everard had more than the uncertainty of war to cast a melancholy around her evening path as she slowly walked down the vale we have attempted to describe. She mourned the certain death of her two only brothers—who died in confinement as prisoners of war in New York. Of high chivalrous spirits, and educations far above the common standard of that day, these young heroes leaving their parents and only sister, became volunteers in the sacred cause of freedom—and, as they went, received blessings mingled with the overflowing tears of affectionate fondness. Their first letters from the army in the vicinity of Hudson river were the spirit-stirring productions of warm-hearted and generous young men, enamoured of glory as it was personified before them in the sublimity of character which composed the soul of the American army. A dreary suspension of communication followed. Then came a letter from Fort Putnam detailing the capture of the two daring brothers. Next came a haggard soldier who had by some happy expedient secured his release from the hard captivity of war, and brought to the distressed family of the Everards the dying words of Maria's brothers. The fever which raged in the prison of the miserable had soon prostrated two of the finest forms that ever stood erect in the line of battle; and, as their worldly prospects fled away from them like a vision of the night, they could only fault a farewell and a blessing which might perchance at some future day reach their beloved home—accents of bitterness indeed, but better even thus than silence, rendering death more terrible in the hush of its unspoken mystery.

O Religion! how soothing and how composing are thy teachings to poor humanity. Maria, for the first time, now poured out her full and bursting heart to the God of her father and mother—and, all-bereaved as she was, felt immortal blessedness gushing up from hitherto unseen fountains. Never was a surrender to Heaven more complete. With tears that flowed alike from sorrow and penitence—from bereavement and heavenly ecstasy, she placed the image of her Saviour where death had thrown down the altar of her earthly devotion. She did not forget her brothers—but she left them, all precious as their memories were, in the arms of a Benevolence that seemed to her to span the farthest star and the falling sparrow in one indescribable bond of goodness and truth. There—there, she left her dead—while, with emo-

tions more like those of heaven than of earth, she felt how Providence *wounds to heal and kills to make alive*.

This new era in the history of Maria's mental enjoyments produced no change in her beautiful features, unless that should be so called which no earthly artist has been able to define on the canvass—a beauty of the immortal spirit, not so much connected with the features as shining through them. She was pale indeed—but it might be partly from the strong contrast of her mourning robe with the lily of her complexion. A better idea of her form and character combined will be conveyed to the mind by the simple assertion that she was the personification of the graces of the heart, surmounted with the wreath of intellect.

Slowly wandering down the vale as the evening shadows were stretching upward, and the low echoes of declining day murmuring along like the remembered sounds of other years, her heart involuntarily fastened its affections on heaven with unusual ardor. Raising her eyes towards the mellow skies above her, she breathed the following words to a strain of music, soft and low like a lute, but with an almost supernatural distinctness of utterance:—

Pure element of sacred love!

Where roll the silver suns of night,

Through your untrodden space above

When shall I take my spirit flight?—

When, like a star on heaven's crown,

Beyond the cloud, the storm, the wind,

Shall I on time and death look down

As one who leaves the earth behind?—

The melody of her soul would have vibrated longer to the touch of celestial emotions had not a mounted stranger, by a sudden spring of his horse, thrown himself on a side-path directly before her. Almost deprived of the power of speech the youthful rider gazed on the fair apparition before him as one might look on an inhabitant of the upper world; while his undress costume of the American camp, and a countenance too innocent and fresh for deeds of war awakened a strong, although confusing, recollection of her departed brothers in Maria's mind, and agitated her tumultuously. The stranger, sensible of his duty to apologize for the alarm he had accidentally occasioned, found words to make a feeble apology for his intrusion. Observing her long, pallid gaze on the proofs of soldiership which his dress disclosed, his spirits rallied as he gaily inquired if such an angel could possibly belong to a tory family. The kindling eye of Maria did not long leave the young soldier in doubt of her patriotism; "I wear," said she, "the weeds of mourning for my two only brothers who died in the war

prison at New York. Their dear remembrance and the cause in which they died have the same resting place in my heart. God will deliver the oppressed." "Yes, God will save Washington and my country"—was the energetic response.

Young hearts are soon acquainted. Suspicion holds no place in the bosoms of innocence—besides, seasons of danger create a surprising unity of feeling—a concentration of confidence that may soon ripen into the tenderness of a passion against which breast-plates of brass or the mail of a Macedonian phalanx can afford no security. Mutually excited and pleased with each other, the young officer dismounted with a gallantry that united delicacy to noble bearing, and attended the new-found charge to her father's mansion, tenderly inquiring the particulars of that vast sacrifice made by a single family on the altar of freedom. The emotions experienced by the father and mother as they saw their daughter enter with a military escort were similar to those which had but just thrilled through her mind. The beloved forms of their boys came fresh upon their recollections, and they received their soldier guest with tears. With a manly and courteous simplicity he announced his name as Frederick —, late a student in Yale College, but roused by the wrongs of his bleeding country he had thrown off the toga and buckled on the sword. He was attached to the staff of Washington—was on an errand of important secrecy—had listened a moment to a nightingale in their beautiful woods, and brought the warbler home. This tale of candor gained the hearts of this patriotic family; and when, as he said, the call of duty summoned him away, he received many pressing invitations to continue an acquaintance which, although the result of an accidental occurrence, might yet be productive of pleasure and friendship. "Ah, leave that," says he, "to the wise determinations of Heaven. I go often on errands of danger. The noble-spirited Hale, on business like mine, went once never again to return—and although I may like him lament that I have but one life to give for my country, this feeling can only sweeten, not avert, the catastrophes of danger. Farewell! If I pass this bower of innocence again it may be to-morrow; only let me have the prayers of one whose soul dwells so near heaven as to breathe its melting music."

The tread of the young stranger's horse was heard far down the vale now obscured by darkness. A pause in the conversation of the family circle showed the deep traces of feeling which an interview so transient had left behind in the generous bosoms of a bereaved family. No wonder that there

might have been a disposition to transfer the affections which had been broken up by death upon so bright an incarnation of youthful beauty, honor, sincerity, and patriotism. The apparent fervor of the soldier's piety in his allusions to his country and to the danger of his expeditions gave him a stronger claim on Maria's remembrance than even his personal accomplishments. The night wore away—rather a sleepless one to the dwellers in the mansion house; but the next evening brought the graceful Frederick to the door. There was the proud imprint of the consciousness of duty done on his countenance. His conversation was spirited and disclosed the bright clear depths of his intellectual resources.—His was no common mind. He would have been one of nature's noblemen in whatever country he might have first breathed the vital air. The new acquaintance he had so unexpectedly formed in the mansion seemed to open a new era in his existence. Maria's countenance was the unsullied mirror in which he saw the aspirations of his own ardent spirit reflected with a loveliness he had scarcely looked for on earth. He departed and came again, returned and came, until his existence seemed united to the mansion house by an invisible bond that strengthened with every passing moment. Philadelphia seemed a centre from which his excursions diverged—yet his return track was always through the vale of the hills.

The summer of 1777 wore away and sober autumn came with its rich brown shadows thrown with a careful profusion over the meadows and the umbrageous groves. Frederick's visits became more frequent until he became a daily guest—yet it could not escape the observation of those who felt so deep an interest in his welfare that a shade of anxiety deeper than that of autumn was gathering on his brow. One evening he startled the family circle with the remark that within twenty-four hours they would see the divisions of the British army from the windows. He conjured them to remain in quietness unless directed to remove by one who felt a deeper concern for their welfare than for his own life. "I am not powerless," said he, "and with the permission of heaven your retreat of innocence and virtue shall not be polluted by a hostile foot." The prophecy was fulfilled. On the morning of the 26th of September the long array of the British forces was seen from the mansion house stretching, at right angles, across the town, the left resting on the Schuylkill, and the chain of posts on the right communicating with the Delaware; while, conspicuously seen from the parlor windows, the broad tent of Sir William Howe spread its whitened sides to the sunbeams.

Frederick had arrived in the grey twilight of the morning and was the first to show the family where the red lines of the enemy were forming to the call of the morning drum. He was dressed like a laborer and remained all that day and the seven following ones in the mansion with a strong spy glass reading every movement and penetrating the secret designs of his powerful foe. His frequent messages to Washington were carried to the grove by the fair Maria and handed to rangers whose autumn-colored garments and noiseless movements were but the subordinate parts behind the curtain in the drama of war.

During the morning of October 3rd, Frederick, imprinting a long, burning kiss on Maria's forehead, and respectfully saluting her parents, told them that his duty called him away. Pointing towards the enemy, he expressed his ardent prayer that the time had arrived when all traces of their array should be blotted from the beautiful map of Germantown. Engaging to see them again before any thing decisive should occur, he plunged into the grove where he first saw Maria; and the overflowing eyes of his enamored friends could no longer trace the path of him whom all regarded as a heaven-sent protector, and one felt to be the only being in the wide world with whom she could divide the happiness of earth and the blessedness of eternity.

A heavy day and a sleepless night tardily passed. The night was one of intense prayer to Maria. By some process of mental hallucination, not uncommon even at the present day, Maria had centered her love of country, her fraternal recollections, and, shall I say the ardor of her devotion?—on the single form of Frederick —. Deeply freighted with all her love and her happiness, this slender barque was afloat on the sea of life at the portentous moment when the dead hush of the winds and the glassy surface of the sleeping waters proclaimed a hurricane of death at hand.

Before sunrise the wakeful family heard the sudden tread of a horseman, and in a moment Frederick stood before them. How gaily does chivalry array itself for the battle agony! It is like putting the wedding rings and the festival robes on hands and forms that are beginning to chill in nature's last struggle with dissolution. Frederick wore the rich uniform of a colonel;—a prouder picture of youthful manliness never met the eyes of a maiden in whose fond yet tearful gaze blushes and paleness met with the stronger lineaments of love and foreboding. The excitement of the great, undeveloped event just at hand, and the military ardor which even religion had not power to repress, dilated his features, and lent an unusual power, or rather

grahdeur, to his countenance. "I have but a moment," said he, hastily; "come with me to the door." The town was covered with a low dense fog which completely hid the camp of the enemy as well as the edifices of the inhabitants from view.—"Beneath the curtain of the fog," said Frederick, "the whole army of Washington are in motion to attack the enemy. *Here, by the way of Chesnut Hill, the divisions of Sullivan and Wayne are approaching; yonder, down the Ridge Road, General Armstrong leads the Pennsylvania levies; there, the columns of Greene and Stephen are deploying on the Limekiln road;—while, along the old York Road, Generals Smallwood and Forman are urging the columns of the New Jersey and Maryland militia; and yonder, Stirling, Nash, and Maxwell are stationed with a strong corps de reserve.. Half an hour will bring you the noise of battle. Dear friends, be calm; pray for Washington and your country." "And why should you be forgotten," said the venerable Everard,—“why should we not pray for you that heaven may graciously shield you from harm in the shock of battle?”

The wan and foreboding looks of Maria and her mother, and the corresponding sympathies of Frederick, convinced him that he might tarry too long. He already felt the weakness of womanhood fluttering in his bosom and choking his utterance. "Farewell," said he to his venerable friend; "I will not conduct myself unworthy of your friendship and your generous family." He gave a parting embrace to Maria's mother, then turned to her with a heart too full for speech. Their embrace was one of trembling and deep emotion, like those who part never more to meet. A few broken whispers from each revealed the yet unspoken tale of their mutual love. It might be the only moment allotted them on earth to tell what each thought a secret and what neither could think of a final separation without a wish to disclose.

He tore himself away from the pale statuary of love and foreboding emotion. As he was mounting, he released a spy glass from his saddle, and reached it faulteringly to Maria. Perhaps the vain thought flashed into his mind that the glass might enable her to see her hero in the deadly charge; or, judging more kindly, might enable her to see danger at a distance and provide for flight if the day should be disastrous to the American arms. He lingered a moment as if in mental prayer, and was lost in the dense fog that was then creeping up the hills.

The conviction resistlessly settled down on the minds of the Everard family that they should see the youthful soldier no more. War had been a tyrant to them as terrible as death. Revenge for the loss of sons had no place in

the Christian spirit of Everard, but he felt as if a third son—or both of his own sons—was summoned again to the sacrifice. Maria and her mother were gazing into the gloomy abyss of vapor below them, as if it would afford them some consolation to see the danger which was soon to be encountered by one so dear to their desponding hearts.

Dull, heavy echoes like the tumbling of distant waters prevailed for a few moments—then startlingly interrupted by the sharp reports of musketry, as if a picket was driven in—then the loud thunder of the alarm guns and the roll of the drums succeeded. The firing soon became heavy on the right and left; but the experienced ear of Everard detected the proofs of a conflict too stationary to warrant the belief of a total surprise or rout on the part of the enemy. Towards the Schuylkill the report of small arms, like the rattling of hail, had been incessant for half an hour, and then the brazen-mouthed cannon began to speak to the contested question.

The vapor obstinately clung to the scene of action, as if to veil the work of death from the eyes of heaven. No being on earth could have felt an interest so fearfully profound in this single contest as the Everard family. The father rapidly walked with irregular steps before his embowered mansion; the mother was pale as marble and absorbed in prayer; the daughter was intensely gazing into the bosom of the vapor, her face whiter than the driven snow, her eyes enlarged far beyond their ordinary size, dark as bottomless fountains, and yet bringing up no image from the troubled field of battle.

The sun was some hours above the eastern horizon and began to throw strong bursts of sunlight into the sea of fog which soon moved up towards the hills. Washington had called his reserve to the field; the enemy had not been driven from a single post; he reached his reserve to the field; the enemy had not been driven from a single post; he reached a pencilled order to the impetuous Frederick to charge along with the brave Colonel Matthews, who flew to the duty which he had ardently sought. Frederick thought a moment of the mansion house, strained his eyes towards it as for the last time and saw a vista opened up through the disturbed vapor quite to the spot where he had left all that was precious to him on earth. He fancied he could discern the faintly defined form of his three friends. He thought of the glass—and rushed to the charge.

The breaking up of the fog had been the signal to Maria to raise the spy glass. There she stood, as if her whole soul went out with her strained vision. She noticed the movements of the charge—distinguished the bold outline of Frederick on his war horse, apparently casting his farewell look towards the hill,

and then rushing onward to the silent, deadly tug of the sword and bayonet. The opposing forces mingled; the fog settled down again like a curtain dropped by invisible hands. Maria tottered forward, fell upon her face and shrieked—"he's lost—he's lost!" She and her mother both became insensible. Everard's bosom swelled with self-reproach as he heard the glorious strains of 'God save the King' rolling from a battalion band up the hills. He hastily seized his musket and munitions of war, and began to march for the battle plain before he noticed his prostrate and insensible wife and daughter. He stopped—raised and restored them to vitality again—and, as the sunlight burst out triumphantly, saw the divisions of the American army in retreat, and the British camp breaking up and flying towards Philadelphia.

Twelve hundred killed and wounded lay on the fields of Germantown. The brave General Nash and his aid were cold on the plain. None could tell the fate of Matthews or Frederick. Washington, like a chafed lion, removed to another thicket whence he could leap upon the foe—and the mansion house became again a house of mourning. Maria's nervous system was prostrated. Apathy of soul and a torpor of animal life pervaded her entire being. Was she to become the fourth victim on the altar of revolutionary sacrifice? Day by day she wasted away, looking more like an exquisite piece of statuary, white almost to transparency, and cold as the marble itself.

Nature is insensible to scenes of human woe, and clothes herself in her brightest robes when the sons and daughters of humanity are clothed in the weeds of the grave. October was a resplendent month. One of its last evenings was flooded with the gushing moonbeams poured like molten silver all over the brown background of the fallen leaves and the seared shrubbery. Maria seemed weaker than usual. Her mother had just said in the language of soothing tenderness, 'has my dear daughter leaned on the world—and has it, like a broken reed, pierced her bosom?' * * * * Frederick stood before them.

He had been a prisoner of war for three weeks. Released by an exchange, he had flown to the mansion on wings of love and gratitude.

The venerable Everard lost two sons and gained one by the revolution; and Pennsylvania gained a name which she preserves in the proudest archives of her history, as a model of intellectual purity, chivalry, and unsullied honor.

A contented mind and a good conscience will make a man happy in all conditions.

The following lines were written by Mr. John Holland, of Sheffield, Eng. No one who possesses a relish for natural beauty can read them coldly. It is but an act of justice to the excellent author to republish the "Rainbow" extensively in this country, as he has, by some unaccountable mistake, been deprived of the honor of their authorship. Rev. Mr. Pierpont, of Boston, himself a gifted poet and a scholar of the purest taste, has published "The Rainbow" in his American First Class Book, and has ascribed it to Thomas Campbell, author of the Pleasures of Hope. Now although it is rather complimentary to Mr. Holland, who by the way was very young when he wrote the following, to ascribe his effusions to perhaps the most perfect poet that England can boast of, it is wrong to persist in the error. Mr. Holland has lately alluded to the subject in the "Sheffield Iris,"—he only asks for his own "Rainbow," and he should have

—"that beautiful one
Whose arch was refraction—its keystone the sun."

THE RAINBOW.

The evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Play'd the sunshine, the raindrops, the birds, and the breeze;

The landscape, outstretching, in loveliness lay
On the lap of the year in the beauty of May.

For the queen of the Spring, as she passed down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
While rank in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies, like a banner in sunset unrolled,
O'er the west threw their splendors of azure and gold;
But one cloud, at a distance, rose dense, and increased
Till its margin of black touched the zenith and east.

We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glowed,
When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud;
'Twas not like the sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the moon, that rolls nightly through starlight and blue.

Like a spirit it came in the van of the storm,
And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form;
For it looked not severe like an angel of wrath,
And its garment of brightness illum'd its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood
O'er the river, the village, the fields and the wood

And river, fields, village, and woodland grew bright,
As conscious they felt and afforded delight.

'Twas the Bow of Omnipotence, bent in His hand,
Whose grasp at Creation the universe spanned;
'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime,
His vow from the flood to the exit of time.

Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariot, and lightning his steeds;
The black clouds his banners of vengeance unfurled,
And thunder, his voice to a guilt-stricken world.

In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
When the sword and the plague-spot with death strew
the plain,

And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.

Not such was the Rainbow, that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction—its keystone the sun;
A pavilion it seemed, which the Deity graced,
And justice and mercy met there and embraced.

Awhile—and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like love o'er a death-couch, or hope o'er the tomb;
Then left the dark scene; whence it slowly retired;
As love had just vanished, or hope had expired.

I gazed not alone on the source of my song,
To all who beheld it these verses belong;
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord;
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored.

Like a visit, the converse of friends, and a day,
That bow from my sight passed for ever away;
Like that visit, that converse, that day, on my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory, distinctly defined
With the strong and unperishing colors of mind;
A part of my being beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

MOTHERS.

How interesting he appears to every feeling mind! A child robbed of its mother excites universal commiseration and affection from every bosom. We look forward with anxiety to every future period of his life, and our prayers and hopes attend every step of his journey. We mingle our tears with his on the grave of her whose maternal heart has ceased to beat, for we feel that he is bereaved of the friend and guide of his youth! His father would, but cannot supply the loss. In vain the whole circle of his friends blend their efforts to alleviate his sorrows, and to fill the place occupied by departed worth; a mother must be missed every moment by a child who has ever known and rightly valued one, when she sleeps in the grave. No hand feels so soft as hers—no voice sounds so sweet—no smile is so pleasant!—Never shall he

again find in this wide wilderness, such sympathy, such fondness, such fidelity, such tenderness, as he experienced from his mother. The world was moved with compassion for that motherless child, but the whole world cannot supply her place to him.

For the Ladies' Garland.

From the records of the Philadelphia Literary Association.

Written on meeting my fellow members after recovering from Sickness.

Yes, yes, once more I see you met,
Again I press each brother's hand;
O! who has ever felt regret
That joined this friendly, social band?

I would not give one hour I've spent,
With those my bosom holds so dear;
For days of other years that lent,
No glow like that which kindles here.

Oft have I roam'd the dusky wild,
And scal'd the mountain's rugged breast;
Where cat'racts foam'd and valleys smiled
In nature's brightest glories drest.

I've stood upon the Atlantic's shore,
And view'd its proudly heaving wave;
Have listen'd to its solemn roar,
And seen the park its fury brave.

But dearer far than these to me,
Is friendship's sweetly soothing voice
The accents of bland sympathy,
Which bid my aching heart rejoice.

To you who kindly, freely came,
Vigil to keep around my bed;
When fell disease had rack'd my frame,
And life seem'd trembling on a thread:—

My heart with gratitude o'erflows,
And till this form inurn'd shall be,
I'll often fondly think of those
Who thus in sickness thought of me.

H.

BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY.—Rameses, king of Egypt, when he wished his great obelisk to be elevated, caused his son to be attached to it, that the persons employed might feel that a life far more precious than their own depended on their labors. So is it with the belief in the immortality of the soul; it is not our lives only that depend on it, but the far dearer ones of the departed.

REPENTANCE.—Lost innocence is lost for ever. The victim of shame may so far check her steps in the career of evil as to maintain the outward forms of worldly decency; but it is only one instance in a thousand that repentance reaches to the soul.

THE LADIES' GARLAND.

Vol. II

A WREATH OF MANY FLOWERS.

No. 3.

THE DEFORMED GIRL.

BY H. W. PRENTICE.

MEMORY—mysterious memory!—holy and blessed as a dream of heaven to the pure in spirit—haunted and accuser of the guilty!—Unescapable presence! lingering through every vicissitude, and calling us back to the past—back to the dim and sepulchred images of departed time—opening anew the deep fountains of early passion—the loves and sympathies of boyhood—the thrilling aspirations of after years! While the present is dark with anguish, and the future gladdened by no sun-bow of anticipation, I invoke thy spell of power. Unroll before me the chart of vanished hours; let me gaze once more on their sun-light and shadow.

I am an old man. The friends of my youth are gone from me. Some have perished on the great deep; others on the battle-field, afar off in the land of strangers; and many—very many, have been gathered quietly to the old church-yard of our native village. They have left me alone—even as the last survivor of a fallen forest—the hoary representative of departed generations. The chains, which once bound me to existence, have been broken—Ambition, Avarice, Pride; even all that wakes into power the intolerable thirst of mind.—But there are some milder thoughts—some brighter passages in the dream of my being, yet living at the fountain of memory—thoughts, pure as angelic communion; and linked by a thousand tender associations to the Paradise of Love.

There was one—a creature of exalted intellect—a being, whose thoughts went upward like the incense of flowers upon God's natural altars—they were so high and so unlike to earth. Yet was she not proud of her high gift. With the bright capacities of an

unbodied spirit, there was something more than woman's meekness in her demeanor. 'It was the condescension of seraph intellect—the forgiveness and the tears of conscious purity extended to the erring and passionate of earth

She was not a being to love with an earthly affection. Her person had no harmony with her mind. It bore no resemblance to those beautiful forms which glide before the eye of romance in the shadowy world of dreams.—It was not like the bright realities of being—the wealth of beauty which is sometimes concentrated in the matchless form of woman.—It was Deformity—strange, peculiar Deformity, relieved only by the intellectual glory of a dark and soul-like eye.

Yet, strange as it may seem, I loved her, deeply, passionately as the young heart can love when it pours itself out like an oblation to its idol. There were gentle and lovely ones around me—creatures of smiles and blushes; soft tones and melting glances. But their beauty made no lasting impression on my heart. Mine was an intellectual love—a yearning after something invisible and holy—something above the ordinary standard of human desire, set apart and sanctified, as it were, by the mysteries of mind.

Mine was not a love to be revealed in the thronged circle of gaiety and fashion—it was avowed underneath the bending heaven; when the perfect stars were alone gazing upon us. It was rejected; but not in scorn, in pride, nor in anger, by that high-thoughted girl.—She would ask my friendship—and my sympathy; but she besought me—with tears she besought me, to speak no more of love. I obeyed her. I fled from her presence. I mingled once more in the busy tide of being, and ambition entered into my soul. Wealth

came upon me unexpectedly; and the voice of praise became a familiar sound. I returned, at last, with the impress of manhood on my brow, and sought again the being of my dreams.

She was dying. Consumption—pale, ghastly consumption had been taking away her hold on existence. The deformed and unfitting tenement was yielding to the impulses of the soul. Claspings her wasted hand, I bent over her in speechless agony. She raised her eyes to mine, and in those beautiful emblems of her soul, I read the hoarded affection of years—the long smothered emotion of a suffering heart. "Henry," she said, and I bent lower to catch the faltering tones of her sweet voice—"I have loved you long and fervently. I feel that I am dying. I rejoice at it. Earth will cover this wasted and unseemly form, but the soul will return to that promised and better land, where no change of circumstance can mar the communion of spirit. Oh, Henry, had it been permitted!—but I will not murmur. You were created with more than manhood's beauty; and I—deformed,—wretched as I am, have dared to love you!"

I knelt down and kissed the pale brow of the patient sufferer. A smile of more than earthly tenderness stole over her features, and fixed there, like an omen of the spirit's happiness. She was dead. And they buried her on the spot which she had herself selected—a delightful place of slumber, curtained by green, young willows. I have stood there a thousand times by the quiet moonlight, and fancied that I heard, in every breeze that whispered among the branches, the voice of the beloved slumberer.

Devoted girl! thy beautiful spirit hath never abandoned me in my weary pilgrimage. Gently and soothingly thou comest to watch over my sleeping pillow—to cheer me amidst the trials of humanity—to mingle thy heavenly sympathies with my joys and sorrows, and to make thy mild reprovals known and felt in the darker moments of existence; in the tempest of passion, and the bitterness of crime. Even now, in the awful calm which precedes the last change in my being; in the cold shadow which now stretches from the grave to the presence of the living, I feel that thou art near me—

"Thyself a pure and sainted one,
Watching the loved and frail of earth."

Neither the cold nor the fervid, but characters uniformly warm, are formed for friendship.

A contented mind and a good conscience will make a man happy in all conditions.

THE DELUGE

BY G. V. H. FORBES, ESQ.

This may be classed with no other event. It stands alone. The recorded transactions of men, the desolating power of the elements, the cracks, tremors and eruptions of the crazy earth, may be graduated by some scale of comparative sublimity, force, or terror. With occurrences of the one kind there are similar records to compare, and the mind enjoys a secret pleasure in balancing the recent evil with the kindred one more remote. This satisfaction arises in part from the grateful conviction forced upon the mind that there is a demonstration of method in the recurrence of calamity—that the event, however distressing, has a parallel,—and, as the earth, on which the hopes and castles of men are resting, survived the antecedent dispensation, so even now, when the thunders have done uttering their voices, or the spirit of the storm has passed by, or the spasms of organic matter have quieted themselves, the interrupted order of nature will revert to its own place. It will soon be over, is the uppermost thought in danger—and then, calculations may be made, projects entered upon, the future bent into the circle of the present, and man, once more, seem to himself the lord of the creation.

But in a new, untried calamity, appalling circumstances astound us; the courage of the bravest cowers under the approaches of a foe, uniting tremendous strength with unknown rules of action—and unearthly terrors gather themselves, like a cloud of fearfulness, over a scene of undefined, measureless ruin. Such was the deluge. It was poured out from the windows of heaven, it gushed up from the boiling fountains of the great deep without measure, parallel, antecedent, or genealogy. This is the event of one name; its genius one; its species one; its fashioning after its own fearful image, casting its shadows forward in the revelations of Noah's prophetic spirit.

All nations own this occurrence as indisputable; and a thousand venerable traditions testify of the deluge of waters along with the water marks which are abundantly found in the highest mountains, and may be identified in the geological structure of the continents and the islands. No element, perhaps, excepting that of fire, could have wrought such changes—for, when the shoreless waters subsided, the fragments of the broken up world were tossing to and fro and rounding themselves into a dry orb, under far other than antediluvian features and combinations, the retreating waves sported with the ancient mountain tops as with pebbles, and surge after surge laid up on high the immense ridges of new

modelled hills with deep and lengthened vales between.

There is one peculiar circumstance connected with antediluvian remains not a little astonishing ;—it is, that human skeletons have never been found, nor the ruins of a single edifice or monument, evidently belonging to the world before the flood. Man and his works perished. At intervals, indeed, the naturalist finds imbedded in the secondary formations of rock the gigantic bones of the Tapir and other animals of the old world whose species seem to have become extinct in the deluge; but the bare fleshless skeleton of a man who proudly rejected the spirit warnings of prophecy and lifted up his haughty looks towards the first black drops of the predicted storm, has probably never been revealed by the sunlight of heaven. The new world, drenched, reorganized, purified, was as if man had never been upon its vivifying bosom. The blood of ancient violence had been washed away. The proud cry of millions had subsided to the feeble supplications of eight individuals, who stood alone in a strange, voiceless, unpeopled land, by the side of a rude altar, from whence the curling smoke of sacrifice went up, answered by the beautiful Iris, God's bow of promise in the cloud.

An event of such severe application, as might have been expected, has taken a deep hold on human sympathy, terror or curiosity; and almost every being, who has become an inhabitant of earth since that time, has had his thoughts, to some extent, busied in exploring the gloom and storm of that sunless season. Every spirit has peered out upon the watery grave of kings, of proud, aspiring nobles, whose generations ran directly back to Eden, and who still felt in the purple flood of life at their hearts the slowly diminishing impulses of the recent immortality of human nature. Genius, in eloquence, in song, or on the canvass, has often kindled over this theme and reaped fresh harvests of earthly immortality on this wide field of universal death.

It is not our purpose to spread the glorious or the gloomy colors of fancy, in mingled drape, over the deluge scenery. More true sublimity lurks in the account of this event given in the sacred records than may be found in the most labored, minute, or graphic displays of inventive probability. We follow the works of God; and, like the pioneer raven sent out from the window of the ark, hover a moment longer over this stormy resting place between the world's creation and its end. The warning was long by the voice of Noah—and longer still by his unremitted labors in building the ark of safety for himself, his family, and those beasts of the field and fowls of the air who might be destined to propagate their kind

throughout the solitudes of the new world.—Threatened judgment comes on tardy wing—for God is merciful beyond earthly conception of the most merciful. Arrived at last, it is sudden—as if the kind Creator of humanity, was unwilling to hang out his protracted, unavailing terrors over those whose incorrigible obstinacy in sin had brought down destruction upon them. Many graphic writers and the pencil of the artist, have united in presenting a picture of long continued struggle—the black agony of horrid death—the arduous ascent to the mountain summit—the wild shout of pursuing waters—the cutting off of every hope—the sight of the buoyant ark outriding the storm—and the wild, unutterable wrestling of the spirit of despair, tormenting the drowning millions in their death struggle. But we cannot follow the path of such.

The painter, whose heaving canvass discloses an enormous serpent winding himself around the topmost rock of the highest mountain, while all around rolls the seething waters, reveals a strong probability of nature—or when he paints a cataract near a summit where the laws of nature would forbid a river to flow—or when he defies the doctrine of gravitation and shows the angry, foaming masses of water stretching upward, like reversed waterfalls, he may be sustained by the solemn evidence of recorded causes, if not effects. But let him people the last, the highest visible elevations with drenched, miserable, living beings, he gives needless and uncalled-for severity to a judgment too tremendous to exaggerate. Long, long before the highest hills were topped with foam, all earthly life, except that afloat in the ark, and that whose breath is the deep sea itself, had probably become extinct. When man punishes man, he sustains the poor, shivering form of his brother in slow torments, taking life in excruciating measures, inch by inch—but the judgments of God, slow in their approach, are sudden in their transaction. The calamity comes. The public mind seems stupified; and, in a moment, the Red Sea envelopes a host; the earth swallows thousands; fires from heaven wrap cities in flames; earthquake sinks them in dust, or the howling currents of the broken up seas and the dreary descent of floods from the opened windows of heaven finish the catastrophe of the world before the deluge.

There is one point of lonely sublimity in this tragic event not yet delineated by the pencil. It is an after occurrence, when every earthly groan had long been hushed and the sea-weed shrouds had been woven around more millions than perhaps ever will find footing again at once upon our earth. The heavens had wept their last drop, and, with a

pale blue aspect, reflected nothing but a heaving counterpart below—a dark mirror of unbroken waters, rolling to the lunar influence without a shore to graduate the tides. Those waters were receding. Evaporation lay upon their bosom, and curling mists, with a fragrance like freshly opened furrows of spring, floated on the dim edges of the horizon where sky and billow met, and there seemed to form mimic mountains, shadowy resemblances or mockeries of the world that was. From a window of the ark, a dark wing essays its flight. A raven, the first of birds to navigate the atmospheric fluid of the new world, comes out after a year's confinement, and flaps his pinions between sea and sky. The flight of this pioneer, who returns no more, and the visionary line of vapor mountains towards which he directs his course, and the croaking of disappointment, as he finds them thin air—together with the solemn silence of the buried creation below, form an assemblage of lonely impressive images, more truly affecting than the fury and affright of the deluge onset.

BEAUTIES OF SALATHIEL.

BY REV. GEORGE CROLY.

No. IX.

I awoke with a sensation of pain in every limb. A female voice was singing a faint song near me. But the past was like a dream. I involuntarily looked down for the gulf on which I had trod—I looked upward for the burning rafters. I saw nothing but an earthen floor, and a low roof hung with dried grapes and herbs. I uttered a cry. The singer approached me. But there was nothing in her aspect to nurture a diseased imagination; she was an old and emaciated creature, who yet benevolently rejoiced in my restoration. She in turn, called her husband, a venerable Jew, whose first act was to offer thanksgiving to the God of Israel, for the safety of a chief of his nation.

But to my inquiries for the fate of my child, he could give no answer; he had discovered me among the ruins of the palace of the Æmiliæ, to which he with many of his countrymen had been attracted with the object of collecting whatever remnants of furniture might be left by the flames. I had fallen by the edge of a fountain which extinguished the fire in its vicinage, and was found breathing. During three days I had lain insensible. The Jew now went out, and brought back with him some of the elders of our people, who, after the decree of the Emperor Claudius, remained in Rome, though in increased privacy. I was carried to their house of assemblage, concealed among groves and vineyards

beyond the gates; and attended to with a care which might cure all things but the wounds of the mind. On the great object of my solicitude, the fate of my Salome, I could obtain no relief. I wandered over the site of the palace, it was now a mass of ashes and charcoal; its ruins had been probed by hundreds: but search for even a trace of what would have been to me dearer than a mountain of gold, was in vain.

The conflagration continued six days; and every day of the number gave birth to some monstrous report of its origin. Of the fourteen districts of Rome, but four remained. Thousands had lost their lives, tens of thousands were utterly undone. The whole empire shook under the blow. Then came the still deeper horror.

Fear makes the individual feeble, but it makes the multitude ferocious. An universal cry arose for revenge. Great public misfortunes give the opportunity that the passions of men and sects love; and the fiercest sacrifices of selfishness are justified under the name of retribution.

But the full storm burst on the Christians, then too few to have fortified themselves in the national prejudices, if they would have suffered the alliance; too poor to reckon any powerful protectors; and too uncompromising to palliate their scorn of the whole public system of morals, philosophy, and religion. The emperor, the priesthood, and the populace, conspired against them, and they were ordered to the slaughter: I too, had my stimulants to hatred. Where was I? in exile, in desperate hazard;—I had been torn from home, robbed of my child, made miserable by the fear of apostasy in my house; and by whom was this comprehensive evil done? The name of Christian was gall to me. I heard of the popular vengeance, and called it justice; I saw the distant fires in which the Christians were consuming, and calculated how many each night of those horrors would abstract from the guilty number. Man becomes cruel, by the sight of cruelty; and when thousands and hundreds of thousands were shouting for vengeance, when every face looked fury, and every tongue was wild with some new accusation, when the great, the little, the philosopher, the ignorant, raised up one roar of reprobation against the Christians, was the solitary man of mercy to be looked for in one bleeding from head to foot with wrongs irreparable?

During one of those dreadful nights, I was gazing from the house-top on the fire forcing its way through the remaining quarters; the melancholy gleams through the country, showing the extent of the flight; and in the midst of the blackened and dreary wastes of Rome, the spots of livid flame, where Chris-

tians were perishing at the pile; when I was summoned to a consultation below. One of our people had returned with an imperial edict proclaiming pardon of all offences to the discoverer of Christians. I would not have purchased my life by the life of a dog. But my safety was important to the Jewish cause, and I was pressed on every side by arguments on the wisdom, nay, the public duty of accepting freedom on any terms. And what was to be the price? the life of criminals long obnoxious to the laws, and now stained beyond mercy. I loathed delay; I loathed Rome; I was wild to return to the great cause of my country, which never could have a fairer hope than now. An emissary was sent out; money soon effected the discovery of a Christian assemblage: I appeared before the prætor with my documents, and brought back in my hand the imperial pardon, given with a greater good-will, as the assemblage chanced to comprehend the chiefs of the heresy. They were seized, ordered forthwith to the pile, and I was ordered to be present at this completion of my national service. The executions were in the gardens of the imperial palace, which had been thrown open by Nero, for the double purpose of popularity, and of indulging himself with the display of death at the slightest personal inconvenience. The crowd was prodigious, and to gratify the greatest possible number at once, those murders were carried on in different parts of the garden. In the vineyard, a certain portion were to be crucified; in the orangery, another portion were to be burnt; in the pleasure-ground, another were to be torn by lions and tigers; gladiators were to be let loose; and when the dusk came on, the whole of the space was to be lighted by human torches, Christians wrapped in folds of linen covered with pitch and bitumen, and thus burning down from the head to the ground. I was horror-struck; but escape was impossible, and I must go through the whole hideous round. With my flesh quivering, my ears ringing, my eyes dim, I was forced to see miserable beings, men, nay, women, nay, infants, sewed up in skins of beasts, hunted and torn to pieces by dogs; old men, whose hoary hairs might have demanded reverence of savages, scourged, racked, and nailed to the trees to die; lovely young females, creatures of guileless hearts and innocent beauty, flung on flaming scaffolds. And this was the work of man, civilized man, in the highest civilization of the arts, the manners, and the learning of the ancient world.

But the grand display was prepared for the time when those Christians, who had been denounced on my discovery, were to be executed; an exhibition at which the emperor himself testified his intention to be present.

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The great Circus was no more; but a temporary amphitheatre of the turf had been erected, in which the usual games were exhibited during the early part of the day. At the hour of my arrival, the low bank circling this immense inclosure, was filled with the first names of Rome, knights, patricians, senators, military tribunes, consuls; the emperor alone was wanting to complete the representative majesty of the empire. I was to form a part of the ceremony, and the guard who had me in charge cleared the way to a conspicuous place, where my national dress fixed every eye on me. Several Christians had perished before my arrival. Their remains lay on the ground, and in their midst stood the man who was to be the next victim. By what influence I know not, but never did I see a human being that made on me so deep an impression. I have him before me at this instant. I see the figure, low, yet with an air of nobleness; stooped a little with venerable age; but the countenance, full of life, and marked with all the traits of intellectual power, the nose strongly aquiline, the bold lip, the large and rapid eye; the whole man conveying the idea of an extraordinary permanence of early vigor, under the weight of years. Even the hair was thick and black, with scarcely a touch of silver. If the place and time were Athens, and the era of Demosthenes, I should have said that Demosthenes stood before me. The vivid countenance and manner; the flashing rapidity with which he seized a new idea, and compressed it to his purpose; the impetuous argument that, throwing off the formality of logic, smote with the strength of a new fact, were Demosthenæic. Even a certain infirmity of utterance, and an occasional slight difficulty of words, added to the likeness; but there was a hallowed glance, and a solemn, yet tender reach of thought, interposed among those intense appeals, that asserted the sacred superiority of the subject and the man.

He was already speaking when I reached the Circus; and I can give but an outline of his language.

He pointed to the headless bodies around him.

"For what have these, my brethren, died? Answer me, priests of Rome; what temple did they force—what altar overthrow—what insults offer to the slightest of your public celebrations? Judges of Rome, what offence did they commit against the public peace? Consuls, where were they found in rebellion against the Roman majesty? People! patricians! who among your thousands can charge one of these holy dead with extortion, impurity, or violence; can charge them with any thing, but the patience that bore wrong with-

out a murmur, and the charity that answered tortures only by prayers!"

He then touched upon the nature of his faith.

"Do I stand here demanding to be believed for opinions? No; but for facts. I have seen the sick made whole, the lame walk, the blind receive their sight, by the mere name of Him whom you crucified. I have seen men once ignorant of all languages but their own, speaking with the language of every nation under heaven—the still greater wonder, of the timid defying all fear—the unlearned instantly made wise in the mysteries of things divine and human—putting to shame the learned—aweing the proud—enlightening the darkened; alike in the courts of kings, before the furious people, and in the dungeon, armed with an irrepressible spirit of knowledge, reason, and truth, that confounded their adversaries. I have seen the still greater wonder, of the renewed heart; the impure suddenly abjuring vice; the covetous, the cruel, the faithless, the godless, gloriously changed into the holy, the gentle, the faithful, the worshiper of the true God in spirit and in truth; the conquest of the passions which defied your philosophers, your tribunals, your rewards, your terrors, achieved in the one mighty name. Those are facts, things which I have seen; and who that had seen them could doubt that the finger of the eternal God was there? I dared not refuse my belief to the divine mission of the being by whom, and even in memory of whom, things baffling the proudest human means were wrought before my eyes. Thus irresistibly compelled by facts to believe that Christ was sent by God; I was with equal force compelled to believe in the doctrines declared by this glorious Messenger of the Father alike of quick and dead. And thus I stand before you this day, at the close of a long life of labor and hazard, a Christian."

This appeal to the understanding, divested as it was of all ornament and oratorical display, was listened to by the immense multitude with the most unbroken interest. It was delivered with the strong simplicity of conviction. He then spoke of the Founder of his faith.

"Men may be mad for opinions. But who can be mad for facts? The coming of Christ was prophesied a thousand years before!"

"From the beginning of his ministry he lived wholly before the eyes of mankind. His life corresponds with the prophecies in a multitude of circumstances which must have been totally beyond human power. The virgin mother, the village in which he was born, the lowliness of his cradle, the worship paid to him there, the hazard of his life—all were predicted. Could the infant have shaped the

accomplishment of these predictions?—The death that he should die, the hands by which it was to be inflicted, even the draught that he should drink, and the raiment that he should be clothed in, and the sepulchre in which he should be laid, were predicted.—Could the man have shaped their accomplishment?—The time of his resting in the tomb; his resurrection; his ascent to heaven; the sending of the Holy Spirit after he was gone; all were predicted; all were beyond human collusion, human power, or human thought, and all were accomplished!"

"Those things were universally known to the nation most competent to detect collusion. Did Christ come to Rome, where every new religion finds adherents, and where all pretensions might be advanced without fear; where a deceiver might have quoted prophecies that never existed, and vaunted of wonders done where there was no eye to detect them? No! his life was spent in Judea, perhaps for the express purpose of adding to his mercy and long-suffering, the most unanswerable proofs of his divine mission. He made his appeal to the Scriptures, in a country where they were in the hands of the people. His miracles were wrought before the eyes of a priesthood that watched him step by step; his doctrines were spoken, not to a careless and mingled multitude, holding a thousand varieties of opinion, but to an exclusive race, subtle in their inquiries, eager in their zeal, and proud of their peculiar possession of divine knowledge."

"Yet against his life, his miracles, or his doctrine, what charge could they bring?—None. There is not a single stigma on the purity of his conduct; the power of his wonder-working control over man and nature; the holiness, wisdom, and grandeur, of his views of Providence; the truth, charity, and meekness of his counsels to man. Their single source of hatred was the pride of worldly hearts that expected a king, where they were to have found a teacher. Their single charge against him was his prophecy, that there should be an end to their Temple and their state within the life of man. They crucified him; he died in prayer, that his murderers might be forgiven; and his prayer was mightily answered. He had scarcely risen to his eternal throne, when thousands believed, and were forgiven. To Him be the glory, for ever and ever!"

"Compare him with your legislators. He gives the spirit of all law in a single sentence—'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.' Compare him with your priesthood. He gives a single significant rite, capable of being extended to every land and every age, and in them all speaking to the heart: he gives a single prayer, containing

the substance of all that man can rationally implore of Heaven. Compare him with your moralists. He lays the foundation of virtue in love to God. Compare him with your sages. He leads a life of privation without a murmur; he dies a death of shame, desertion, and agony; and his last breath is sublime mercy! Compare him with your conquerors. Without the shedding of a drop of blood, he has already conquered hosts that would have resisted all the swords of earth, hosts of stubborn passions, cherished vices, guilty perversions of the powers and faculties of man.—Look on these glorious dead, whom I shall join before the set of yonder sun. Yes, martyrs of God! ye were his conquests; and ye too, are more than conquerors, through him that loved us, and gave himself for us. But a triumph shall come, magnificent and terrible, when all eyes shall behold him; and the tribes of the earth, even they who pierced him, shall mourn.”

“Then rejoice, ye dead! For ye shall rise. Ye shall be clothed with glory; ye shall be as the angels, bright and powerful, immortal, intellectual kings! For though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.”

The sky was cloudless; the sun was in the west, but shining in his broadest beams; the whole space before me was flooded with his light; when, as I gazed upon the martyr, I saw a gleam issue from his upturned face; it increased to brightness, to strong radiance, to an intense lustre that made the sunlight utterly pale. All was astonishment in the amphitheatre, but all was awe. The old man seemed unconscious of the wonders that invested him. He continued with his open hands lifted up, and his eyes fixed on heaven. The glory spread over his form; and he stood before us, robed in an effulgence which shot from him like a living fount of splendor round the colossal circle. Yet the blaze, though it looked the very essence of light, was strangely translucent; we could see with undazzled eyes every feature; and whether it was the working of my overwhelmed mind, or a true change, the countenance appeared to have passed at once from age to youth. A lofty joy, a look of supernal grandeur, a magnificent, yet ethereal beauty, had transformed the features of the old man into the likeness of the winged sons of Immortality!

He spoke; and the first sound of his voice thrilled through every bosom, and made every man start from his seat.

“Men and brethren.—It is the desire of God that all should be saved—Jew and Gentile alike; for with him there is no respect of persons. He is the Father of all! Christianity is not a philosophic dream; nor the

opinion of a sect struggling to gain power among contending sects; but a divine command—the summons of the God of gods that you should accept the mercy offered to you through the sacrifice of the Eternal Son!—the opening of the gates of an eternal world! It is not a summons to the practice of barren virtue, but a declaration of real reward, mightier than the imagination of man can conceive. It raises the spirit of man, forgiven for the sake of Christ, into the imperishable possession of an actual power, to which the ambition of earth is a vapor; it invests the redeemed with all that can delight the eye, or rejoice the heart, or elevate the understanding. Would you be kings!—would you be glorious as the stars of heaven!—would you possess mighty faculties of happiness, supremacy, and knowledge? Ask for forgiveness of your evil in the name of Christ; and whether you live or die, those things shall be yours. What is easier than the price!—what more transcendent than the reward? Who shall tell the limit of the risen Spirit? Over what worlds, or worlds of worlds, he may be sovereign! What resistless strength—what more than regal majesty—what celestial beauty—may be in his frame!—What expansion of intellect—what everflowing tides of new sensation—what shapes of glory and loveliness—what radiant stores of thought, and mysteries of exhaustless knowledge, may be treasured for him! What endless ascent through new ranks of being, each as much more glorious than the last as the risen spirit is above man!—For what can be the bound to the exaltation of the fellow-heirs with Christ, for whom the Eternal stooped to suffer upon the cross, and for whom he rose again to his throne, their leader in trial, their leader in triumph! Omnipotence for their protector, their friend, their father! He who gave to us his own Son, will he not with him give us all things!”

“King of kings! if through a long life I have labored in thy cause, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness; thine alone be the praise, thine the glory, who hast brought me through them all with a strong hand and an outstretched arm. Now, Lord! thou who shalt change my vile body into the likeness of thy glorious body, be with thy servant in this last hour! Lord, receive my spirit; that where thou art, even I may be with thee!”

He was silent; the splendor gradually passed away from his form. He knelt upon the

sand, bowing down his neck to receive the blow.

But to lift a hand against such a being seemed an act of profanation. The axe-bearer dared not approach. The spectators sat hushed in involuntary homage. Not a word, not a gesture, broke the silence of veneration. At length a flourish of distant horns and trumpets was heard. Cavalry galloped forward, announcing the emperor; and Nero, habited as a triumphant charioteer, drove his gilded car into the arena. The Christian had risen; and with his hands clasped on his breast, was awaiting death. Nero cast the headsman an execration at his tardiness; the axe swept round; and when I glanced again, the old man lay beside his brethren!

This man I had sacrificed, My heart smote me; I would have fled the place of blood, but more of my victims were to be slain; and I must be the shrinking witness of all.

The emperor's arrival commenced the grand display. He took his place under the curtains of the royal pavilion. The dead were removed; perfumes were scattered through the air; rose-water was sprinkled from silver tubes upon the exhausted multitude; music resounded; incense burned; and, in the midst of those preparations of luxury, the terrors of the lion combat began.

A portal of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was led in, surrounded by soldiery. The lion roared, and ramped against the bars of his den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face, and bent a slow and firm look round the amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised a universal shout of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eye at last turned on mine. Could I believe my senses! Constantius was before me!

All my rancour vanished. An hour past I could have struck the betrayer to the heart; I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But, to see him hopelessly doomed; the man whom I had honored for his noble qualities, whom I had even loved, whose crime was at worst but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man; to see this noble creature flung to the savage beast, dying in tortures, torn piecemeal before my eyes, and this misery wrought by me,—I would have obtested earth and heaven to save him. But my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. My limbs refused to stir. I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero; but I sat like a man of stone, pale, paralysed—the

beating of my pulses stopped—my eyes alone alive.

The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar, and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air: when it waved again it was covered with blood. A howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power, couched for an instant as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprang at the victim's throat. He was met by a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible; and Constantius was flung upon the ground. A cry of natural horror rang round the amphitheatre. The struggle was now for instant life or death. They rolled over each other; the lion reared on its hind feet, and, with gnashing teeth and distended talons, plunged on the man; again they rose together. Anxiety was now at its wildest height. The sword swung round the champion's head in bloody circles. They fell again, covered with gore and dust. The hand of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not loose the hold; but his strength was evidently giving way: he still struck terrible blows, but each was weaker than the one before; till collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow into the lion's throat, and sank. The savage yelled, and spouting out blood, fled howling round the arena. But the hand still grasped the mane, and his conqueror was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible; and all shrank from the hazard. At length the grasp gave way, and the body lay motionless upon the ground.

What happened for some moments after, I know not. There was a struggle at the portal; a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone, and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion: he tore the ground with his talons; he lashed his streaming sides with his tail; he lifted up his mane and bared his fangs. But his approach was no longer with a bound; he dreaded the sword, and came snuffing the blood on the sand, and stealing round the body in circuits still diminishing.

The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted; men burst out into indignant clamors at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifice of life, were roused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms and waited

but for a sign from the emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

I looked upon the woman's face. It was Salome! I sprang upon my feet. I called on her name; I implored her by every feeling of nature to fly from that place of death, to come to my arms, to think of the agonies of all that loved her.

She had raised the head of Constantius on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her gaze upon me. She still knelt; one hand supported the head, with the other she pointed to it, as her only answer. I again abjured her. There was the silence of death among the thousands round me. A fire flashed into her eye—her cheek burned. She waved her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

"I am come to die," she uttered, in a lofty tone. "This bleeding body was my husband. I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms. Yet," and she kissed the ashy lips before her, "yet my Constantius, it was to save that father, that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. It was to redeem him from the hand of evil, that you abandoned our quiet home!—yes, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that led you safe through conflagration, that to the last moment of his liberty only thought how he might preserve and protect you." Tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. "But," said she, in a tone of wild power, "he was betrayed; and may the power whose thunders avenge the cause of his people pour down just retribution upon the head that dared—"

I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced by the lips of my child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leaped on the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me; I tottered forward a few paces, and fell. The lion gave a roar, and sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him. I felt his fiery breath—I saw his lurid eye glaring—I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above me—An exulting shout arose. I saw him reel as if struck:—gore filled his jaws;—Another mighty blow was driven to his heart.—He sprang high in the air with a howl.—He dropped; he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamation.

With Salome clinging to my bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion was broken in the heart of the monster. The whole multitude stood up, supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared

not resist the strength of the popular feeling. He waved a signal to the guards; the portal was opened; and my children sustaining my feeble steps, and showered with garlands and ornaments from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena.

LINES TO A LADY.

Lady—I love at eventide

When stars, as now, are on the wave,
To stray in loneliness, and muse

Upon the one dear form, that gave
Its sunlight to my boyhood. Oft
That same sweet look sinks still and soft
Upon my spirit—and appears
As lovely as in by-gone years

With tears the eastern pilgrim toils

O'er many a waste and burning sand,—
Yet still his blessed dreams repose

Far off upon the holy land:
And thus, as my lone path is traced
Upon life's dark and weary waste,
Bright scenes afar my spirit bless
With thought of life and loveliness.

Eve's low faint wind is breathing now

With deep and soul-like murmuring,
Through the far wood—and thy sweet words
Seem borne on its mysterious wing:—
And oft, mid musings sad and lone,
At night's deep noon, that thrilling tone
Swells in the wind, low, wild, and clear,
Like music in the dreaming ear.

When sleep's calm wing is on my brow,

And dreams of peace my spirit lull,
Before me, like a misty star,
Thy form floats dim and beautiful:
And, as the holy moonbeam smiles
On the blue streams and crimson isles,—
In every gush poured down the sky
That pale, light form seems stealing by.

It is a blessed picture, shrouded

In memory's urn. The wing of years
May dim it not—for there it glows
Unchanged by "weaknesses and tears."
Deep hidden in its still recess,
It beams, with love and holiness,
O'er hours of being, dark and dull,
Till life seems almost beautiful.

The vision cannot fade away;—

'Tis in the stillness of my heart,
And o'er its brightness I have mused
In solitude. It is a part
Of my existence—a bright flower
Breathed on by heaven. Morn's earliest hour
That flower bedews—and its blue eye
At eve still rests upon the sky.

Lady—like thine my visions cling
 To the dear shrine of buried years!
 The past! the past!—it is too bright,
 Too deeply beautiful for tears!—
 We have been blest!—though life is made
 A tear, a silence, and a shade,
 And years have left the vacant breast
 To loneliness—we *have been blest*.

Those still, those soft, those silent eyes,—
 When by our favorite stream we stood,
 And watched our mingling shadows there,
 Soft-pictured in the deep blue flood—
 Seemed one enchantment!—Oh we felt
 As there at love's pure shrine we knelt,
 That life was sweet, and all its hours
 A glorious dream of love and flowers.

Those scenes yet live. Our hopes went by
 Like sounds upon the unbroken sea,
 Yet memory wins the spirit back
 To deep undying melody:—
 And still around her early shrine
 Fresh flowers their dewy chaplets twine,
 Young love his brightest garland wreathes
 And Eden's richest incense breathes.

Our hopes are flown—yet parted hours
 Still in the depths of memory lie,
 Like night-gems in the silent blue
 Of summer's deep and brilliant sky;
 And love's bright flashes seem again
 To fall upon the glowing chain
 Of our existence!—Can it be
 That all is but a mockery!

Lady, adieu!—To other climes
 I go for joy, and hope, and thee,
 A weed on time's dark waters thrown,
 A wreck on life's wild heaving sea:—
 I go—but oh!—the past!—the past!—
 Its spell is o'er my being cast!
 And still to love's remembered eyes,
 With all but hope, my spirit cleaves!

The coming years—their shadows sweep
 Like clouds o'er being's weltering flood,—
 And life will be, as it has been,
 A mingled cup of fire and blood!—
 I cannot pause—I may not rest—
 Chill is the life-blood in my breast—
 And beauty sheds its parting gleam
 On desolation's lonely stream

Lady, adieu!—my farewell words
 Are on my lyre—and their wild flow
 Is faintly dying on the chords
 Broken and tuneless. Be it so!
 Thy name—oh! it may never swell
 My strain again—yet long 'twill dwell
 Shrined in my heart—unbreathed—unspoken,
 A treasured word—a cherished token.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

MRS. TACKETT, THE CAPTIVE.

A FRONTIER INCIDENT.

The sufferings endured by the first emigrants to a new country, scarcely admit of description. These have always been greatly multiplied by an encroachment upon the rights and possessions of the aborigines. In reference to this country, where we have long been considered unwelcome intruders, this has been peculiarly the case. The settlement of no part of the world has been more fruitful of incident than that of our own. Although many pens have been employed from time to time, in detailing our wars with the Indians, still many interesting occurrences have escaped the historian's notice. Some of these have appeared in the form of newspaper paragraphs, while others of equal importance have escaped this ephemeral kind of repository.

The writer of this article has several times traveled the road which lies on the bank of the Kennawa. Although he found mountains whose tops pierced the clouds, and a beautiful river whose margins smoked with salt furnaces to amuse him by day, his entertainment was not diminished by the approach of darkness. He has usually sought lodging with some of the most ancient inhabitants, many of whom accommodate their guests with great hospitality. Like the early adventurers to new settlements, they are social, and delight in the recital of their dangerous enterprises and hair-breadth escapes. Mr. M., at whose comfortable mansion it was the writer's good fortune to tarry one night, the last time he passed through Western Virginia, gave him the following narrative.

Just below the mouth of Cole river, on the farm owned by the heirs of Taya, to ensure safety the early settlers constructed a fortress. It was formed exclusively of timber, without much labor, yet in such a manner as to be deemed adequate to their defence against Indian aggression. On the apprehension of danger, the gate was closed, and every one prepared for resistance. When the demand for food became imperious, a few of the most skilful hunters would leave this retreat before day, go a few miles distant, and return the succeeding night, loaded with game, unnoticed by the skulking savage. These measures of safety were considered indispensable. A few weeks of repose, however, seemed to render them inconvenient and unnecessary. Exemption from a morning attack was thought a sufficient pledge of peace through the day. Familiarity with danger, as it always does, relaxed their vigilance and diminished their precaution. Even the women and children, who at first had been frighten-

ed by the falling of a tree, or the hooting of an owl, lost their timidity. Indeed, the strife seemed to be who should be boldest, and the least apprehensive of peril.

On a beautiful morning in the month of June, in the year 1778, as well as is recollected, the gate was thrown open. Confinement had become painful, nay, insupportable. It was considered rather as a voluntary punishment than a condition of security. Three of the fearless inhabitants set out on a hunting expedition. Some sought amusement in shooting at a mark; the young men engaged in playing ball, while the women and children were delighted spectators of the recreation. Scarcely had an hour elapsed in these cheerful relaxations, before some twenty or thirty Indians suddenly ascended the river bank which had concealed their approach, fired upon the whites, and instantly took possession of the fort. Amidst the consternation which ensued, the savages put to death every white man on whom they could lay hands, reserving the women and children for more trying occasions.

The wounded, who were unable to travel, without regard to age or sex, were butchered in the most shocking manner, of which description was James Tackett. The importunities and tears of his interesting wife were wholly unavailing. She was left with two fine boys, the one seven years old and the other five. Apprehensive of pursuit by the whites, the Indians, after the destruction of every article which they could not remove, betook themselves to flight. When a prisoner became too feeble, as was the case with several small children, all entreaties to avert the stroke of the tomahawk were fruitless. Although Mrs. Tackett afforded to her children all the aid which their situation and maternal tenderness could dictate, at the distance of about five miles the youngest became exhausted. Her extreme anxiety for his safety induced her to take him on her back; but alas, this act of kindness was but the signal for his dispatch! Two hours afterward her only child began to fail. He grasped his mother's hand, and said, "I must keep up with you, or I'll be killed as poor James was." The exertions which she made for her child were beyond what she could sustain. For a time she inspired him with the hope of relief which the ensuing night would bring. Nature, however, became overpowered, and a single blow sunk him to rest. The distracted parent would cheerfully have submitted to the same fate, but even this barbarous relief was denied her. About dark she lagged behind, regardless of consequences, in charge of a warrior who could speak a little English. He informed her that in the course of an hour they would reach a large encampment, where

the prisoners must be divided; that sometimes quarrels ensued on such occasions, and the captives were put to death. He asked her if she could write. An affirmative answer seemed to please him much. He said he would take her to his own country in the South, to be his wife and to keep his accounts, as he was a trader. This Indian was a Cherokee, and named Chickahoula; aged about 35, and of good appearance.

He soon took the first step necessary for carrying his designs into execution, by making a diversion to the left. After traveling about two miles, the darkness of the night and abruptness of the country forbade their advancing any farther. A small fire was made to defend them against the gnats and mosquitoes. After eating a little jerk, Chickahoula told his captive to sleep; that he would watch lest they should be overtaken by pursuers. Early in the morning he directed his course toward the head of the great Sandy and Kentucky rivers. Until he crossed Guyandotte, Chickahoula was constantly on the look out, as if he deemed himself exposed to the most imminent danger. After having traveled seven days, the warrior and the captive reached Powell's Valley, in Tennessee. By this time they were out of provisions; and the Indian thinking it safer while passing through a settled district to steal food than to depend upon his gun, determined to avail himself of the first opportunity of supplying himself in this manner. It was but a little while till one presented itself. Following the wanderings of a small rivulet, he came suddenly upon a spring-house or dairy. This was several rods from the dwelling house of the owner, and so situated that it could be approached unseen from thence.—Well satisfied that it contained a rich store of milk, and thinking it probable that other provision was likewise deposited there, the warrior stationed his captive in a position to watch, while he went in to rifle the spring-house. Mrs. Tackett readily and willingly undertook the duty of acting as sentinel; but no sooner was the Indian fairly within the spring-house than she stole up the slope and then bounded toward the dwelling. This reached, she instantly gave the alarm; but the Indian escaped.

Mrs. Tackett tarried some time with her new acquaintances, and spent several months in the different settlements of that section of the West. An opportunity then offering, she returned to Greenbriar. Her feelings on rejoining her friends and listening to the accounts of the massacre at the station—and those of her relatives on again beholding one whom they considered if not dead, in hopeless captivity, may be imagined—pen cannot describe them.—*Ohio Hesperian.*



Compiled for the Ladies' Garland.

THE CITY OF ANTIOCH.

Syria was formerly celebrated for her splendid cities—but it presents at the present period only faint traces of that grandeur by which it was formerly distinguished. The same sun looks down upon its green hills and smiling valleys—the streams, as of yore, the famed Jordan and Orontes, still find their natural outlets, dispensing on the way their fertilizing influences. The locks and lakes, among which is conspicuous the lake Asphalites, or the *Dead Sea*,

“Whose surge is foul as if it rolled o’er graves,”

and in whose deep, quiet and unfathomed bosom, repose the sunken cities—is still, as it probably always has been, without any visible communication with the sea.*—The mountains are still there, rearing their lofty summits, capped with eternal snows, as they meet and mingle with the clouds of heaven; all as of old, save the cedar groves, so often visited and so fondly cherished by the inhabitants of the pleasant and fruitful valleys lying at their feet. Nature, to a great extent, presents the same appearances as it did centuries since.—But the works of art, where are they? The magnificent cities—the gorgeous palaces, the stately towers—all, all have yielded to the “tooth of time,” or fallen by the hand of the ruthless spoiler. And on man within the borders of Syria, what a change has been wrought within the centuries that have passed! We have not time to contemplate this change,—so complete, so humiliating in all its aspects.

Antioch, once greater and richer than even imperial Rome itself, is now reduced to an insignificant village, of about 10,000 inhabitants, and with but few traces remaining of its former grandeur. It was built by Seleucus Nicanor, founder of the Syro-Macedonian empire, and was the capital of the Græco-Syrian dynasty. We are ignorant as to the precise period of its foundation; it was probably 300 years before the christian era; its founder was assassinated B. C. 280. It became at a very early period, the seat of the most flourishing christian churches, and it is supposed by many writers to be the place where the name of christians was first given to the followers of Jesus Christ, A. D. 41. Although Antioch continued to be, as Pliny calls it, *Queen of the East*, for nearly 1600 years, yet scarcely any city hath endured so many calamities—hath undergone so many changes. The first serious disaster—one which ended in fire and bloodshed—occurred 145 years before Christ.

* Burckhardt, an eminent traveler, has ascertained, that the Dead Sea and the Red Sea, were probably formerly connected by the valley of Arabia, extending between the two Seas, as it is quite plain from appearances to have been the bed of a strait or river.

The inhabitants, many of whom were hostile to their king, Demetrius, to the number of 120,000 invested his palace, on the occasion of the issuing of an order for the immediate delivery of their arms, upon which the Jews, hastening to the relief of the king, fell furiously upon the rebels, and after destroying more than 100,000, fired the city. On the fall of the Syrian empire, Antioch passed under the Roman yoke. About the year 115, in the reign of the emperor Trajan, it was entirely ruined by one of the most terrible earthquakes mentioned in history. Trajan, who was an eye witness of this overwhelming calamity, narrowly escaped destruction, and contributed largely towards its re-establishment in its ancient splendor. In 155 it was almost entirely destroyed by an accidental fire, when it was restored by Antonius Pius.

From 242 to 459 its unhappy inhabitants were doomed to almost every species of suffering and indignity. Thrice taken and plundered by hostile armies; visited repeatedly by famine,* depopulated by the plague, distracted by internal factions, the miserable victims of a governor, rapacious and cruel as a Nero, who, for supposed offences and for complaining of a tax levied in a time of sore famine, exposed some to wild beasts in the theatre, and doomed others to the stake.—Many abandoned their homes, and with their wives and families, in the greatest terror, and confusion, sought refuge in the neighboring mountains. Some gaining courage returned. It was on this occasion that the celebrated St. Chrysostom, preached his famous homilies which have reached our times; they are said to have had considerable effect in reforming the lives of the people. On the 14th Sept., 458, Antioch was almost entirely ruined by an earthquake. It experienced a like misfortune in 525, and fifteen years after, being taken by Coshroes, king of Persia, it was given up to his soldiers, who devoted all the inhabitants they met with, to the sword.

Notwithstanding these overwhelming calamities, it rose from its ruins and soon recovered its wonted splendor. But in a short time it underwent its usual fate, being visited by an earthquake in 587, by which 30,000 persons lost their lives. In 634 it fell into the hands of the Saracens, who kept possession of it till the year 858, when it was surprised by one Burtzas, and again annexed to the Roman empire. The Romans continued masters of it for some time, till the civil dissensions in the empire gave the Turks an opportunity of seizing upon it as well as the whole of Syria. In the great crusading ex-

pedition, Antioch was the first place which fell into the hands of the christians, (1098)—and it continued the main centre of their power, till 1260, when it was taken by Bibars, sultan of Egypt. All the fury of Mahometan bigotry was then let loose upon a city long supposed a main bulwark of the christian power. Its churches, accounted the finest in the world, were razed to the ground, and the site of those edifices, once the boast of Asia, can now with difficulty be traced.—The environs of Antioch have been particularly famed for their luxuriant and romantic aspect. Indeed, the banks of the lower Orontes, for a considerable distance, are said to equal any thing in the world in point of picturesque beauty. Mount Casius, the termination of Lebanon, towers above it to a lofty height, and the inferior mountain ranges run along the river, presenting broken precipices, rocks, and caves, overhung with a profuse variety of luxuriant foliage—myrtle, laurel, fig, arbutus and sycamore.

J. C. P

New Haven, Conn.

BIRD OF MY HEART.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Bird of my heart—come, sing to me
The dear, old tunes of early hours,
And, as thou sing'st I'll weave for thee
A nest of summer's sweetest flowers;
Come to this bosom—come and rest—
There shalt thou sleep, if on my breast,
There shalt thou sleep, if by my side
Thy beauteous plumes thou wilt not hide!

Bird of my heart—in distant climes
I've strayed since last thy notes I heard,
And, after vesper's solemn chimes,
I've listened to the evening bird:
That songstress strange, who only sings
When night unfolds her sable wings—
But ah! than thine a fainter tale
Was warbled by the nightingale!

Bird of my heart—thy lightest tone
Lulls all my senses to repose;
So sings the eastern charmer lone,
So droops to sleep the captive rose!
Come, sing—and to my soul entice
A pictured dream of paradise!
For in that dream I shall not see
A Houri, angel, saint like thee!

Bird of my heart—come, sing to me
The song it thrills my heart to hear;
And as thou sing'st, I'll fancy thee
The spirit of some starry sphere.
For music poets call divine,
And once she made her secret thine,
And, touching her melodious shell,
Hung on thy lips her magic spell!

* The famine was so grievous that a bushel of wheat was sold for 400 pieces of silver.

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF JOANNA
OF SICILY.

THE EXECUTION.

"And now—my woman heart is steeled—

Call forth the bravest of the brave,
Your reapers of the crimson field,
To whom the battle yell is breath,
To look upon a woman's death."

It was already night—though the summits of the distant Appenines yet glowed with crimson rays, which, gradually passing to the higher peaks, at length were lost in the surrounding gloom. The moon was rising behind Vesuvius, and poured, at intervals, a partial light on the waters of the Bay; while the soft breeze, fresh from its wanderings amid the foliage of the orange grove and the aloe, mingled its murmuring with the evening song of the laborer, as he wended his way homeward, or the hymn of the fisherman on the seashore, in gratitude to his patron saint for a night so propitious to his favorite occupation.

A large and sumptuously decorated apartment in Castle Novo, the royal abode of Naples, contained two inmates at the hour we mention. Through the open casements that overlooked the sea, streamed the moon's rays, but they were half overpowered by the brilliance of a silver lamp that stood on a table in the centre of the room. The apartment gave evidence, in the tastefulness of its ornaments, of female occupation; a drapery of crimson damask, broided with silver flowers, and adorned with various devices, hung around the walls; and a lute, covered with a delicate net of gold and mother of pearl, was fastened by a green ribbon to a writing-table of polished wood, rich with marquetry, on which were carelessly thrown books richly bound and clasped with gold, and a parchment covered with musical notes. All was quiet, save the incessant surging of the waves against the old walls, or now and then a murmur of distant voices, or a burst of laughter from the lower chambers, where soldiers and pages were carousing over their evening repast.

The chamber, as we observed, was tenanted by two females, but of very different appearance. One of them in age approached the verge of human life; but, though deep lines in her speaking countenance betokened the years with their wonted burden of sorrow that had passed over her, there was nothing in her form, yet stately, though worn to almost superhuman leanness by the workings of the restless spirit within—or in her eyes, dark, wild, and often terrible in their strange lustre—to mark the decrepitude that generally accompanies extreme old age. It

seemed as if Time, which had blighted the beauty of early years, had only strengthened and hardened the fabric he strove to destroy. The firmness of a spirit, more than masculine in its courage, had sufficed to resist the inroads of the enemy, thus compelled to exhaust his efforts upon the outworks of the apparently impregnable citadel. So we have seen some aged oak, with foliage long ago scattered by the wild winds of autumn, or buried in the snows of winter, still defying in its pride the power of the blast, that swept harmlessly over its withered head, to bow down many a stately scion of the forest! Those striking features were now overspread with a deep shade of sadness; it might be from too vivid recollections of recent scenes; it might be from an undefined presentiment of what the future had in store.

Philippa, the Catanese—for it was no other—reclined on a couch, the back of which, shaped like a winged dragon of gold, supported the arm on which her head was dropped. Her robe was of black velvet, with large silken sleeves; the flowing trains that were the fashion of the day, well became the majestic height of her person.

The other female, young and beautiful, formed the most perfect contrast imaginable, to her companion. Her figure was light and fragile, with that peculiar pliancy which marks youth and delicacy of nurture, the more interesting from the aspect of dependence—ever claiming aid from others, as conscious of weakness in itself. She bore a robe of blue, bordered with cloth of silver, and a tight vesture of velvet; her rich abundance of dark curls, partially confined by a ribbon, fell over a neck of alabaster. If her features displayed not the dignity of her companion, a confiding gentleness—a tender sweetness, were visible in their expression—a mildness, beautiful as that which shines in the most charming pictures of Leonard da Vinci, where maiden modesty renders more exquisite the portraiture of feeling or of thought.

She was kneeling beside her aged relative; one arm carelessly rested on her shoulder, the other hand pointed to an open scroll that lay on Philippa's lap. Her accents were those of remonstrance and entreaty; she was imploring the Catanese to fly from dangers vaguely hinted at in the warning despatch before them, which the kindness of a friendly noble had sent.

Since the mysterious murder of Joanna's husband—Andrew of Hungary—at Aversa, and the failure of government agents to detect the perpetrators of the deed, suspicion had been artfully excited against those more immediately about the person of the queen. Information of the peril in which she stood, and the probability that she would herself be

impeached ere long as the author of the crime, had been conveyed to Philippa; but she was too high-minded to shrink from danger.

"It may not be!" said she, at length; "my flight would but furnish proof to them; nor would I, to save my poor residue of life, do aught to countenance such slander."

"Wherefore not retire for a season till the storm be blown over? Surely the counsel of Constanzo is sincere!"

"I have no fears. I would the lords of the council, every one of them, might read the scroll! Come, sit by me, child of my care,—nay, wipe away those tears—and learn if I have cause to dread or repine at reverse; who have known it all my life as a bosom friend! Thine existence, Cara, has passed in the sunshine of a court; thou knowest when my summers were few as thine, I was a stranger to courts and the world. They call me fortunate who know of my sudden rise to wealth and rank from the humble lot of my nativity; their sympathy would weep for me, knew they that I left happiness behind in my lowly valley!"

Sancha looked up with a wondering gaze into the eyes of her companion.

"I say truly. I was the daughter of poverty, yet in the years of childhood did I know my destiny a proud one—for a sibyl foretold it me, and I dreamed but of future greatness. Often have I wandered till midnight on the seashore, watching the receding of distant sails, indulging in idle fantasies till my brain burned, and I would have wildly claimed from the winds and the waves the power to burst my spirit's thralldom! I panted for the world—the unknown world—which to my vision showed fair and golden, like clouds embosomed on the distant sea. I panted for it—though quiet happiness could have been mine in obscurity, and the love of one who would have died for me! The day of my advancement came at last. I was elevated to splendor, to a high post at court; and left my native spot, my father's house, my rustic lover, my betrothed! without one sigh of regret or of remorse for broken faith! My royal master and mistress loved me, and in proof of their esteem, gave me as a husband, one high in rank and honor, of ancient blood. On the day we were wedded, at a tourney which I attended with my mistress, Queen Violante, my attention was arrested by the antics of a *jongleur*, who amused the crowd by dancing and leaping to the sound of a viol, at the same time throwing oranges into the air, and catching them one by one. As I looked from the gallery, he suddenly turned and threw one into my lap. The outer rind was scored with the letters of my name; within was the fragment of a chain of gold I

had shared in days past with my lover, as a pledge of constancy. He had died—died reproaching my falsehood! for never, never would he have surrendered the token save with life!

"How bitterly my heart smote me as I gazed on it! Sancha! that moment of self-reproach outweighed all the gratifications of rank and pomp! It was the first time, amid my heedless ambition, I had felt the sting; thenceforth it poisoned all life's enjoyments. The thought of him on whose heart I had trampled in my first step to splendor, disenchanted mine eyes forever. I moved amidst the gaze of wonder and envy, a being of blighted heart! Should my death be in shame and anguish, it cannot wipe away that guilt!"

"Yet faithful hast thou been, O Philippa, in every duty since —" pleaded the soft low voice of her grand daughter.

"I loved my royal foster child, and devoted life to him. Ever shunning the companionship of the court, soon the envy of familiars fixed on me the hateful charge of *sorcery*. Nay, my mistress herself incurred deep censure for my sake; for, well said Paschal—'We must always stoop when we raise people from the ground.' One lesson have seventy years of change and disappointment taught me,—the lesson of resignation! And now, though I have grown old in watching over the hope of Naples, I wait with patience the blast that may tear up this withered tree by the roots, and destroy its palace forever!"

"God forbid!" was the exclamation of Sancha, as the door of the apartment opened, and a page entering, commanded their attendance in the grand hall.

Small and melancholy of late had been the circle in the queen's apartment; since the dreadful night at Aversa her gaiety was gone. Harassed by continual anxiety, the more incessant as she was engrossed with the new cares of a mother; vexed by conflicting counsels, her frame attenuated by the wearing of a disturbed spirit; galled by the foul scandals to which she was too well aware her every action gave rise; she had yet determined, with the advice of a deputation from the nobility and the governors of the city, to take upon herself the government of the land. Her first act, after forming her council, was to take measures for the detection and punishment of the murderers of her husband. Edicts were affixed to the walls of her palace, and in all public places; and in presence of the assembled barons she signed a commission empowering Hugh De Baux, a noble of high honor and esteemed ability, to seek out and bring to justice all the guilty, "from hall and bower, from hearth and sanctuary, without respect of persons."

Already had De Baux, in the exercise of his terrible office, seized many of the chamberlains of the court; the wretched victims were tortured in the palace of the Duke of Durazzo—under the very eye of that fierce prince; who can marvel if the testimony wrung from them was such as should be most gratifying to him, who labored to elevate himself by the destruction of his queen! The incoherent disclosures of the sufferers were communicated to De Baux; and on that night the haughty Durazzo repaired to the presence of his mistress, secretly exulting in the growing success of his machinations.

Surrounded by the members of her household, and her most familiar friends, whom she had summoned at the demand of De Baux for admission in the prosecution of his office, the queen, on this evening, was wholly unsuspecting of the new and unexpected blow so soon to fall on her. Her robe of deep mourning, destitute of ornament, accorded with the sadness and the expression of care on her beautiful face—the first fruit of her ill-starred royalty! She wore a black veil, that could be drawn at pleasure over her countenance.

A deep silence prevailed through the circle at the entrance of the commissioner; every breath was hushed as he passed through the hall, and having paid his salutation to the sovereign, advanced, and with the customary form of accusation, arrested Philippa, and her grand daughter, the Countess of Murzano.

Amazement, terror, and at last irrepressible indignation, took possession of the queen. She had started to rise her feet at the first appalling announcement, and stood pale and motionless for a few seconds' space; then, the rich blood again mantling cheek and brow, she hastily advanced, "What is this, my lords!" she exclaimed, in accents of deep feeling and still deeper scorn; "we throw—this touches us too nearly! Shame on thee, Sir Hugh!" she continued, addressing the commissioner, while her eyes flashed displeasure, "we gave you power, as a true servant of the state, and one zealous for the honor of your sovereign, not as the weak churl who can be swayed by the lightest breath of calumny!"

"Fairly and honorably, oh Queen, hath he quitted him of his trust!" cried the deep hoarse voice of Durazzo; "I pledge my knightly sword in witness—"

"What would your grace?" interrupted Joanna, turning to the Duke, and speaking in tones of bitter irony. "We know your gentleness and courtesy, fair kinsman; aye, and your love to ourself! We should be bounden, sooth, for your vigilance—so far surpassing our own! Yet pardon if we dis-

pute your jurisdiction over the ladies of the bed chamber!"

"Your Majesty would not protect the guilty! You may not, if you would," replied the Duke rudely. "Your commissioner holds, at this moment, the recorded confessions of six criminals, who have this day undergone the rack—accusing yonder dames as their accomplices. Surrender them, then, to the just doom that awaits them."

"Never will I surrender them! Take rather mine own life! Base, base are ye, and inhuman, striving to fix a stain like this upon the fame of your mistress! Never—while the lips of Joanna can unclose to utter a command—while she has vassals ready to start at her bidding—aye, and to smite down tyranny and insolence—NEVER shall they be surrendered to you!"

We know not what the overbearing insolence of Durazzo might have prompted in reply, but the dispute was terminated by Philippa herself. Approaching with her wonted air of majesty, she kissed the hand of the Queen. "Let me depart, O gracious and beloved mistress!" she said; "let me depart with your officer, to answer the foul charge before the tribunal. Believe me, it needs but encounter. Truth will—must triumph in the end." Then turning to De Baux, "I go with you," she said, "of mine own free will!"

Durazzo was disconcerted at this ready submission where he expected resistance; he stepped back abashed; but the Queen gave way to the burst of grief, and flinging her arms round her aged nurse, wept so long and bitterly, that the sternest in the circle was moved at the sight of such anguish in one so young and lovely. There was a general movement; some cried shame upon Durazzo; some ranged themselves round her, as if to shield Joanna from her kinsman. Thrice, silently invoking a blessing, did the old Countess bend over the fair head that lay on her bosom; clasping Joanna in a last embrace, she turned to follow the guard.

"Not so!" cried the Queen, yet struggling with emotion; "you shall not go hence in shame, as if already condemned! Nay, in this I will be heard! Let the examination proceed; in the face of all Naples will I proclaim your innocence!"

"Alas!" was the reply, "it would but brand with rebuke unmerited a nobler and a holier head than mine! I will meet the peril; a brief prison will be no hardship even to these aged limbs, if truth prevail through me! Sancha, my beloved! it is a sorer trial for youth like thine; but our cause is a religious one!"

The party moved towards the door; Joanna

her brow with its multitude of hidden thorns. The flame of genius kindled in a female heart may illuminate a universe, while it consumes its own throbbing resting-place. It is a fire too bright for the delicate nerves and tender heart of a woman to cherish, unscathed in her happiness. True it is, that she who is possessed of that fearful gift, which so many covet, yet which never brings quiet, must live in a charmed circle, into which friendship and the tender endearments of life seldom come, and where she droops or pants away her life, a brilliant sacrifice. While hundreds may be doing homage to the force of her genius, she may be looking in vain for one kind heart to enfold her as a fellow-being,—or be shedding tears of gratitude at a word of remembered kindness, a look of real affection. If wealth be added to intellectual endowment, the possessor may have more hopes of tranquillity. But these hopes lie in her power—to smother the growing spark—to bury her talent, and unsuspected to assimilate with those about her. But if the necessities of publicity come upon her—if she, from any circumstance, be one thrust into the public arena of life—her powers of retreat are gone; she belongs to the public and becomes a subject of general curiosity. Even when her soul would shrink from observation, its pulsations are counted by the common multitude—her looks, words, and most trifling actions become matters of comment—her right of free action is gone—she lives in perpetual restraint. One by one her social habits die away, and she is left alone, alone in her 'charmed circle,' smothering her brain, atom by atom, and draining her heart, drop by drop; while the affections of her nature are thrown back upon the heart to crush it, even as the young tree is broken by the weight of its own fruitage. Happy is she if some few can understand and appreciate her—and some may; but as a lonely authoress has said, 'the power to appreciate genius, is a rare talent in itself.'

"Young mother, ask not uncommon genius for your child. It is a fearful and dangerous boon, one not to be sought for lightly. But should God see fit to sacrifice the happiness of one to the gratification of many, and endow your child as you but new wished, then let it for you to strengthen the body and prepare the mind for its glorious inmate. Begin to chasten the exuberance of feeling, or the flight of a too glowing fancy. Let her indulge but sparingly in books of imagination; and teach her the art of concentrating her powers on one subject till she has mastered it, lest, by a versatile and promiscuous reading, she uselessly fritter away on a thousand objects the strength of intellect which should be brought to bear on one.

"Discipline the mind day by day, feed the growing appetite with wholesome knowledge—open to her mind the great and glorious sciences teeming in the bosom of nature.—Let her investigate, compare, and analyze. Teach her to go back to former ages; to understand the foundation, support, and downfall of nations; to trace the progress of history, to connect causes with effects, and to match acts with motives. This will prepare her for the encounter that is before her; will give her subject for thought when her soul is thrown back upon itself, and will strengthen her for the vicissitudes of a changeful and an excited life. Gradually strip the world's artificial gloss, lest she, in her vivid and youthful imagination, picture it too beautiful, and have her feeling soured by a sudden rending of the veil. Above all, early implant strong moral principles and correct religious sentiments in her heart. All will not be too much for the trials she will be called upon to endure."

In reading these earnest admonitions how many will be convicted of fatal neglect, in guarding well and directing the minds of their offspring in whom were discovered the dangerous gift of genius. How many who read these extracts have seen the utter prostration of all their hopes, consequent upon a neglect to guide with careful hand the strong impulse of a wayward child, in whom was early seen the outgleaming of a brilliant intellect. Let those who have now no regrets, we might say agonies of heart on this subject, resolve that they never will have any. It is alone for the mother to determine whether her child shall be happy or miserable. In her hands rests its fate for good or for evil.—If she be faithful to her high calling, her child will grow up beloved, respected, admired, useful; but if she forget her duty, and suffer weeds of rank and deadly growth to spring up in the mind of her child, bitterness and sorrow will be her portion and that of her child in after life, and she will have cause to wish that her daughter had never been born. In concluding our extracts from this admirable article, we select a few of its closing passages, and ask for them the earnest attention of those most deeply interested in the subject.

"Young mother, let me advise you. Ask nothing for your daughter; trust her destiny with Him who regulates the destinies of all. He knows best what will contribute to her good, as an individual connected with the living multitude of his creation, and doubt not that he will endow her according to his wisdom. Yet though you may not, with your limited capacities, and your ignorance of the future, presume to dictate what the fortune or capacities of your daughter shall be, you

may so regulate and cultivate her heart that she may be prepared to meet her destiny, let it be proud or humble, adverse or fortunate. Pray earnestly that you may be enabled to do your duties as a mother; not the duties which are to come, more than those which are commencing now, in the first infancy of your child. She begins to observe your countenance, to follow your eyes when they are raised from her. This moment she is lifting her tiny hands playfully, and answers your smile. Soon, very soon, will she begin to read the expression of that eye; to look up for that smile, as the sunlight of her existence. Withdraw it not from her now, or ever, though your soul turn against the whole world, and anger be at work within you, smother it for her sake. You know not how soon a mother's frown may dim the brightness of her infant's happiness. Begin now, while she is a smiling babe in your lap, to knit your heart with her's, to lay the foundation of that holy confidence, which cannot be interrupted between mother and daughter, without injuring the happiness of both and endangering the safety of one." * * * * *

"Weave her very existence with your own, till you can read her thoughts as a mirror while they are strengthening into maturity. Let there be no interruption of your intercourse, no break in your confidence. As she advances in years, keep pace with her feelings, and as she becomes old enough to understand them, entrust her own; thus will you go on happily, forming a friend and companion for yourself, while you are preparing her for the performance of the same duties to another generation; so will you secure a fund of happiness which will make your evening as bright as the morning of your days.

"By becoming the confidant and intimate friend of your daughter, you will not only secure to yourself a permanent happiness, but to her a safe adviser, whose feelings, hopes, and principles will be her own, and who will prevent her forming any of those pernicious school-girl intimacies, which, without judicious superintendence, are at the best only as the blind leading the blind. If rightly educated, your child will find that there is no adviser like a mother—no confidant like a mother—no bosom so ready to pillow her as that of a mother, and no friendship on earth so pure as that which links the hearts of MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS."

One individual who is methodical in his business can, with ease, perform the work of four men who set order and regularity at defiance.

The economy of small expenses lays the corner-stone of wealth.

THE CRUSADER'S SONG TO THE HEBREW MAIDEN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Hebrew maiden, veil thy beauty,
Lest my heart a rebel prove,
Breaking bands of holy duty,
For the silken chains of love.
Look not on me sweet deceiver,
Though thy young eyes beam with light,
They might tempt a true believer
To the darkest shades of night.

Hebrew maiden, while I linger,
Hanging o'er thy melting lute,
Every chord beneath thy finger,
Wakes a pulse that should be mute.
We must part and part for ever;
Eyes that could my life renew!
Lips that mine could cling to ever!
Hebrew maiden, now adieu!

THE HEBREW MAIDEN'S ANSWER.

Christian soldier, must we sever!
Does thy creed our fates divide!
Must we part, and part for ever!
Shall another be thy bride?
Spirits of my fathers sleeping;
Ye, who once in Zion trod,
Heaven's mysterious council keeping,
Tell me of the Christian's God!

Is the Cross of Christ the token
Of a saving faith to man!
Can my early vows be broken?
Spirits answer me! They can.
Mercy—mercy shone about him—
All the blessed with him trod;
We can ne'er be saved without him;
Christian, I believe the God!

MEMORY.

Ah! what is life! a little bloom:
Sweet looks and converse sweet beguile.
Upon the winding sheet and tomb
Are all that's left of bloom and smile.
About my heart green memories throng,
Of joys that whilom tarried there:
Poor heart! thou could'st not keep them long,
As "winged dreams" they winged were.
As one who, when the sun goes down,
Still lingers on the rosy west,
Shaping the shady clouds, to crown
Some vision of the dreamer's breast.
So I, in memory's sunset sky,
Do shape and fashion things as bright;
And build me bowers, that seem to lie
Beyond the reach of woe and night.

The way to wealth depends on two things, *industry and frugality*; that is, waste neither time nor money; but make the best use of both.

sprang forward as they stirred, and grasped Durazzo's arm imploringly.

"It is in your hands, oh spare an aged and faithful servant! Promise me, her restraint shall be brief—it is but to satisfy the people!"

"Madam! it is not I who am judge in this matter," returned the Duke, assuming, however in his tone and manner, all the authority his words disclaimed. "For your sake"—and the insulting emphasis brought the indignant blood like lightning to the Queen's cheek—"we will hope her acquittal!"

To save even the life of her only friend, Joanna could not have uttered one word more. The implied imputation was already known to her through the warnings of the deputation of lords, who had judged it fitting to inform her of the slander in circulation. Had she obeyed the impulse of her indignation, it would have been repelled with scorn; but her instinctive delicacy taught her it was unbecoming that a queen should condescend to protect her innocent of a crime so horrible. The exhibition even of a consciousness of being suspected would have degraded her in the eyes of her subjects; and though her bosom burned with just anger, which prompted her to the punishment of the bold traitors who had dared to breathe a calumny against her fame, she silently endured the revolting suspicion, shielded by no bulwark save innocence, from the shafts of malice. Her sole resource was to conform to the sad destiny of kings—which forbids them to trust in any!

To be continued.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

Thrown back towards the Calabrian coast, the waters passed with impetuosity over the shore of Scilla, and in their retreat to the bottom of the deep, swept from its surface every individual who had thought to find safety in the barrenness of the sands. One abhorrent shriek uttered by the united voices of 4,000 beings, thus suddenly snatched to eternity, re-echoed from the mountains.—*Craven's Tour in South Italy.*

Calmly the night came down
O'er Scilla's shatter'd walls;
How desolate that silent town!
How tenantless the halls,
Where yesterday her thousands trod,
And princes graced their proud abode!

Low, on the wet sea-sand,
Humbled in anguish now,
The despot,* midst his menial band,
Bent down his king's brow—

* The Prince of Scilla perished with his vassals.

Aye, prince and peasant knelt in prayer,
For grief had made them equal there.

Again!—as at the morn,
The earthquake roll'd its car:
Lowly the castle-towers were borne,
That mock'd the storms of war—
The mountain reel'd—its shiver'd brow—
Went down among the waves below.

Up rose the kneelers then,
As the wave's rush was heard:
The silence of those fated men
Was broken by no word.
But closer still the mother press'd
The infant to her faithful breast.

One long, wild shriek went up,
Full mighty in despair;
As bow'd to drink death's bitter cup,
The thousands gather'd there—
And man's strong wail, and woman's cry
Bleat as the waters hurried by.

On swept the whelming sea—
The mountains felt its shock,
As the long cry of agony
Thrill'd through their towers of rock;
And echo round that fatal shore,
The death-wail of the sufferers bore.

The morning sun shed forth
Its light upon the scene,
Where tower and palace strewed the earth
With wrecks of what had been;—
But of the thousands who were gone,
No trace was left—no vestige shown. W.
4th mo. 1834.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man, to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson.—Let him too be industrious in adorning his domain—making his home, the dwelling of his wife and children, not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will permit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasant objects—in decorating it; within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order—a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which in absence draws back the heart by the fond associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will become more surely the scene of cheerfulness and peace. Ye parents who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, a cheerful, a happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth for them; but plant in their minds and souls, in the way proposed, the seeds of virtue and prosperity.

MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

This is the interesting title of an article in the *Ladies' Companion*. It is from the pen of Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, the talented and accomplished editress of that neat Magazine.—Having derived so much real pleasure from reading the article named above, which, for clearness, beauty, strength, and feeling, is not surpassed by any thing of the kind we have ever seen, we feel greatly indisposed to pass it by without taking from it some striking and eloquent passages; and giving them a further circulation. Mrs. Stevens has written on this subject as one only could write who has thought much upon it, and who has identified herself perfectly with both the mother and the child. She has gone back, in imagination, to the time when first impressions were made upon her mind, and, by the power of genius, that glorious gift, has been enabled to note the first dawning of thought, to analyse its nature, and to trace its gradual development to maturity. Step by step, has she followed the young mind with a steady eye, in its advance to strength and character, she has noted its errors, and from their perception has drawn her arguments, and enforced upon the mother the deep obligation she is under to give all diligence to her offspring. To guard well the precious gem contained in the beautiful casket, that its brightness be not dimmed. We have said that she has drawn her arguments—we should have said her inferences, and these from principles which are not so particularly stated, but which from their nature are palpable to the mind. The article opens with the following heart-stirring picture. What mother can read it without a thrill of pleasure!

"Young mother, I have been watching you, seated there, so full of happiness, with your first-born infant sleeping on your lap. What a new and delightful world of feeling is open to you! Were you, until now, aware of the strong and delicious sensations, swelling up their sweetness in your heart! Do you not feel ennobled, exalted! Is there not a dignity in your feelings, a respectability in your station, that you never dreamed of before! I know there is. Often in the stillness of the night, are you awakened from pleasant dreams by the touch of that little hand, by a murmur of that baby voice. Your heart swells with the overflowing of your tenderness, and happiness is stirring within you like a pulse, as you whisper words of endearment over the unconscious infant, and thank God that you are a mother. When the eyes of that loved one, the partner of your treasure, is upon you, how your proud heart exults with the thought, that God has entrusted to you a gem from his

treasure house of glory; a bud ready to expand for eternity!

"Young mother, you are a happy creature now, in the spring time of life, revelling for the first time, in the fresh and delicious feelings of maternity.

"From so pleasing a dream of passive happiness, into active and earnest duties, it is the design of the writer to awaken the fond, young mother. And she accordingly disturbs gently her visions of delight.

"In your dreams of the future, your imagination is busy weaving the golden web of hope around that little one, and perhaps forming vague and unfinished anticipations, which, if realized, would be calling down ruin on the child you would bless. It is almost cruel to disturb your happiness; but how would the proud and ambitious feelings be chastened if you *thought*! Now you are all feeling, full of warm, undigested wishes: You feel that you are happy, scarcely knowing why, and without reflecting upon the awful responsibility a just and wise God has sent with that beautiful daughter now waking and smiling in your face."

After charging the mother to look well to the character of her infant daughter,—beautiful allusion to the dangerous gift of genius which she may desire more than to mark every shade and gradation of its mental developments, and to be ever on the watch that its young heart be not sullied with vain thoughts, or agitated by wrong desires—she remarks:—

"It might have been that you were thinking of a higher, brighter, more divine endowment, than that of genius. You have folded the child to your bosom, looking forward to the time when she, by the force of a powerful intellect, may render your family honorable or your name immortal. The very thought has kindled a brightness in your eye, which the name of beauty failed to light. It is a great and glorious endowment,—the brightest from heaven's treasure-house,—that you would ask for your child. But stay!—are you prepared to sacrifice the peace of your offspring on the altar of your ambition! How little—how very little—can you, who have rested always in the bosom of domestic quiet, know of the evils entailed upon the female possessing brilliant intellectual qualities!—True—the flowers of admiration cluster in the pathway of her destiny; but among them are the thorns of criticism, and under their shadow the serpent of envy coils itself, ready to dart out with its venomous sting. Fame now and then scatters a laurel leaf at her feet, while away in the distance she holds the green wreath for which her votary must struggle, upwards and upwards, till it fades away like the foam of the ocean, or circles

her desire of usefulness, opened his accounts. Inensibly he found his daughter following him in the labyrinth of numbers.

Louisa, with a fixed look, and a clear eye, her cheek kindling with interest, and her pencil in her hand, listened to him. Mrs. Simons entered on tiptoe, and seated herself softly at her sewing. The accounts became more and more complicated. Mr. Simons, with his practised habits, and Louisa, with her quick intellect and ready will, followed them up with fidelity. The unexpected sympathy of his daughter, gave him new life. Time flew unheeded, and the clock struck twelve.

"Wife," said he, suddenly, "matters are not as desperate as I feared; if this girl gives me a few more hours like these, I shall be in a new world."

"My beloved child!" said Mrs. Simons, pressing Louisa's fresh cheek to hers.

Louisa retired, recommended herself to God, and slept profoundly. The next morning, after again seeking his blessing, she repaired to her father; and again, day after day, with untiring patience, went through the details of his books, copied the accounts in a fair hand, nor left him until his brow was smoothed, and the phantom of bankruptcy had disappeared.

A day passed by, and Louisa looked contemplatively and absorbed; at length she said—

"Father, you complain that you cannot afford another clerk at present. You have tried me, and find me worth something; I will keep your books until your affairs are regulated, and you may give me a little salary to furnish shells for my cabinet."

Mr. Simons accepted her offer with a caress and a smile. Louisa's cabinet increased in value; and the beautiful female hand-writing in her father's books, was a subject of interest and curiosity to his mercantile friends.

And from whence, year after year, wealth poured in its thousand luxuries, and Louisa Simons stood dispensing pleasures to the gay, and comforts to the poor, did she trace her happiness? To early self-conquest.—*The Violet.*

BEAUTY.

'Tis not the form's exquisite mould—

The silken curl's voluptuous flow,
The lightsome step—the witching eye,

The small, white hands and snowy brow.
Can that be beautiful that fades

Like rainbows from the cloud of dun,
Which withers at the touch of time,

Like flowers beneath a burning sun!

What are the charms so boasted of?

A fleeting glance—a passing smile—

A form, whose graceful lineaments
Conceal too oft the heart of guile;

A vain and vacant smile may play

On rosy lip and dimpled chin—

The eye may brightly glance, yet give
No token of a mind within.

But ah, the mind—the undying mind,

Hath holier beauty of its own—

A charm that lingers on to bless

When outward loveliness hath flown.

Aye, lingers when the cheek is pale

And care hath dimmed the eye of mirth;

Unalter'd by the frost of time,

Or changing circumstance of earth.

THE DEW-DROP AND THE STREAM.

BY MARY COLLINS.

The brakes with golden flowers were crown'd,
And melody was heard around,
When near a stream a dew-drop shed
Its lustre on a violet's head.

While trembling to the breeze it hung,
The streamlet, as it roll'd along,
The beauty of the morn confess'd,
And thus the sparkling pearl address'd:—

"Sure, little drop, rejoice we may,
For all is beautiful and gay;
Creation wears her emerald dress,
And smiles in all her loveliness;
And with delight and pride I see
That little flower bedew'd by thee:
Thy lustre with a gem might vie,
While trembling in its purple eye."

"You may rejoice, indeed, 'tis true,"
Replied the radiant drop of dew.
"You will, no doubt, as on you move,
To flocks and herds, a blessing prove;
But when the sun ascends on high,
Its beam will draw me to the sky;
And, I must own my humble power,
I've but refresh'd a humble flower!"

"Hold!" cried the stream, "nor thus repine,
For well 'tis known a power divine,
Subservient to his will supreme,
Hath made the dew-drop and the stream.
Though small thou art (I that allow,)
No mark of Heaven's contempt art thou;
Thou hast refresh'd a humble flower,
And done according to thy power.
All things that are, both great and small,
One glorious Author form'd them all.
This thought may all repinings quell,
What serves His purpose serves Him well."



ISLE OF WIGHT.

The above cut represents very exactly the Needles as they are termed of the Isle of Wight. They are situated upon the west side of the Island, the whole of which is fenced in with sharp rocks of the same character as those above; but these Needles are the most remarkable.

The Isle of Wight is situated on the the southern coast of Hampshire, and is separated from it by a narrow channel. It is about twenty-one miles long and thirteen broad, and is divided into nearly equal parts by the river Cowes, which at its southern angle enters into the channel opposite the mouth of South Hampton bay. The south coast is bordered with very steep cliffs of chalk or free-stone, hollowed in many parts into curious caverns and subterraneous grottos. A ridge of hills runs across the Island from east to west, forming a tract of fine pastures which afford grazing to sheep. The air in this Island is soft and balmy; the land is extremely fertile; while the landscape presents a rich and varied series of interesting views. England owes much of her reputation for fine glass to the fine white crystalline sand, which is found in abundance in this Island.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The glory of the summer is gone by—the beautiful greenness has become withered and dead. Were this all—were there no associations of moral desolation—of faded hopes—of hearts withering in the bosom of the living—connected with the decaying scenery around us, we would not indulge in a moment's melancholy. The season of flowers will come again—the streams will flow gracefully and lightly as before—the trees will again toss their cumbrous load of greenness to the sunlight—and, by mossy stone and winding rivulet, the young blossoms will start up, as at the bidding of their fairy guardians. But the human heart has no change like that of nature. It has no second spring-time. Once blighted in its hour of freshness, it wears forever the mark of the spoiler. The dews of affection may fall, and the gentle rain of sympathy be lavished upon it—but the sore root of blighted feeling will never again waken into life—nor the crushed flowers of hope blossom with their wonted beauty.

THE TRAVELER.

NO. I.

BLANNERHASSET'S ISLAND.

"A few miles below Marietta, we passed Blannerhasset's Island. We ran under the lee of it some distance, but the thick wood of the river obstructs any view of the interior. We saw no trace of the beautiful mansion of Blannerhasset, except a chimney at the north end of the island, which was all that escaped the fire in which that dwelling had been consumed. I hear, however, that the beautiful shrubbery still lives on the island, which was planted by Blannerhasset, and that many of the walks he laid out are now open.

"Blannerhasset was one of the Irish patriots who were compelled to flee from Ireland after their attempt to liberate themselves from the thraldom of England. He was possessed of a large amount of property, the greater part of which he was fortunate enough to render available in money before his departure. Disgusted with the corruption of courts and turmoil of politics, he sought retirement in the western wilderness, on a beautiful island in the Ohio, then on the borders of civilization. He built a princely mansion on it, and embellished it in a most costly manner. Situated on the borders of Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio, he had access to very refined society, with which it was his custom constantly to intermingle and exchange civilities.

"His hospitality was unbounded, and dealt out as it was by his own chivalric courtesy and the grace of his beautiful wife, his island became the general resort for all the country around, and it is even yet celebrated for the splendid revelries and entertainments of which it was the scene. Blannerhasset was a fine sample of a polished Irish gentleman, and rendered himself a very affectionate object of regard by the amenity of his manners and disposition.

"His lady was a woman of rare beauty and accomplishments, which were heightened by a pure and unimpeachable character. She reigned the Queen of this beautiful kingdom of taste and refinement, which Blannerhasset had created on the Ohio; and according to cotemporary accounts, she deported herself with a grace and dignity that might have become a throne. She was a woman of high spirit and ambition, and when Burr, aware of her commanding influence over her husband, confidently entrusted her with his plans of Mexican dominion, she was fired with the boldness and intrepidity of his enterprise, and immediately determined to engage her hus-

band as a confederate. Blannerhasset was a man of ductile temper and was easily induced by the dazzling representations of prospective glory and honor which his ambitious wife set before him to become a participator with Burr! He was moreover a liberalist of the French school, of which Aaron Burr was well aware. The gorgeous representation which Burr held up to him of Mexico redeemed from tyranny by their united efforts, fired his soul, as he entered with enthusiasm into what he believed an honorable and humane undertaking.

"When once pledged to Burr, under the mastering genius of his wife, he actively engaged in enlisting men, building boats, and preparing the essentials of his expedition.—Many of the most respectable citizens of the neighboring county were connected with the affair, and deluded in the same manner as Blannerhasset. The entertainments on the island were broken up, and its shores echoed only to the muffled oar of the conspirators, as they crossed from the adjacent bank, or to the tramp of bold adventurers, as they congregated on the beach to resolve and discuss their plans of Mexican redemption. A large number of flat boats had been built on the Muskingum; and sent over to the island, and every thing was ripe for embarkation, when the plot was discovered to the public authorities by one of the accomplices. Blannerhasset was *instantly* deserted by his followers, and left alone to brunt the scorn. Timothy Buel, commander of the militia, with a small detachment went over to arrest Blannerhasset. He had hardly set foot on the island, before he was met by Mrs. Blannerhasset, whose spirit seemed to rise with the increasing desperation of her fortunes. She had seen the party coming, and snatching up a pair of her husband's pistols, she ran from the house to meet them. Just as the militia major stepped out of the boat, she seized him by the shoulder, and thrusting him back, presented two formidable pistols full in his face, cocked and primed; commanding him in the most positive tone not to advance, "one step forward and I will send you into eternity; it is easier for me to do than to say it," were her words, according to my narrator, who was one of the party. Her splendid figure drawn up to its full height, her eye fixed with a strong and determined gaze, her hands clenching firmly the pistols which she held at arm's length, told the militia major, in language not to be mistaken, the terms on which he might advance. The old fellow quailed and trembled before the courageous woman, and was forced to turn without his victim. Blannerhasset made his escape, and is now, or was a few years since, living with his wife in poverty in France.

LOUISA SIMONS,

OR THE ADVANTAGES OF APPLICATION.

BY MRS. C. GILMAN.

Louisa Simons was a bright, intelligent girl of fourteen; amiable and ambitious; the joy of her parents, and the pride of her teachers; and far advanced in all her studies except arithmetic.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed frequently, "this is the day for the black-board; a *black* day to me! I hate arithmetic! I wish the multiplication table had never been invented! There is not such an expressive verse in the world as the old one!

"Multiplication is vexation;
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me;
And Practice makes me mad!"

Mrs. Simons sometimes reproved her for her vehemence; sometimes soothed, and sometimes encouraged her; but finding her more and more excited, she addressed her one day, gravely and anxiously.

"My daughter, you make me unhappy by those expressions. I am aware that many minds are so constituted as to learn numbers slowly; but that close attention and perseverance can conquer even natural defects, has been often proved. If you pass over a rule carelessly, and say you comprehend it, from want of energy to grasp it, you will never learn, and your *black* days, when you become a woman, and have responsibilities, will increase. I speak feelingly on the subject, for I had the same natural aversion to arithmetic as yourself. Unfortunately for me, a school-mate, quick at figures, shared my desk; we had no black boards then, and she was kind, or unkind, enough to work out my sums for me. The consequence is, that I have suffered repeatedly in my purse, and in my feelings from my ignorance. Even now I am obliged to apply to your father in the most trifling calculations, and you must sometimes have noticed my mortification under such circumstances.

"I look to you for assistance," continued she, affectionately, to Louisa. "You have every advantage; your mind is active, and in other respects disciplined, and I am sure your good heart will prompt you in aiding me."

Louisa's eyes looked a good resolution—she kissed her mother; and commenced her lessons with the right feelings. Instead of being angry with her teacher and herself, because every thing was not plain, she tried to clear her brow, and attend to the subject calmly.

Success crowned her efforts, while, added

to the pleasures of acquisition, she began to experience the higher joy of self-acquest, and her mother's approbation. She gave herself up for two years to diligent study, and conquered at length the higher branches of arithmetic.

Louisa, the eldest of three children, had been born to the luxuries of wealth, and scarcely an ungratified want had shaded her sunny brow. Mr. Simons was a merchant of considerable connexions, but, in the height of his prosperity, one of those failures took place which occur in commerce, and his affairs became suddenly involved in the shock which is often felt so far in the mercantile chain. A nervous temperament and delicate system were soon sadly wrought upon by the misfortune, and his mind, perplexed and harassed, seemed to lose its clearness in calculation, and its happy view of life. Louisa was at this period seventeen years of age; her understanding clear and vigorous, her passions disciplined, and her faculties resting, like a young fawn, ready for a sudden bound.

It was a cold autumn evening; the children were beguiling themselves with wild gambols about the parlor; Mr. Simons, leaning his head upon his hand, gazing on an accumulated pile of ledgers and papers; Mrs. Simons was busily sewing, and Louisa, with her finger between the leaves of a closed book, sat anxiously regarding her father.

"These children distract me," said Mr. Simons, peevishly.

"Hush, Robert! Come here, Margaret!" said Mrs. Simons, gently; and taking one on her lap, and another by her side, whispered a little story, and put them to bed.

When Mrs. Simons left the room, Louisa laid aside her book, and stood by her father.

"Don't disturb me, child," said he, roughly. Then recollecting himself, he waved his hand gently for her to retire, and continued; "do not feel hurt, dear, with my abruptness. I am perplexed with these complicated accounts."

"Father," said Louisa, hesitatingly, and blushing, "I think I could assist you, if you would permit me."

"Yes, my love!" exclaimed he, laughing, "these papers would puzzle a deeper head than yours."

"I do not wish to boast, dear father," said Louisa, modestly; "but when Mr. Randon gave me my last lesson, he said—"

"What did he say?" asked Mr. Simons, encouragingly.

"He said," answered Louisa, blushing more deeply, "that I was a better accountant than most merchants. And I do believe, father," continued she, earnestly, "that if you would allow me, I could assist you."

Mr. Simons smiled sadly; but to encourage

THE LADIES' GARLAND.

Vol. II.

A WREATH OF MANY FLOWERS.

No. 4.

For the Ladies' Garland.

ON A WITHERED PLANT.

Is hot, in cold, in rain, in snow,
In time of pleasure and of wo,
I've nursed it with a cheerful heart,
And little thought we were to part—
Before another spring could smile
Upon my favorite plant awhile.

Those wither'd leaves were once as bright,
As any offer'd to my sight;
Those wither'd limbs were once the same,
And many beauties I could name,
Were spread upon the garden chief,
Which fills the measure of my grief.

HELEN

THE DUTIES AND DELIGHTS OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

"Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty and faithful love:

GOLDSMITH.

A course of rectitude and well-doing, is seldom produced and promoted by dry philosophic precepts; affection must be inspired by something which engages the heart, and pure affection grows and thrives best in the quiet soil of domestic privacy. Those who are called to take a prominent part in the public affairs, to traffic at the exchange, to plead at the bar, to legislate in the senate, have still important duties to discharge at home. Here the force of moral and religious obligations ought to be mutually felt by husband and wife—parents and children—masters and servants; nor can we reasonably expect, where those obligations are slighted, that a consistent conduct will be maintained in commercial and professional pursuits.

The pleasures of the world are of a promiscuous and turbulent kind; but a man finds in his garden, and at his own fireside, enjoy-

ments more simple and satisfying. He is exhilarated by the smiles of love, and the sports of juvenile gayety. After the toils of business, and the vexations of care, in the bosom of a beloved and affectionate family, he seeks and finds a sweet and refreshing repose. There are many, it is true, who speak with contempt of these calm domestic pleasures. They are roused into life and action abroad, but grow dull and weary at home; they have some zest at the feast which luxury prepares for the crowd, but at their own table every thing is insipid. Nor is it very uncommon for persons of both sexes to insinuate, that mediocrity only can be content with such occupations and delight as the narrow circle of domestic life supplies; while genius and spirit will always aspire to something greater. Are, then, intellect and energy, virtue and constancy, closely and exclusively allied to dissipation? What! are we to seek for the elements of the sublime character only at the club and tavern? Before we come to such a conclusion, it will be necessary to obliterate from the memory the lessons which wise and good men have taught, as well as all the facts of history.

"All the members of a family," says Dr. Dwight, "are connected by the strong bonds of natural affection—bonds which unite together with a power and intimacy found in no other circumstances of life. The members of a family all dwell in one house; are daily united in one common system of employments, interchange unceasingly and habitually their kind offices, and are accustomed to rejoice and mourn, to hope and fear, to weep and smile together. No eloquence, no labor, no time, is necessary to awaken these sympathetic emotions. They are caught at once from eye to eye, and from heart to heart, instan-

taneously with electric influence, through all the endeared and happy circle."

The celebrated Sir Thomas Moore apologizes for not having sooner published his "Utopia," by alleging that he felt obliged to devote a great part of the time he could spare from his public avocations, to free and affectionate intercourse with his wife and children, which, though some might think trifling amusements, he placed among our necessary duties.

To this example from history, we shall add the testimony of a living writer of great and distinguished worth.

"Let me here," says Mrs. Moore, "be allowed the gratification of observing, that those women of real genius and extensive knowledge, whose friendship has conferred honor and happiness upon me, have been in general eminent for economy and the practise of domestic virtues; and greatly superior to the affectation of despising the duties and the knowledge of common life."

When the charming delights of the domestic circle have lost their relish, there must be something radically wrong. It is not genius, or literature, or virtue, which has disenchanting the lovely scene; but avarice, unhalloved ambition or profligacy. I was much pleased with an anecdote of Racine, the famous French poet, the substance of which will be given to the reader. Having one day just returned from Versailles, where he had been on a visit, he was waited upon by a gentleman with an invitation to dine at the Hotel de Conde. "I cannot possibly have the honor to go there," said the poet, "it is a week since I have been with my wife and children; they are overjoyed to see me again and have provided a fine carp, so that I must dine with those dear relatives." "But my good sir," replied the gentleman, "several of the most distinguished characters expect your company, and will be very glad to see you." Racine showed him the carp, saying—*Here, sir, is our little meal*; then say, having provided such a treat for me, what apology can I make for not dining with my children? Neither they nor my wife could have any pleasure in eating a bit of it without me; then, pray, be so obliging as to mention my excuse to the Prince of de Conde, and my illustrious friends." The gentleman did so, and not only his serene highness, but all the company present professed themselves more delighted with this proof of the poet's faithful tenderness as a husband and father, than they could possibly have been with his charming conversation.

It must be confessed that harmony, peace, and pleasure, are not found in many families ere they might naturally be expected. us causes will account for this. Educa-

tion is conducted in so preposterous a mode, that it should almost seem domestic happiness formed no part of the ultimate design. The marriage union, too, is the result of subtle intrigue or sordid interest, rather than a virtuous attachment, originating in mutual sympathy and congeniality. Sometimes pomp and parade destroys the charm of domestic felicity. Addison, with his usual skill and taste, has expatiated on this topic, and presented a fine contrast in the characters of Aurelia and Fulvia.

We meet with persons who display much vivacity and politeness in mixed company abroad, but at home they are sullen, unsociable, irritable, and captious. Their good humor and good manners are reserved, like their best apparel, for holiday visits, and are put away the moment they enter their own residences, as if too precious for every day use.

To secure fireside comforts and homeborn happiness, something more is necessary than a neat, snug mansion, surrounded with gardens and lawns, where flowers and shrubs, and shady walks are kept in the nicest order. Family bickerings and strife would turn an Eden itself into a desert. It is of little avail to furnish the house, and cultivate the ground in the best style, if the minds of the inhabitants are vacant and uncultivated. Nor will a few bright insulated maxims, and soft soothing sentiments from the pages of fiction and poetry have the desired end. The play and movement of kindly feeling must be kept up by an unremitting interchange of those little winning attentions which are required to sweeten all human society. Yet tenderness, though full and overflowing, will not suffice, unless accompanied by a dignity and decorum which commands esteem and respect. Those who would enjoy domestic delight ought to be reminded that they will be more likely to gain their point, by studying to pass their time usefully than by making it over in regularly distributed portions to ease and pleasure. Many persons wonder that the enchantments which bards have sung, should be wanting in the retreat to which they have long fondly looked. But men cannot be happy in any situation, without an expansion of mind, a brisk flow of ideas and spirits, and a lively sense of the worth and importance of those talents which are given by the great Creator to be occupied and improved. It is evident that where present ease and gratification are exclusively sought, the domestic circle must first be invaded by weariness and apathy, and afterwards by chagrin and disgust;—but the pursuit and communication of knowledge, the culture of friendship, the exercise of charity and faith; in a word, the assiduous discharge of personal and relative duties, and the proper use of every advantage which Providence

bath bestowed, fail not to give a wholesome currency and purity to thoughts, and a sprightly cheerfulness of the feelings of the heart.

The house which is dedicated as a temple to God becomes the mansion of peace and concord, love and joy. Religion sheds a hallowed influence over the most endearing relations of life, corrects acerbity of temper, purifies the springs of sympathy, and enlivens the present by the glowing prospects of futurity. Nor is the man a blank in the world, whose lot is comparatively obscure, provided piety and virtue prompt his actions, and pervade his comforts and his cares. "He," says an able writer, "who praises God on a ten-stringed instrument, whose authority extends no farther than his own family, nor his example beyond his own neighborhood, may have as thankful a heart there, and as high a place in the celestial choir hereafter, as the greatest monarch who praises God on an instrument of ten thousand strings, and upon the loud sounding organ, having as many millions of pipes as there are subjects in his empire."

—
LINES ON A LOCK OF HAIR FOUND AMONG
SOME OLD JEWELRY.

Perhaps some mother's eye has gazed
At even's quiet hour,
On this poor relic of her child,
A short lived beauteous flower.
Perchance her eye from brighter scenes,
Would turn aside to weep,
When the eyes of her beloved one
Were seal'd in lasting sleep.

Or it may be this lock has brought
Before the gazer's eye,
A vision of some lost delight,
Whose memory could not die.
Some evening walk when earth and sky
Lay hush'd in deep repose;
And twilight's silver veil was hung
Above the sleeping rose.

That parted lock perhaps has waved
On some beloved head;
A young sweet flower, who turn'd aside
To join the quiet dead!
How often might the crystal tear
Have fill'd some mourner's eye,
When every blissful hope was quench'd
In death's reality.

But all in vain—I may not know
The many hopes and fears
Which thou hast raised, or to the heart
Brought dreams of parted years—
Whatever thy tale, thou hast a voice
To me all else above,
Some fond heart's beat, and there thou art
A record of its love!

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF JOANNA OF SICILY.
THE EXECUTION.

[Concluded.]

With indecorous haste the council decided upon the fate of Philippa and the Countess Sancha. Their final examination by the horrible "inquisition" was appointed to take place on the morrow; yet the prospect of torture and death was fraught with far less anguish to the Catanese than the thought of her youthful relative—condemned, in the pride of health and beauty, to share the same fate. It seemed, however, as if misfortune had given new strength and energy to the drooping frame of the young Countess. She strove to cheer her companion; and when the weariness consequent on her mental suffering overpowered Philippa, would talk of hope, that still brightened her own spirit though all was dark before them. The night advanced—the last night in their dungeon; and the two spent its hours in prayer, till the younger sank into sleep, forgetful even of the horrors to be heralded by the dawn. To Philippa, death had no terrors, for the energy of a mind subjected to life-long trials, lifted her above the nameless dread that so generally accompanies the idea of death. She had long outlived the period when externals have power to dazzle; the affections of her soul had centred in her royal charge and in her children. Yet, though she knew both her sons in the power of her persecutors, accused of the same crime for which she was to suffer, even the prospect of their doom was less bitter to her than the calamities she saw impending over the head of the Queen—than the sight of her companion in suffering, stretched on their dungeon couch, and looking so pale and lovely in her slumber, that the very heart of the gazer was melted. "Wo is me!" she cried, "that this flower too must perish," and raising the masses of dark hair, she kissed the marble forehead of the sleeper. Slowly then she rose, and throwing a mantle over her person, moved towards the narrow window of their cell. The dawn was breaking mistily over the city. The range of domes and spires were distinctly visible, and beyond them the blue expanse of the sea. A few lights were yet burning in the distant apartments of the palace; and the thoughts of the captive wandered from her own sorrow to the certain anguish of one, who, though paramount in dignity, had no power to save her trusted confidant from a shameful death.—Truly has it been observed, that if no other sorrow had ever marked the life of the Queen of Naples, her crown was dearly purchased by her agony then—when she knew that the playmate of her infancy, the gentle companion of her youth; and she, who had been to

her in the light of a mother, whom her royal predecessors had loved and honored, who had closed the eyes of so many of her ancestors, were to perish almost before her eyes: while she, who knew their innocence, was not only forbidden by *policy* to protect them, but even to relieve their sufferings by her presence.—Nay, it was in her name the executioner would lift the axe or light the torch! And Joanna knew—every tear the force of ancient affection drew forth—every shudder of anguish at this rupture of ancient ties, to which the heart clings more deeply in sorrow, was watched with jealous scrutiny, was branded as a proof of her participation in their guilt. The whispers of suspicion and disaffection had been rife even within the palace; open rebellion was talked of among many of the haughty barons of the realm; what source had a young sovereign, thus beset, but to sacrifice her bosom's deepest feelings to the dictates of *policy*, that involved the welfare of her kingdom? Such was the resolve to which Joanna had been driven, to which the lofty-minded Catanese had urged her on their final parting—when the anguish of the unfortunate Queen prompted her to risk all, to her very reputation, for their rescue. Joanna still hoped—for hope ever lingers in the breast of the young; with Philippa it had been long extinct.

As the sun rose, tinging the waves with purple light, mellowed in the distance to rudely gold, and reflected from the burnished domes and palaces like rays of silver, the populace might be seen crowding the mole and the streets near the seashore, to witness the horrid spectacle of the examination of the prisoners. It had been determined that this should take place in sight of all; though the spectators were kept at a distance by guarded palisades, to admit of their seeing all that passed without hearing the declarations of the sufferers. Each arrangement was a part of that policy which aimed at the destruction of the youthful Queen, by poisoning the minds of her subjects.

A slight bustle in the prison-court, and the clash of weapons announced to the prisoners that the hour was come, even before the door opened, displaying a band of soldiers ready to conduct them. Both were prepared; but the bright, enthusiastic fortitude which had sustained the youthful Sacha through the terrors of her imprisonment, failed to nerve her frame for this trying hour. Reduced by fatigue and fear to almost infantine weakness, she reclined languidly beside the pallet, her face pallid as marble, and her hands clasped in silent prayer. The officer and guards appointed to convey them to torture, approached to bear her from the couch to the sledge; but Philippa waved them off; and while tears—

the first that had bedewed in many days that withered cheek—slid slowly down her face, and the anguish of her spirit for the child of her love was apparent in the working of her expressive features—took the hand of her granddaughter, and led her forth. Proudly she paused ere they crossed the threshold of the dungeon and wiped away that evidence of grief; then, disdaining all assistance, with a mien as majestic as when she moved honored among the noblest of the land, seated herself in the rude car, supporting on her bosom, with fond solicitude, the frailer being whose youthful vigor proved a less sure support in the hour of calamity, than the energy of will born alone of the unconquered soul!

A new trial awaited Philippa; a tall figure wrapped in a mantle of the fashion worn by the priesthood, confronted her when about to move on this her last journey. She drew herself up with dignity as she addressed him.

"Is it to behold how his victims meet death that the noble Durazzo honors them with his presence? He may scarce expect from the weakness of female nature the iron nerve of his warriors."

"Nay, I am here," muttered the duke, in a tone as conciliatory as his haughty nature would permit, "I am here as your friend.—Nay, hear me out; my council can preserve you, even yet, from the death you are to die, and yon drooping dame from tortures more terrible than death."

The expression of sullen scorn on Philippa's speaking countenance, vanished into one of intense grief at the allusion to her granddaughter.

"Thou say'st well!" she cried; "a thousand deaths would I endure to free this lamb from the grasp of the wolf! I will endure thy counsel, aye, and thank thee, if it yield aid! Speak—what may be done?"

"Disclose the names of your accomplices in the matter," said Durazzo, slowly, and fixing his eyes on her face. "We won well the project thus conceived by a higher than thou; confess, and with thee and this lady all shall yet be well!"

The Catanese lifted her eyes to those of the duke gazing as though she would read his very soul—till his own quailed before their indignant flash! "God reward thee," said she, according to thy evil thought! And oh, may the Holy Virgin protect my royal mistress from thy base devisings!"

Durazzo felt his unholy purpose detected, stripped bare to the glance of virtuous abhorrence. He strove to cover his confusion beneath compassionate remonstrance. "Woman," he replied, "your hardihood cannot shield the guilty; confession will save yourself."

"How gracious is your highness!" re-

turned the victim with a contemptuous smile. "Who shall say that ought but princely compassion and clemency hath led the lofty Durazzo to parley with the condemned? Who shall say he shown not true zeal for the honor of his Queen whose realms he would inherit? Who shall say—"

"Your obstinacy be upon your own head!" said the duke, muttering as he strode away; but, returning almost immediately, he pointed to the half lifeless form of Sancha.

"Wilt thou cast away also *her* chance of safety? The young and the fair love not to part with life."

"Even to her," was the unmoved reply, "life would be worthless if bought by falsehood!" And the procession moved on.

It was, in truth, a moving spectacle to see that aged dame, whose years, even had she been less innocent, should have arrested the arm of vengeance—whose long services had won the affection of royal bosoms—who had seen nobles at her feet, and controlled by her influence the destinies of an empire,—dragged to an infamous death—taunted in her last hours by enemies and persecutors—yet silently enduring all, anxious only to shelter and sustain the fainting one beside her—and literally, to smoothe her passage to the grave! The rabble surrounding the car emulated each other in heaping coward insults on the head of the victim; dust was flung upon her as she passed; every tongue upbraided her and the execrations, and shouts of rejoicing over the downfall of the supposed sorcerers and murderers at times rose to a perfect yell and fury. It was often with difficulty the guard could open a way, so eagerly did the misguided populace throng to vent the rage that had been artfully roused among them.

There was one, however, who wept bitter and burning tears at the tidings of their fate; one who would have knelt humbly before the rudest of those rude ministers, and prayed, as for the boon of life, for permission to embrace for the last time the beloved sufferer; yet was that solace denied her! In agony of spirit that defied all consolation, in paroxysms of despair that terrified her attendants, Joanna paced the floor of her apartments the whole of that fatal night. Coldly, bitterly, she repelled the entreaties of her women—spurning every offer at relief—till the dreaded dawn brought to her ears the hateful shouts of the populace,—the din of preparation—the hoarse sound of the bells clanging the death-peal, followed by the ominous silence which told that the fearful tragedy was even then enacting! The revulsion of feeling overpowered her; prostrate on her couch she lay, the quick succession of convulsive sobs that burst from her bosom alone marking her sensibility to mental suffering. One by one the hours

passed; the occasional tramp of cavalry, as they swept along the street, would arouse her for a moment, to sink again into the delirium of wretchedness.

Meanwhile a work was wrought upon the shore—in the very smile of that lovely sky, the fairest the inhabitants of earth look upon—which caused the hearts of men to shudder, and blanched the boldest cheek even among the persecutors. It was done! the decrepit Philippa, racked by tortures that would have prostrated many a vigorous frame, and subdued many a manly spirit, but which had been powerless to extort a murmur from her lip, was borne towards the place of final execution. Sancha was not with her; the strength of the younger had sunk under the ghastly inflictions of her judges, and she had been withdrawn to be restored to life and sense to endure the last punishment for which the stake and the pile were ready! It may seem incredible, that in an age when "the gallantry of man in lovelier woman's cause" was carried to a pitch of devotion, when knightly honor and the virtues of justice and clemency were so widely lauded and boasted, and often practised in heroic deeds, that such barbarities could have been heaped on beings tenderly nurtured, whose charms and whose weakness constitute their acknowledged claim to the protection and gentleness of men. But so it was; the deeds of depravity which disgraced those times entitled them, more than any deficiency of knowledge, to the appellation of *the dark ages*. The sun of literature had arisen upon Italy; her proudest luminaries were then in their zenith, and the homage of mankind had already begun to distinguish her as pre-eminent in the noble arts. It was the moral world that was overspread with a deep and appalling gloom; in which principles and institutions were confounded and overwhelmed; a chaos wilder than that of the primitive elements. An imperfect illumination, like the struggling rays of twilight, was shed on the darkness by the spirit of chivalry while the precepts of Christianity, perverted and abused, were deprived of their legitimate power to soothe and relieve the ills of humanity. The noble then held his rank and rights by mere brute force; they depended on territorial possessions. The peer, whose vassals could to-day defend his strong hold, might to-morrow find himself unhonored, as well as landless; the companion in condition of the menial whom he had spurned. The instability of all things led to selfish and reckless ambition. The boundaries of kingdoms were insecure; rapine and violence took the place of law, and rude discord and insubordination were the consequence among all ranks. Human life, especially the life of an inferior, was valued at a cheap rate; and crimes passed

unpunished, nay, were boasted of, in which juster times would have banished the criminal from the brotherhood of men.

The effects of the tortures she had undergone were fearfully visible in the exhausted frame of Philippa. She leaned back helplessly on the sledge, her gray hair torn and matted with blood, or streaming in disorder; her white lips convulsed and covered with foam; the superhuman paleness of her features wildly contrasting with the fire that yet burned in her eyes, as she surveyed her tormentors with an expression of scorn and defiance that pain could not subdue. As they stopped at the foot of the scaffold—for the more merciful doom of the axe was vouchsafed to her who had reared their monarch in her arms—the bishop drew nigh in his official robes, his holy book open, and addressed the victim, to mock her with the offer of reprieve!

"Philippa of Catania! I repeat, as I have thrice done this day already, and for the last time the offer of mercy. Confess thy guilt; name thy accomplices; and in the name of the Queen, I give thee pardon, and space to repent in thy remaining days!"

Philippa looked up; there was a smile on her wan lips, the dews of death were already on her brow.

"Wilt thou accept mercy?" said the official, "or is yonder axe thy choice?"

"God will not suffer you," she said, in slow and feeble accents, "there to spill my blood, nor to wreak further cruelty on these exhausted limbs!"

"Sayest thou!" shouted the fierce Durazzo, riding up to the spot as he heard her reply. "*Capo di Dio!* doth she yet defy us! Speak, woman, or take thy leave of the sun's light!"

The voice of her cruel enemy roused the expiring energy of life in the bosom of the Catanese. "I will speak!" she cried—her tones suddenly changed from their former hollowness, now ringing loud and clear—"and He, Durazzo, who reads the depths of that unholy bosom, knows that I speak truth! I but pity you, hoary dotard! aye, and the deceived people whom thy satellites have wrought to frenzy—of thee, Charles of Durazzo, will the innocent blood be required! The spirit of prophecy is upon me! As thou hast wrought with the sword, so shall thou perish by the sword! Not in the ranks of battle—not in the glory of conflict—but in the hour of trust, in the embrace of courtesy—by treachery, foul as thyself hast devised! by menial hands—dishonored and unrevenged! For her whose holy innocence thou wouldst dare wrong, whose name thou wouldst blacken—clear as yon radiant sun shall her frame shine to the eyes of men, when thou, duke, liest in the dust!"

"Wretched sorceress!" cried Durazzo:—

"to the block with her!" and his soldiers rushed to execute his commands, but started back when they came nigh, as if struck by a spell. She was already dead! That flash of her ancient spirit was the last; yet, though her life had departed, the frame was still upright; the right arm she had stretched upwards in the vehemence of her anathema was still erect, as if appealing for its confirmation to that immortal Judge to whom belongeth vengeance, and whose wrath, like a flaming fire, "shall devour the wicked!"

Disappointment, doubt, superstitious fear, racked by turns the breast of the fierce noble. Slowly he left the ground, for he felt that his work had been in vain; from that hour all he could win must be won by blood. And determination as stern, but how far nobler than his own, was borne in another spirit. Joanna cast from that hour from her heart the abused softness, the lacerated feelings which had till now caused the woman to predominate over the Queen; the careless gayety, the youthful vivacity, the childish trust henceforward were to be strangers to her bosom; the soil of her best affections, a bleak and melancholy waste; life stripped of the golden radiance of hope, she was henceforth no more to dream of uniting the happiness of the individual with the duty of the sovereign. The sun of her morning, which had ridden forth so proudly in a smiling heaven, was buried in the cold gloom of premature twilight; a sullen darkness heralded the thunders that were ere long to roll, and the lightnings that were to flash, luridly and deadly, "between the day-god and its scattered worshippers."

For the Ladies' Garland.

LINES TO —.

I'll give on thy page the fond pledge of my heart,
Friendship's effusions, offering sincere;
Thou'st woven the heart-chain that never can part,
Or weaken so long as thy smile can endear.

May the feeling be ours which truth has impress,
That forgets not in moments of pain;
Nor stills the affections, nor seals up the breast,
Till flashes of mirth can wake them again.

Not that friendship be ours that shines but in calm,
Like a star when the sky is serene;
But be it that feeling that lives e'er the same
Through life, shining on through its gloomiest scene.

Each cord of my heart breathes a feeling as dear,
As the touches of virtue can wake;
Be the cement that binds us, sympathy's tear,
And distant the day when this union shall break.

A VIRGINIAN.

For the Ladies' Garland.

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

Dear object of my love, my care,
 My never ceasing, tender thought,
 And art thou gone? no more to share
 With me a world with sorrows fraught!

'Tis like a dream, that I no more
 Shall view the face I view'd so long;
 But O, shall I thy loss deplore?
 May Heaven forbid a wish that's wrong

Remembrance, ever busy, now
 Reminds me of thy infant form;
 It tells of sprightliness, and how
 Thy cheeks once glow'd with beauty warm.

Sickness and sorrow, since that day,
 Had spoil'd thy mirth, and dimm'd thine eye;
 But time can never wear away
 From memory's view thy parting sigh.

No cloud of gloom obscured thy brow,—
 Thy beaming eye shone bright on me;
 'Twas Mercy's hand! my spirit, bow,
 Ascribing all the praise to Thee!

Dear sufferer! in the lowly tomb
 Thy fragile form reposes now,
 Beneath the soil where flow'rets bloom,
 Where the soft gales of evening blow.

Thy ransom'd soul, I trust, has found
 A home of rest where sorrows cease;
 Pardon'd in mercy by that wound
 Whence flows the healing balm of peace.

In His redeeming love I trust,
 To Him I can thy soul resign;
 I yield thy body to the dust,
 Dear HANNAH! now no longer mine.

I dare not grieve; but O, my heart!
 It feels what I can ne'er express;
 Do thou, O Lord, thy grace impart
 To cheer my days of loneliness.

I bless thy all-sustaining power,
 I thank thee that thou heard'st my cry,
 And shed o'er life's expiring hour,
 A presage of deliverance nigh.

O never, never from this day,
 May my poor heart distrust thy care;
 Thy love is boundless as thy away,
 O let me find a refuge there!

Father of love! to thee I come,
 And ask for wings of faith, to rise
 Beyond this sad and lonely home,
 To seek a fairer in the skies.

Thou know'st my wants, thou know'st them well,
 Thou know'st I would this will resign;
 Thou know'st beyond what I can tell,
 How much I languish to be thine.

I ask thy help, for His dear sake,
 Who died upon the cross for me;
 O! give me grace the path to take,
 Dear Lamb! that leads to peace and thee.

Philadelphia. ELIZABETH.

ELLEN MOORE.

"There hung the hopes of thousands."—*Idon.*

"The beautiful—the beautiful
 Are faded from our track,
 We miss them—and we mourn them,
 But cannot lure them back:
 For an iron sleep hath bound them
 In its passionate embrace;
 We may weep—but cannot win them
 From their dreary resting place.

My story is brief; it will not detain you long; stop and hear it. I shall have to omit many instances and events, but your fruitful imagination will supply them better than my pen.

ELLEN MOORE was sixteen. She was an only daughter, and beautiful as the spirit of a dream. Nurtured among pious friends, her heart was a stranger to guile. All who knew her, loved her.

WILLIAM LEIGHTON was a young man of high promise, and high hopes. He was alike the ornament and the idol of the society in which he moved. Honor seemed waiting but for his approach to drop her brightest wreath. He was the pride of his native village. Having been brought up near Ellen, he became ardently attached to her. So were all. His attachment soon ripened into love. It was reciprocated. He wooed and won the beautiful girl. They were married. Who but wished them happiness? None.

How short are the periods of enjoyment! They pass away like the morning dew. A few months had gone, and William left his young bride and started for the far west—there to find a home, and build him up a name; there to reap a golden reward for the many years of tedious study and toil which he had spent to prepare himself to enter the arena of life. He arrived there in safety. Every thing promised success. He wrote to Ellen that in one month he should be with her. She received the letter, and anxiously counted the long days that intervened his coming. The time elapsed, and full of gayety and love he started on his return. Hope, what art thou!—nothing.

Let us look on board the steamer in which he has embarked. She is strong and new, and seems safe as a rock. She starts! On—on she wends her way with the fleetness of the hurricane. She seems to spring from her element. With what fearful and increasing speed she shoots by the successive headlands, and fades away in the distance from each, all seeming but the work of a moment. Around her the water is a sheet of foam.—Above, a cloud of flame and smoke flashes from her reeling chimneys. She dashes through the parting waves, like some mighty monster of the deep. Her decks swarm with

life—are noisy with the hum of mirth and hilarity. God protect her inmates.

She nears a city—the Queen of the West. She pauses for a new addition to her freight of human beings. Look on board of her now. There is youth—yes! the young and beautiful are there, with their lofty aspirations—their longings for fame—their anticipation of a long life and a happy. There is manhood, with its plans matured—with its experience and knowledge. There is age, too—old age, with its hoary locks and palsied limbs; with its piety, its hope of rest; with its filmy eyes peering almost o'er the bounds of time into eternity.

There is Woman—tender and confiding woman, soon expecting to meet some dear child, or partner of life. There are fathers, children, from the dependance and support and love of a family rests. There are mothers, and their children are now crying for them. There are brothers, sisters, friends, all endeared to some on earth by the tender ties of our nature. All these are congregated on board that floating castle. All these are breathing, hoping, loving and beloved.

Slowly revolve the wheels. She moves.—See how gracefully she sits upon the water, decked with her flags and gaudy pennons.

Hark! That crash. Alas! alas!—the beautiful fabric has vanished. Nought is seen but a cloud of smoke and steam hanging over the place, where a moment since was so much life. Nought is heard but the pattering and splash of the falling fragments, and the echo of the explosion, reverberating among the distant hills. Where now are the hopes, where the beloved and beautiful? Like the vapor which arose from the wreck, they have faded away. They are no more for ever.—Age, manhood, youth, fathers, mothers, children, all that a moment since thronged those decks, the centre of hopes the most exalted, love the most pure, friendship the dearest, are now—in eternity!

William, too, and all his enterprises, his schemes of ambition, and his affections and life, were in that one short moment made nothing. How narrow is the space dividing us from another state of existence! How brittle is the thread that holds us from the tomb!—When and where we consider it the strongest, it is snapped, and we are numbered with those that lived before the flood!

I was with Ellen when the news of his death first reached her. She spake not—a shudder passed over her frame, and she fell senseless into the arms of her mother. She was never herself again.

A few months flew by, and I sat by her bed-side. Upon her cheek the hectic rose of consumption was blooming. Her eyes

beamed with an expression and brilliancy that made her look lovelier, if possible, than ever. Beautiful being!—she was fast leaving us.

Her friends were gathered around her.—With kind words, and a parting hand to each, she took her leave of them. Then with a calm look toward heaven, and with the sweet smile of a dying Christian, she murmured, 'Father, I am resigned'—and her spirit passed away.

Hope, what art thou? She points upward. 'There they meet again.'

We reared a stone to her memory. Its inscription is all that tells the passing stranger where rests the remains of the beautiful and beloved ELLEN MOORE.

For the Ladies' Garland

THE SCHOOL-BOY SPOT.

BY M. A. TOWNSEND.

— "and dear the school-boy spot,
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot."

BYRON.

'Tis a holy spot—for there have past
Those hours of bright and careless joy;
And ne'er can cold oblivion blast
The days that fled without alloy.
There on that green and sunny hill,
The hours of youth fled sweetly on;
And oft will memory fondly trace
Those happy scenes forever gone.
And oft on Fancy's sportive wing
I soar to that dear sacred spot;
To hear the Robin sweetly sing
'Mid wildwoods ne'er to be forgot.
'Twas beautiful when morn awoke
Upon the dew-bespangled lea;
And when the sun with golden light,
Came smiling from the rosy sea;
O, then 'twas sweet to roam among
Those flowery hills and ivy bowers,
To listen as the wild bird sung
Her anthem to the golden hours.
And when the limpid stream was bright,
With silver moonbeams sparkling o'er,
O! then 'twas bliss—'twas deep delight,
To trip along that flowery shore.

HAPPINESS.—An eminent modern writer beautifully says, "The foundation of *domestic happiness*, is faith in the virtue of a woman; the foundation of *political happiness*, is confidence in the integrity of man; the foundation of all happiness, *temporal* and *eternal*, is reliance on the goodness of God.

From the experience of others, do thou learn wisdom, and from their feelings correct thine own fault

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.



"Ye worshippers of glory, who outlive the earth in blood,
And launch proud names for an after age upon the crimson flood—
Pause in your march of terror! who hevers o'er your path?
Madness, despair, and death await, the conflict gathering wrath."

"O could ye taste the mirth ye mar, ye conquerors!"

DYMOND, in his truly valuable *Essays on the Principles of Morality*, a book which ought to be in the hands of every reader, has very properly devoted a chapter to the subject of war. It is treated in a most forcible and lucid manner. The principle he sets down is, that it is incompatible with the Christian religion, and consequently opposed to the welfare and happiness of mankind. It is truly an overshadowing evil; it is a monster that has convulsed the world, and filled it with tears, and misery, and blood. Above we give an engraving, said to be a representation of the battle of Waterloo, so important in its consequences.* ERASMUS says that "those who defend war, must necessarily defend the *dispositions* that lead to war, and these dispositions are absolutely forbidden by the gospel." Here, then, in the prevalence of gospel truth and influence, we have the great and effectual panacea to this mighty disease, the world's great calamity. The opinion of all, or nearly all, the good and great, is against the practice. In the whole sad picture of war, there is scarcely one redeeming feature. It presents nothing but a catalogue of wretchedness and crime. But may we not reasonably hope that in the spread of correct principles—in the diffusion of knowledge, the love of peace will be fostered, and war and its concomitant evils receive an effectual check. We think so. And we believe that the day is not far distant when peace with angel wing shall overspread our world—when the discordant and tumultuous passions of our nature shall be so far subdued and corrected by the pervading influence of justice and humanity, that legalized and wholesale murder shall not be resorted to. But some may object, and say with a late writer, that the world hath not yet learned the song that the angels sang at the advent of the Messiah. We admit it, but we ask, is it not strange that the harmony of heaven should jar so upon human ears!—stranger yet that they who have known the baptism of the Spirit, should have no heart to join in the angel-anthem,—"*Peace on earth, good will to man.*" When will this fearful inconsistency end? Not while ambition stalks like a demon over earth, crushing the grass and the grain, and blighting bud and blossom. Not while the fierce yell of havoc rings out upon the air, and the fetlocks of his horses drip with blood and brains hoof-pressed from the dying and the dead. Not while power builds his throne of human skulls, cementing the horrid fabric with blood

* For an account of this sanguinary battle, see *Ladies' Garland*, Vol. I. page 137.

and tears. The red rain of battle shall beat upon many a field, and the half-gorged vulture shall sit full often at his awful feasts, daintily seeking living eyes as they look their last to heaven—widows shall bend in still despair over their fireless and joyless hearths, and orphans shall call for their slaughtered sires, but call in vain. War triumphing in evil shall walk abroad, staining the green earth with gore—and garments shall be rolled in blood—and yet the “disciples of the Prince of Peace will slumber on! nay, they will be active participators in the wrong, giving the continual lie to their professions.”

Think not this picture too highly colored. The earth is waxing old in crime; and the end is not yet. Still all should be done to stay this overshadowing evil; this can only be accomplished by inculcating in the minds of the rising generation those wholesome truths, those principles of peace, those divine precepts, which are so eminently calculated to promote the welfare of the individual, and when carried out to their legitimate extent, the good of the community. And here it is that the mighty influence of the female sex may, if concert of action be secured, be brought to bear on this all important point. Let the ladies of Columbia, the land most favored of all nations, set an example to their sisters in every civilized country. Mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, here is a field sufficiently extensive and inviting for the exercise of all your energies—engage heartily in a cause deserving all your sympathies, and worthy of your best exertions. Begin early and persevere with those little immortals confided to your care; instil into their tender minds the principles of peace. If this was pursued with all, a nation would rise up, deeply imbued with a spirit of peace and righteousness; and peace and national happiness would dwell within all its borders. And what would be the effect produced on other nations by intercourse with one so highly favored? Would not its influence be seen, and felt, and acknowledged? Would it not produce, in a good degree, a like elevated tone of moral feeling? In the wide diffusion of the principles of universal peace and philanthropy, the female sex is most deeply interested. Let them begin the good work by exercising that influence they possess in favor of the principles of peace and holiness, pursue it with a steady purpose, and war eventually shall cease, and peace prevail throughout the world.

Bishop Taylor says, it is impossible to make people understand their own ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it, and therefore he that can perceive it, hath it not.

THE CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

There is something of moral sublimity in that unbending firmness with which we see the virtuous man struggling with the storm, and triumphing with the panoply of his religion. It is easy to be resigned to suffering ere the thunder has yet burst over our heads:—but in the strength of religion to wrestle with the power of the destroyer; amid the darkness below to fix the steady eye on the eternal light above; as link after link is broken from the chain of our earthly hopes, to feel the heart clinging more closely to those which are not of this world; to stand alone upon the shores of life, and see the last plank amid the wreck swept from beneath our feet, yet supported on the Rock of ages; to feel the eternal hope deepening and strengthening but more intensely within us; this is to *practice* that hardest lesson, “Thy will be done.”

A few years since, I resided in the neighborhood of a venerable friend. A clergyman, and residing in the heart of the country, his life glided away like the summer stream in the quiet sunshine of tranquil affection. The cloud had, indeed, at times, come over it, but it had passed away. He had bowed to the hand that had laid his hopes in the dust; and when the bitter cup was removed, he had drank consolation from the fountains of everlasting life. One by one, the friends of his youth, and the children of his hopes, had dropped away, and left him almost alone. Yet one remained, who was all the world to him. Often have I heard him bless God that when the voice of his rebuke was heard, he had spared her, who now in the freshness of her beauty was ever at his side.

It was the close of the Sabbath. In the calm twilight of a summer's evening I sat listening to the conversation of my friend. Near us sat his wife, and opposite his daughter; her hand clasped in his, to whom, the next day, it was to be pledged “for joy and for sorrow.” The deep and beautiful serenity that pervaded nature, as it lay stretched before us in the quiet moonlight, seemed to communicate itself to our own hearts. The hills, the rocks, and the trees, lay sleeping in the clear light; while their deep shadows, concealing the rough points of the scene, marked but more strongly its beauty. Our very conversation was carried on in suppressed tones, as if fearful of disturbing the Sabbath stillness around. Allured by the beauty of the evening, the young couple walked out together, to pour forth the fullness of their hearts in the secret sanctuary of nature.

“We shall see you to-morrow,” said my friend as I rose to take my leave. “Yes,” added his wife, “Annette expects you to-

morrow. On this occasion she wishes the presence of her old and early friends." I accepted the invitation.

The next morning dawned as clear as the preceding evening had promised. As I walked out to enjoy its freshness, I met my friend. "Annette is ill," said he. "She exposed herself to the damp and dews in her walk last evening, and is now threatened with fever." It proved more than a threat. A violent fever had seized upon her. Night after night, and hour after hour, her mother sat at her bedside, watching the progress of the disease, ministering to her wants, and, the hardest task of all, wearing a smiling face, lest the increasing despondency of her own heart should alarm her child.

There is something of sublimity in this trait of female character—this deep, enduring tenderness of a mother's love. With man, even when the object is one of his deepest and dearest regard, there is a limit beyond which he cannot pass; when exhausted nature *will* claim repose; when the weary frame *will* sink, and the drooping eyelid close. It is in this moment of weakness that woman first puts forth her strength;—that the frame so feeble and delicate as to shrink before the breeze, and bow beneath the dewdrop, rises at once in its deep, strong energy;—through nights of watching, and days of despair, unbent by fatigue without, unsubdued by the bitterness within—offering the language of hope amid the hidden anguish of an aching heart, anguish more deep, more bitter, because it may not be uttered—turning in for strength and support to the inexhaustible fountains of her own deep affection—and with the fabled devotion of the pelican, nourishing her offspring again from the warm lifeblood of her own self-sacrificing heart.

Meanwhile, triumphing over every remedy, the deadly disease went on. None but they who have witnessed it, can picture the intense earnestness with which the anxious mother watched the countenance of the physician; while day after day he felt the almost fluttering pulse, as if in his eye she could read the fiat of life or death; and none but they who have felt it, can tell the sinking, sickening of the heart, as that inquiring look, read but too plainly, "there is no hope." But Annette was not deceived; and though she long forbore to allude to her situation, lest she should add to the distress of her friends, she at length ventured to speak freely. "It is not," she said, addressing the three individuals who were dearest to her, "it is not so hard to die. I know my Redeemer liveth, and that the silken tie is not severed forever." "For you," she said, addressing her lover, "you will not forget *her* memory, who to the last will so love *yours*. Death seals the

vow, that our hearts and our lips but pledged; and though we meet not as we would have met, we are in the hands of Him who judgeth wisely. You should have been a son to my parents; for my sake be so still. They will soon be childless. If you love my memory, love them." Then addressing her parents—"If in the course of life I have sometimes erred, and who has not? if I have ever cost you a pang, or a tear, forgive me. I do not ask you sometimes to think of your child; I fear you will remember her but too well. But be not unhappy—remember we meet again."

When I called the next morning to inquire after her health, I was received at the door by her father. He took my hand in silence, and leading me to an apartment, pointed to a coffin. It bore the name and age of his daughter. I watched the expression of his countenance, and his lip quivered, and his voice faltered as he said, "she has left us now, but God's will be done." His emotion was but momentary; and he again stood in calm and dignified composure at my side. I regarded him with astonishment and reverence. Friend after friend had gone; hope after hope had withered; the strong link that had grappled his spirit to the earth, was now broken; and he stood unbent by the storm that had laid his last earthly hope in the dust. His soul seemed to rise in its strength as affliction weighed more heavily on it—to tower in its majesty above the darkness below, to dwell in the light of its eternal hopes, as the mountain lifts its head above the clouds below, into the pure light above.

There is something peculiarly sad in thus visiting the deserted places of those whom we love; every object awakening anew some melancholy remembrances, calling up the bitter and unutterable groan from the silent sanctuary within. In one place lay Annette's work, another her chair; here her music, there her books; and when we sat down in the lonely apartment, how strongly did that very loneliness remind us, that here was indeed the deepest solitude—the solitude of desolate and broken hearts. Alas! the chain of affection clings but more closely to us, when its last link binds us to the grave.

The mother was the grief of a mother. The lover was calm and tranquil—but it was the calmness of despair. When we had arrived at the churchyard, we alighted. The mother, with the yearnings of a mother's heart, would descend into the tomb to see where her child was laid. I saw her involuntarily grasp the arm of an assistant, as the coffin was slightly turned to facilitate its entrance, as if fearing it would disturb her child. That repose, alas! was too deep to be broken. Her lover followed.

Her father alone seemed unsubdued by the blow. Strong in the practice of the faith he had preached, the polar star of his hopes was on high. And though the pale cheek and faltering voice proclaimed at times that the spirit was wrestling with the strong feelings of nature, they served but as a more beautiful comment on that religion, which could so extract its bitterness from the sting of death; and never did that humble prayer, "Thy will be done," flow from a sincerer spirit, than from that of that childless man. In the hour of trial he had applied his heart unto wisdom. So teach me to number my days.

Under the beautiful shade of a large elm, is the tomb where Annette reposes. Years have now elapsed, and wild flowers and sweet-briar have sprung on the spot. There the shrubs are distilling the morning dews; the flowers are breathing their fragrance, and the wild rose is shedding its leaves, and tears of affection and respect still consecrate the holy ground.

PASSAGES IN HUMAN LIFE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

In my daily walks into the country, I was accustomed to pass a certain cottage. It was no cottage *orne*—it was no cottage of romance. It had nothing particularly picturesque about it. It had its little garden, and its vine spreading over its front; but beyond these it possessed no feature to fix it in the mind of the poet, or a novel writer, and which might induce him to people it with beings of his own fancy. In fact it appeared to be inhabited by persons as little extraordinary as itself. A good man of the house it might possess, but he was never visible. The only inmates that I ever saw, were a young woman and another female in the wane of life, no doubt the mother.

The damsel was a comely, fresh, mild looking cottage girl enough—always seated in one spot—near the window, intent upon her needle. The old dame was as regularly busied, to and fro, in household affairs. She appeared one of those good *sewivies*, who never dream of rest except in sleep. The cottage stood so near the road, that the fire at the farther end of the room, showed you without being rudely inquisitive, the whole interior, in the single moment of passing.

A clean hearth and cheerful fire shining upon homely but neat and orderly furniture, spoke of comfort; but whether the dame enjoyed, or merrily diffused that comfort, was a problem.

I passed the house many successive days. It was always alike, the fire shining brightly

and peacefully—the girl seated at her post by the window—the housewife going to and fro, catering and contriving, dusting and managing.

One morning as I went by, there was a change; the dame was seated near her daughter, her arms laid upon the table, and her head upon her arms. I was sure that it was sickness which had compelled her to that attitude of repose—nothing less could have done it. I felt that I knew exactly the poor woman's feelings. She had felt a weariness stealing upon her—she wondered at it, and bore up hoping it would pass by—till loath as she was to yield, it had forced submission.

The next day, when I passed, the room appeared as usual—the fire burning pleasantly, the girl at her needle, but the mother was not to be seen, and on glancing my eye upward I perceived the blind close drawn in the window above. It is so, said I to myself, disease is in its progress. Perhaps it occasions no gloomy fear of consequences, no extreme concern—and yet who knows how it may end! It is thus that begin those changes that draw out the central bolt which holds together families—which steal away our fire-side faces and lay waste our affections.

I passed by day after day. The scene was the same—the fire burning, the hearth beaming clean and cheerful, but the mother was not to be seen;—the blind was still drawn above.

At length I missed the girl—and in her place appeared another woman bearing considerable resemblance to the mother, but of a queerer habit. It was easy to interpret *this* change: disease had assumed an alarming aspect—the daughter was occupied in intense watchings, and care for the suffering mother—and the good woman's sister had been summoned to her bedside, perhaps from a distant spot, and perhaps from her family cares; which a no less important event could have induced her to elude.

Thus appearances continued some days. There was a silence around the house, and an air of neglect within it, till, one morning, I beheld the blind drawn in the room below, and the window thrown open above. The scene was over—the mother was removed from her family, and one of those great changes effected in human life which commences with so little observation, but leave behind such lasting effects.

The true economy of housekeeping is simply the art of gathering up all the fragments of time, as well as of materials, so that nothing be lost.

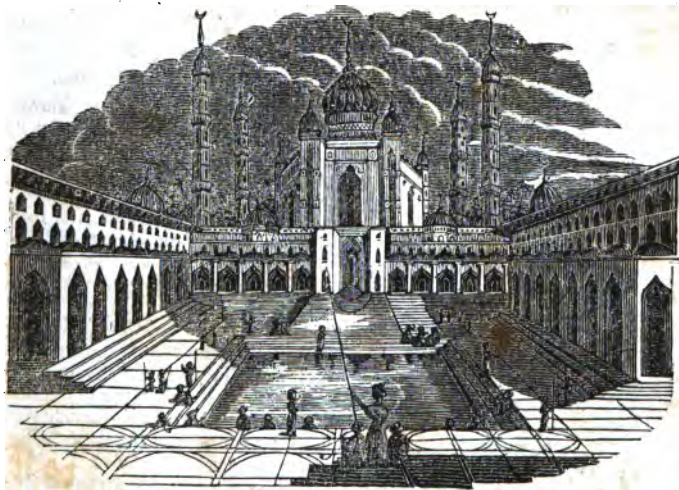
Unite care with diligence.

Care preserves what industry gains.

INTERIOR VIEW OF ORFAH FROM A TERRACE.



ORFAH, a town of Asiatic Turkey, in the province of Diarbekir, is supposed by some to have been the *Ur* of the Chaldees. The Greeks give it the name of the *Edessa*; and in honor of Antiochus it was called *Antiochia*; which was distinguished from others of the same name, by the famous fountain Callirhoe, and denominated *Antiocha ad Callirhoen*. Orfah is built upon two hills, and upon the valley between them, at the south-west corner of a fine plain, rendered more beautiful by the rocky mountainous parts that surround it. It



Mosque of Abraham.

is about three miles in circuit, encompassed by ancient walls, and defended by square towers. On the north side is a deep fosse, and the castle stands on a hill to the south. Although the town is not well laid out, parts of it are well built. Its chief beauty consists in some fine springs, that rise between the two hills, and even in the walls of the city. The ascent to

the castle is very steep, and on three sides of it there is a deep fosse. It is half a mile in circumference, and has two Corinthian pillars, the capitals of which are admired; the columns consist of twenty-six stones, each about one foot six inches thick. They are probably the remains of a portico belonging to some large temple. According to tradition the throne of Nimrod stood on these pillars. It is certain, however, that Timur Bec erected some trophies on them.

On the bank of this lake stands the *Mosque of Abraham*, the most splendid and regular edifice of the kind in Asiatic Turkey. It is a square building, surmounted by three domes, and a lofty minaret rising from amidst a grove of tall cypresses. Every place of consequence in the city bears some relation to the name of Abraham. The inhabitants are well-bred, polite and tolerant, and the place is said to be the most agreeable residence in all the Turkish dominions.

Orfah is the residence of a pacha, who commands not only the greatest part, if not the whole of Macedonia, but a considerable tract of country to the west of it, as far as Antab. As it is the great thoroughfare into Persia, it carries on an immense trade. The Armenian Christians, of whom there is a considerable number, have two churches, one in the city and another near it, in the latter of which they show the tomb of a great saint whom they call Ibrahim, and who was probably Ephraim Syrus, formerly deacon of Edessa. The surrounding country is fertile in corn and fruit. This town was first taken by the Saracens in 1087; retaken by the Christians in 1097, and in 1142 it was seized by the Turks, who have ever since retained possession of it. Population about 100,000.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

MY BROTHER.

I.

THE BIRTH.

It was a lovely morning in May, and the sun shone through the interstices of my latticed window with its brightest splendor, I awoke from a restless sleep, to be cheered by the brightening face of nature. The dew-drops hung sparkling from the little flowers my own hand had nurtured under my window. The little linnet from his wiry prison in the old hall poured his blithest lay, while the music of the merry songsters without, filled the quiet air of morning with the wildest melody. Every object wore a pleasant aspect; and why, I thought, should I not share in the general joy? A vague and indistinct recollection of what had transpired the night

past, impressed me with the belief that one of my fondest wishes was about to be realized. I had been an only child, and every thing conducive to my comfort and happiness was bestowed upon me by indulgent parents; but for all this I felt lonely. I could not rear my flowers, or perform any other puerile employment, because there was no one to *share* with me. There was to me a chasm which could only be filled up by the presence of a brother or a sister. This was my sole thought by night and day; but when I awoke this morning, I felt convinced that something had occurred beyond the ordinary course of household affairs. I was about rising to dress myself, and ascertain the truth of my surmises, when the door gently opened and the old nurse entered, bearing one of the sweetest cherubs that eyes ever looked upon. I sprang from my bed in the ecstasy of the moment—pressed its beating bosom to my own,—

"And felt in that long, fond embrace,
'Twere sin to make us part."

O, I was so happy. A little brother! He should join in all my amusements, said I to myself; and my mind pictured glowingly the bright moments of bliss which childhood only experiences. I recall them at this distant day as *oases* in the desert of life. I felt a new existence then, and I could say in the language of another,—

"The summer webs that float and shine,
The summer dews that fall;
Though light they be, this heart of mine
Is lighter than them all."

II

THE CHRISTENING.

As was customary in our family, the next evening we had what is termed a "Christening party." All the beauty and fashion of our village were present to take part in the ceremony. I arranged my toilet with the most scrupulous exactness, and took as much pains as possible to appear well. My heart throbbed with the wildest delight. Every thing appeared happy to me because I was so! How different are my feelings now! Age subdues the heartless levity of youth, and the erratic mind becomes sobered to a sense of reality. The more we advance in years, the more studious we become to the advancement of our interests, and many incidents connected with our younger days appear foolish; but we can forgive all in a *child*!

The company were arranged in order, and the infant brought in. The one at the head first took the child and kissed it, at the same time putting a beautiful chain of beads around its neck. It was then passed to the next, and so through the whole assembly—each

one bestowing upon it some present. Some twined a wreath of flowers around its head, others fastened rings upon his fingers, or a brooch upon his breast. I never saw so lovely a creature as that child, when its father took it to his arms. Decked as it was in all the finery of which the most wealthy could boast, it seemed more the habitant of a brighter and a better world, than this frail earth. Names were suggested and discarded, until my mother sent in word, being still confined to her bed, that she had hit upon a name, which, if it met with the universal approbation, should be decided upon. It was *Augustus*—a common name; but it sounded sweet to me then! Even now it seems to linger upon my lips as with a spell. All liked the name, and my father accordingly proclaimed it christened. The company then repaired to an adjoining room, and we all sat down to a delicious repast. The principal conversation at table was concerning the little hero; all were loud in its praise, but none more enthusiastic than myself. I felt that it was childish in me, but who has not experienced the same feeling? All who have passed the sunny days of childhood beneath a father's roof, surrounded by brothers and sisters, happy in their innocence, can appreciate my enjoyments at that time, when I looked forward with hope and joy to the *future*. I was dead to the present, save of the existence of that one being.

The repast being over, the company dispersed one by one to their several homes, and all became quiet throughout the house. The subject of the meeting was delivered to its joyful mother, and I retired to rest that night with a blither step and more buoyant heart than I had ever before known.

III.

THE BUDDING FLOWER.

When our time passes in pleasure, we take no note of the swiftness of its flight; and many things that claim our attention, are passed unheeded by. It was so with me. I could have employed my leisure hours in instilling into that young heart the principles of a divine religion. But I confess I had never experienced a regeneration myself. I taught *Augustus* when he first lisped, to pronounce my name. It thrilled through my frame to hear it! Our parents observed the affection I had for the child, and strengthened the link by their own gentle admonitions. But a stronger than earthly tie bound us indissolubly together. Our child was taken sick, and although the disease was not very alarming, yet it set me to thinking. It was well for me that my course was checked in ~~some~~ measure. I had never thought of the *parting hour*, which was eventually to come. I had not thought of our bright moments being

marred by anguish and pain; but I was taught to consider that an Omnipotent arm sheltered us both, and could withdraw us from life at his will. Yet my brother survived and my happiness returned.

He now began to walk, and he soon learned to prattle the little nursery songs that I taught him. I felt happier than ever at this achievement. I conducted him to all the haunts I once frequented alone; taught him to rear flowers, to feed the linnet, and assist in all the childish pastimes I had before indulged in. How sweetly he would rest his blue eye upon me when I seated him in his little carriage, and drew him around the gravel walks! There was all beauty and loveliness in his damask cheek and ruby lip; the beauty seemed to increase with years. I often thought that frail flower too delicate to live. The breath of a heartless world seemed to contaminate him, and I shuddered at the fantasy my mind conjured up, when his fine open countenance, so expressive of love, innocence, and truth, rested on me. In hearing his merry laugh, and witnessing his gambols upon the grass-plot in front of the house, my mind was gradually relieved of its load of evil presentiment.

IV.

THE PASTIME.

Three years passed over our heads since *Augustus* was born, in one varied round of heartfelt enjoyment to me. The rest of my existence was a blank. A new era seemed to have commenced with his birth. It was like a continued serene sky, unsullied, save at some moments of reflection, by a passing cloud. His annual birthday celebration had passed and the winter months were approaching. This would suspend our out-door amusements for a season, and I began to look about me for some agreeable recreation in which to spend the long evenings. I had been allowed by our parents to decide heretofore in such matters, but here father interposed. He thought to blend instruction with enjoyment, that I should read and learn my brother chapters in the Bible, that the truths contained therein might be early impressed on his mind. This I found beneficial for us both. Young as I then was, I felt the truth of what I read; and it is with pleasure I revert to that season when the light of religion, which was of so much solace to me in after years, dawned upon me. To render what we learned more explicit, father explained it to us; and I think I spent my time more happily then than I ever did before. *Augustus* learned to read very fast; and we expected the next spring to go hand in hand to school; but that time he never lived to see. O, that I should have to write what must follow! Exposure to the

air brought on a severe cold—lightly at first—but it soon grew into a raging fever, which confined him at once to his bed: My little story now goes in a different strain. Nothing but sorrow and a brooding melancholy employs my pen for the future.

V.

THE DEPARTURE.

The fever was at its height. The glassy eye—the hectic flush upon that cheek—the shrunken lip—all were symptoms of approaching dissolution. What a difference in the aspect of all did that one event occasion! Before, each inmate wore a smiling countenance—there was nothing to pervert our enjoyment; but now the rooms were darkened—servants conversed in whispers—and all was still and solemn silence, save an occasional moan from the sufferer in moments of pain, and this pierced to my heart; but he was not always thus. There were moments when he could have died with the calmness of a taper, when it flickers faintly in the socket—now light—now nearly imbecile—until it sinks slowly away, never to return, and shrouding all in gloom. The doctors came, shook their heads, and said he could not live, and went away again. Hope was gone to all save me. I would never despair while that heart beat responsive to my own. I had not been allowed to enter his room before; but a moment of suspension from pain came on, and I entered. I was struck at the ghastliness of his features. A few short weeks ago, he was in the vigor of health—the May morning of life—and buoyant in the sunshine of hope; but a change had passed over those livid features. As I approached, he raised his hand as if beckoning towards me. I seized it—it was parched with a scorching heat, and I started at the fervor with which his bony hand clenched my own. “Sister,” said he, and the same placid expression was on his countenance that I had often remarked—“Sister, you must not weep when I leave you, for I shall go to that bright world you have frequently told me about, and we shall meet again there. There will be no sorrow—no pain—no dying there—all will be eternally happy in the presence of the Almighty. If you wish to recall me to your memory, go to my grave and read its inscription; it will teach you that *all* must die. Farewell—I am going—I feel my pulse cease to beat—my eyes are dizzy—farewell.” The night of the dying made me frantic—I rushed from the room in a delirium; since then I could recollect nothing. Weeks and weeks my life was threatened with dissolution. I was upon the very brink of the grave; but an unseen arm snatched me from death, and I

survived. The funeral obsequies were long since passed—the dust had been consigned to its resting place—and I was *alone*!

VI.

THE GRAVE.

As soon as my weak state would allow, I hastened to the silent churchyard. A mound of freshly moulded earth, with a plain marble slab, bearing the words “*Hic jacet Augustus*,” in Latin characters, plainly told where slumbered those blessed remains.—The grave stood apart from the many spacious tombs the place contained; there was no ostentatious display about it, which made me the more admire its simplicity. I had learned to reason calmly. I could look upon that grave and not shed tears. I acknowledged it was foolish in me, but my naturally sensitive disposition could not withstand the buffetings of adversity. The little one who here reposed, had taught me to resist affliction; and my temper has so much changed since then, that I can look upon death with a tearless eye.—I thank Heaven for the lesson which his departure has taught me. I found religion more than ever a comforter. When I remembered his parting words—and they were the last that were uttered—my devotion for him made me more than ever seek its solace; and I felt sensibly the truth of the remark that “Religion’s all.” Yes, it is indeed all. It is our joy in affliction, our guide in misfortune, and our support through life. It will carry us through the dark valley of the shadow of death unscathed.

The flowers he helped me to rear were just opening their delicate leaves, as a charming spring had then set in, and I immediately transplanted them to the head of his grave, while a long branched weeping willow waved at his feet. Years have passed into the silent lap of oblivion, but at each returning spring I have nurtured these frail relics of the departed. In the deep hush of midnight, when the eyes of all men are closed in sleep, and the pale moon and her starry gems look silently down, I have retired to the churchyard, while my humble orison to a divine Redeemer arose, a sad, yet feeling tribute to the memory of MY BROTHER.

CELIA.

The person who promises himself success without endeavors, or despairs at the sight of difficulties, is always disappointed; but, on the contrary, he who is indefatigable, succeeds even beyond his expectations.

Habits of industry or idleness contracted and becoming habitual in early life, seldom leave us.

Doubt those who do not strictly comply with their engagements.

BEAUTIES OF SALATHIEL.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

No. X.

The first rage of the persecution was at an end. The popular thirst for blood was satisfied. The natural admiration that follows fortitude and innocence, and the natural hatred that consigns a tyrant to the execration of his time and of posterity, found their way; and Nero dared murder no more. I had voluntarily shared the prison of Constantius and my child. Its doors were set open. The liberality of my people supplied the means of returning to Judea, and we hastened down the Tiber in the first vessel that spread her sails from this throne of desolation. The chances that had brought us together were easily explained. Salome, urged to desperation by the near approach of her marriage, and solicited to save herself from the perjury of vowing her love to a man unpossessed of her heart, flew with Constantius to Cesarea. The only person in their confidence was the domestic who betrayed me into the hands of the procurator, and who assisted them only that he might lure me from home. At Cesarea they were married, and remained in concealment under the protection of the young Septimius. My transmission to Rome struck them with terror, and Constantius instantly embarked to save me by his Italian influence. The attempt was surrounded with peril; but Salome would not be left behind. Disguised, to avoid any possible refusal of life at his hands, he followed me step by step. There were many of our people among the attendants, and even in the higher offices of the court. The empress had, in her reproaches to Nero, disclosed the new barbarity of my sentence.—No time was to be lost. Constantius, at the imminent hazard of life, entered the palace. He saw the block already erected in the garden before the window where Nero sat inventing a melody which was to grace my departure. The confusion of the fire allowed the only escape. I was the witness of his consternation when he made so many fruitless efforts to penetrate to the place where Salome remained in the care of his relatives. When he scaled the burning mansion, he desperately followed, lost his way among the ruins, and was giving up all hope, when wrapt in fire and smoke, Salome fell at his feet. He bore her to another mansion of his family. It had given shelter to the chief Christians. They were seized; his young wife scorned to survive Constantius; and chance and my own fortunate desperation alone saved me from seeing their martyrdom.

We returned to Judea. In the first embrace of my family all was forgotten and forgiven. My brother rejoiced in Salome's hap-

piness; and even her rejected kinsman, through all his reluctance, acknowledged the claims of the man to the daughter's hand, who had saved the life of the father.

What perception of health is ever so exquisite, as when we first rise from the bed of sickness? What enjoyment of the heart is so full of delight, as that which follows extreme suffering? I had but just escaped the most formidable personal hazards; I had escaped the still deeper suffering of seeing ruin fall on beings, whom I would have died to rescue. Salome's heart, overflowing with happiness, gave new brightness to her eyes, and new animation to her lovely form. She danced with involuntary joy; she sang, she laughed; her fancy kindled into a thousand sparklings. Beautiful being! in my visions thou art still before me: I clasp thee to my widowed heart, and hear thy sweet voice, sweeter than the fountain in the desert to the pilgrim, cheering me in the midst of my more than pilgrimage!

An accession of opulence gave the only increase, if increase could be given, to the happiness that seemed within my reach. The year of JUBILEE arrived. Abolished as the chief customs of Judea had been by the weakness and guilt of idolatrous kings and generations, they were still observed by all who honored the faith of their fathers. The law of Jubilee was sacred in our mountains. It was the law of a wisdom and benevolence above man.

Its peculiar adaptation to Israel, its provision for the virtue and happiness of the individual, and its safeguard of the public strength and constitutional integrity, were unrivalled among the finest ordinances of the ancient world.

On the entrance of the Israelites into Canaan, the land was divided, by the inspired ordinance, among the tribes, according to their numbers. To each family a portion was given, as a gift from heaven. This gift was to be unalienable. The estate might be sold for a period: but at the fiftieth year, in the evening of the day of atonement, in the month Tisri, the sound of the trumpets from the sanctuary, echoed by thousands from every mountain top, proclaimed the Jubilee. Then returned every family to its original possessions. All the more abject degradations of poverty, the wearing out of families, the hopeless ruin, were obviated by this great law.—The most undone being in the limits of Judea had still a hold in the land. His ruin could not be final, perhaps could not extend beyond a few years; in the last extremity he could not be scorned as one whose birth-right was extinguished; the Jubilee was to raise him up, and place the outcast on the early rank of the sons of Israel. All the higher feelings

were cherished by this incomparable hope.—The man, conscious of his future possession, retained the honorable pride of property under the sternest privations. The time was hurrying on, when he should stand on an equality with mankind, when his worn spirit should begin the world again with fresh vigor, if he were young; or when he should sit under the vine and fig tree of his fathers, if his age refused again to struggle for the distinctions of the world.

The agrarian laws of Rome and Sparta, feeble efforts to establish this true foundation of personal and political vigor, showed at once the natural desire, and the weakness, of human wisdom. The Roman plunged the people in furious dissensions, and perished almost in its birth. The Spartan was secured for a time only by barbarian prohibitions of money and commerce—a code which raised an iron wall against civilization, turned the people into a perpetual soldiery, and finally, by the mere result of perpetual war, overthrew liberty, dominion, and name.

The Jubilee was for a peculiar people, restricted by a divine interposition from increase beyond the original number. But who shall say how far the same benevolent interposition might not have been extended to all nations, if they had revered the original compact of heaven with man! how far through the earth the provisions for each man's wants might have been secured; the overwhelming superabundance of beggared and portionless life that fills the world with crime, have been restrained; and tyranny, that growth of desperate abjectness of the understanding, and gross corruption of senses, have been repelled by manly knowledge and native virtue? But the time may come!

In the first allotments of the territory, ample domains had been appointed for the princes and leaders of the tribes. One of those principedoms now returned to me, and I entered upon the inheritance of the leaders of Naphtali, a large extent of hill and valley, rich with corn, olive, and vine. The antiquity of possession gave a kind of hallowed and monumental interest to the soil. I was master of its wealth; but I indulged a loftier feeling in the recollection of those who had trod the palace and the bower before me. Every apartment bore the trace of those whom from boyhood I had revered; every fountain, every tree was familiar to me from the strong impressions of infancy; and often when in some of the fragrant evenings of spring I have flung myself among the thick beds of bloom, that spread spontaneously over my hills, the spirits of the loved and honored seemed to gather round me. I saw once more the matron gravity, the virgin grace; even the more remote generations, those great progen-

itors who with David fought the Philistine; the solemn chieftains, who with Joshua followed the ark of the covenant through toil and battle into the promised land; the sainted sages, who witnessed the giving of the law, and in the midst of the idolatry of the people worshiped Him who spake in thunder from Sinai; all moved before me, for all had trod the very ground on which I gazed. Could I transfer myself back to their time, on that spot I should stand among a living circle of heroic and glorious beings, before whose true glory the pomps of earth were vain; the hearers of the prophets, prophets themselves; the servants of the hand of miracle, the companions of the friend of God; nay, distinction that surpasses human thought, themselves the chosen of heaven.

The cheering occupations of rural life were to be henceforth pursued on a scale more fitting my rank. I was the first chieftain of my tribe, the man by whose wisdom multitudes were to be guided, and by whose benevolence multitudes were to be sustained. I felt that mingled sense of rank and responsibility which, with the vain, the ignorant, or the vicious, is the strongest temptation to excess; but with the honorable and the educated, constitutes the most pleasurable and elevated state of the human mind.

Yet what are the fortunes of man, but a ship launched on an element whose essence is restlessness! The very wind, without which we cannot move, gathers to a storm, and we are undone! The tyranny of our conquerors had for a few months been paralyzed by the destruction of Rome. But the governor of Judea was not to be long withheld, where plunder allured the most furious rapacity that perhaps ever hungered in the heart of man. I was in the midst of our harvest, surrounded with the fruitage of the year, and enjoying the sights and sounds of patriarchal life, when I received the formidable summons to present myself again before Florus. Imprisonment and torture were in the command. He had heard of my opulence, and I knew how little his insolent cupidity would regard the pardon under which I had returned. I determined to retire into the mountains. But the Roman plunderer had the activity of his countrymen. On the very night of my receiving the summons, I was roused from sleep by the outcries of the retainers, who in that season of heat lay in the open air around the palace. I started from my bed only to see with astonishment the courtyards filled with cavalry, galloping in pursuit of the few peasants who still fought for their lord. There was no time to be lost; the torches were already in the hands of the soldiery, and I must be taken, or burnt alive. Constantius was instantly at my side. I ordered the trumpet

to be sounded on the hills, and we rushed out together, spear in hand. The Romans, alarmed by resistance, where they had counted upon capture without a blow, fell back.—The interval was fatal. Their retreat was intercepted by the whole body of peasantry, effectually roused. The scythe and reaping-hook were deadly weapons to horsemen cooped up between walls, and in midnight. No efforts of mine could stop the havoc, when once the fury of my people was roused. A few escaped, who had broken wildly away in the first onset. The rest were left to cover the avenues with the first sanguinary offerings of the final war of Judea.

Greatly encouraged by this their first effort, and feeling that insurrection was to be no longer avoided, the oppressed Jews, determined to combine injury to the Romans with actual advantage to themselves, to make a trial where failure could not be ruinous, and where success would be of measureless value, fixed their attention upon Masada. Hither, the chosen defenders of Jerusalem repaired—success crowned their efforts. But in their absence the Romans had not been idle, and their return to the glorious city is thus related.

This little affair put us all in spirits, and the songs and cheerful clamors burst out with renewed animation. But the symptoms of the enemy soon become thicker. We found the ruined cottage, the torn-up garden, the burnt orchard; those habitual evidences of the camp. As we advanced, the tracks of wagons and of the huge wheels of the military engines were fresh in the grass; and from time to time some skeleton of a beast of burden, or some half-covered wreck of man, showed that desolation had walked there; the cavalry soon showed themselves on the heights in larger bodies; but all was forgotten in the sight that at length rose upon the horizon; we beheld, bathed in the richest glow of a summer's eve, the summits of the mountains round Jerusalem, and glorious above them, like another sun, the golden beauty of the Temple of temples.

What Jew ever saw that sight but with homage of heart! Fine fancies may declaim of the rapture of returning to one's country after long years. Rapture! to find ourselves in a land of strangers, ourselves forgotten, our early scenes so changed, that we can scarcely retrace them, filled up with new faces, or with the old so worn by time and care that we read in them nothing but the emptiness of human hope; the whole world anew, frivolous, and contemptuous of our feelings. Where is the mother, the sister, the woman of our heart! We find their only memorials among the dead, and bitterly feel that our true country is the tomb.

But the return to Zion was not of the things

of this world. The Jew saw before him the city of prophecy and power. Mortal thoughts, individual sorrows, the melancholy experiences of human life, had no place among the mighty hopes that gathered over it, like angels' wings. Restoration, boundless empire, imperishable glory, were the writing upon its bulwarks. It stood before him in the Universal City, whose gates were to be open for the reverence of all time; the symbol to the earth of the returning presence of the Great King; the promise to the Jew of an empire, triumphant over the casualties of nations, the crimes of man, and the all-grasping avarice of the grave.

The multitude prostrated themselves; then rising, broke forth into the glorious hymn sung by the tribes on their journeys to the Temple.

"Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, the mountain of his holiness.

"Beautiful, the joy of the earth is Mount Zion, the city of the Great King!

"God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

"We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

"Walk about Zion; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye her bulwarks; consider her palaces. For her God is our God, forever and ever; he will be our guide in death; his praise is to the ends of the earth. Glory to the King of Zion."

The harmony of the adorning myriads rose sweet and solemn upon the air; the sky was a canopy of sapphire; the breeze rich with the evening flowers; Jerusalem before me! I felt as if the covering of my mortal nature were about to be cast away, and my spirit to go forth, divested of its grosser incumbrances, on a bright and boundless career of fortune.

But recollections, never to be subdued, saddened my memory of the Temple; and when the first influence of the worship passed, I turned from the sight of what was to me the eternal monument of the heaviest crime and calamity of man. I gave one parting glance as day died upon the spires. To my surprise, they were darkened by more than twilight; I glanced again, smoke rolled cloud on cloud over Mount Moriah; flame and the distant roar of battle started us—"had the enemy anticipated our march, and was Jerusalem about to be stormed before our eyes?"

We were not long left to conjecture.—Crowds of frightened women and children were seen flying across the country. The roar swelled again; we answered it by cries of indignation, and rushed onward. Unable to ascertain the point of attack, I halted the multitude at the entrance of one of the roads ascending to the great gate of the upper city

and galloped forward with a few of my people.

A horseman rushed from the gate with a heedless rapidity which must have flung him into the midst of us, or sent him over the precipice. His voice alone enabled me to recognize in this furious rider my kinsman, Jubal. But never had a few months so altered a human being. Instead of the bold and martial figure of the chieftain, I saw an emaciated and exhausted man, apparently in the last stage of life and sorrow: the florid cheek was of the color of clay; the flashing glance was sunken; the loud and cheerful voice was sepulchral. I welcomed him with the natural regard of our relationship; but his perturbation was fearful: he trembled, grew fiery red, and could return my greeting only with a feeble tongue and a wild eye.

But this was no time for private feelings. I inquired the state of things in Jerusalem. Here his embarrassment was thrown aside, and the natural energy of the man found room. "Jerusalem has three curses at this hour," said he, fiercely, "the priests, the people, and the Romans; and the last is the lightest of the three.—The priests bloated with indulgence, and mad with the love of the world; the people pampered with faction, and mad with bigotry; and the Romans availing themselves of the madness of each to crush all."

"But has the assault been actually made? or is there force enough within to repel it?" interrupted I.

"The assault has been made, and the enemy have driven every thing before them, so far as has been their pleasure. Why they have not pushed on is inconceivable, for our regular troops are good for nothing. I have been sent out to raise the villages; but my labor will be useless, for, see, the eagles are already on the wall."

I looked; on the northern quarter of the battlements I saw, through smoke and flame, the accursed standard. Below, rose immense bursts of conflagration; the whole of the New City, the Bezetha was on fire.

My plan was instantly formed. I divided my force into two bodies; gave one to Constantius; with orders to enter the city, and beat the Romans from the walls; and with the other, threaded the ravines toward their position on the hills. I had to make a long circuit. The Roman camp was pitched on the ridge of Mount Scopus, seven furlongs from the city. Guided by Jubal, I gained its rear. My troops, stimulated by the sight of the fugitive people, required all my efforts to keep them from rushing on the detachments that we saw successively hurrying to reinforce the assault.

Night fell; but the signal for my attack, a

fixed number of torches on the tower of the Temple, did not appear. The troops, ambushed in the olive-groves skirting the ridge, had hitherto escaped discovery. At length they grew furious, and bore me along with them. As we burst up the rugged sides of the hill, like a huge surge before the tempest, I cast a despairing glance toward the city: the torches at that moment rose. Hope lived again. I pointed them out to the troops: the sight added wings to their speed; and, before the enemy could recover from their astonishment, we were in the centre of the camp.

Nothing could be more complete than our success. The legionaries, sure of the morning's march into Jerusalem, and the plunder of the Temple, were caught leaning in crowds over the ramparts, unarmed, and making absolute holiday. Caius Cestius, their insolent general, was carousing in his tent after the fatigues of the evening. The tribunes followed his example; the soldiery saw nothing to require their superior abstemiousness, and the wine was flowing freely in healths to the next day's rapine, when our roar opened their eyes. To resist was out of the question. Fifty thousand spearmen, as daring as ever lifted weapon, and inflamed with the feelings of their harassed country, were in the midst, and they ran in all directions. I pressed on to the general's tent; but the prize had escaped; he was gone, on the first alarm. My followers indignantly set it on fire: the blaze spread, and the flame of the Roman Camp rolled up, like the flame of a sacrifice to the god of battles.

The seizure of the position was the ruin of the detachments abandoned between the hill and the city. At the sight of the flames the gates were flung open: and Constantius drove the assailants from point to point, until our shouts told him that we were marching upon their rear. The shock then was final. The cohorts, dispirited and surprised, broke like water; and scarcely a man of them lived to boast of having insulted the walls of Jerusalem.

Day arose; and the Temple met the rising beam, unstained by the smoke of an enemy's fire. The wreck of the legions lay upon the declivities, like the fragments of a fleet on the shore. But this sight, painful even to an enemy, was soon forgotten in the concourse of the rescued citizens, the exultation of the troops, and the still more seducing vanities that filled the heart of their chieftain.

Towards noon a long train of the principal people, headed by the priests and elders, was seen issuing from the gates to congratulate me. Music and triumphant shouts announced their approach through the valley. My heart bounded with the feelings of a conqueror.—The whole long vista of national honors, the

popular praise, the personal dignity, the power of trampling upon the malignant, the clearance of my character, the right to take the future lead on all occasions of public service and princely renown, opened before my dazzled eye.

I was standing alone upon the brow of the promontory. As far as the eye could reach all was motion, and all was directed to me: the homage of soldiery, priests, and people, centred in my single being. I involuntarily uttered aloud—"At last I shall enter Jerusalem in triumph." I heard a voice at my side—"Never shall you enter Jerusalem, but in sorrow!"

An indescribable pang accompanied the words. There was not a living soul near me to have uttered them. The troops were standing at a distance below, and in perfect silence. The words were spoken close to my ear. But I fatally knew the voice, and conjecture was at an end.

My limbs felt powerless, as if I had been struck by lightning. I called Jubal up the peak to assist me. But the blow that smote my frame seemed to have smote his mind.—His look had grown tenfold more haggard in this single night. His eyes rolled wildly; his speech was a collection of unmeaning sounds, or the language of a fierce disturbance of thought, altogether unintelligible. A lunatic stood before me.

Was this to be the foretaste of my own fictions? I shuddered as the past horrors rose upon my memory. Or was I to see my kindred, friends, family, put under the yoke of bodily and mental misery, as a menace of the punishment that was to cut asunder my connection with human nature?

[To be continued.]

WOMAN.

How noble—how lofty, and full of most important duties is the sphere of the gentle sex. Is there not magic in the eloquent name of sister? There is a duty, to bind more closely around the heart by unceasing love and watchfulness the sweetest of all ties. Unnatural must be the heart, that can look upon the pure and guileless, united by such a tie, treading life's new paths, and not feel the deep beauty of this heaven-born blessing.

How important to cultivate in youth the disposition and affections, to watch the first glimmerings of a repining, an ungente spirit, to repress an ungracious word, and to endeavor to pursue, steadily and without reproach, the straight and narrow path leading to happiness, and to the immortal strains of everlasting joy in the choirs of the pure of heaven.

To woman is entrusted the high privilege

of guiding the infant spirit from its first wakening. If then the gentle affection of a sister has found in her bosom no answering sentiment, and the bright period of youth has been past idly by, how can the fond hopes of a father be realized, who would see the unshackled mind of the innocent committed to his charge, beaming with the reflection of all that is noble and beautiful.

The young spirit draws from the eye, guiding its dawning powers, the coloring of its future destiny. Upon a mother's breast, from the fount of her tenderness, its first thought of beauty springs. If sorrow cloud the brow of the mother, the tiny lip is convulsed and the grieved spirit appears to participate in the unknown cause, which shuts from its gaze the light of its parents' smile. If such be the case, how ought that mind to be disciplined, having no immortal spirit to lead aright through the uncertain paths of the world's allurements and deceptions?

Upon woman depends the destiny of the nation! for she is rearing up senators and statesmen. Let her then strive for the meed of virtuous praise. Truly a woman in her purity is a "pearl of price," but in her degradation, to be shunned as to avoid infection.—Let then the preparation for the high duties of woman in youth, be guided by christian hope and lofty aspirations. Let each moment of the precious period be devoted to acts of virtuous emulation, and let those "rose buds in the wreath of our country's hope," as Mrs. Sigourney beautifully describes the young females of our country, be distinguished above all other nations, for virtue and modesty, for cultivated minds, and gentle manners.

"BEAUTY SOON FADES."

I well recollect when I first saw this expression. I looked at it attentively, and turning an eye around, and contemplating the world, true, indeed, thought I, "Beauty soon fades." I have seen the blushing rose unfolding its tender leaves to meet the warm gaze of the morning sun, and have almost envied in my volatile gaiety the beauty and innocence of the flower. But when I retired at evening, and stopped to give a passing look at the flower, it was gone—some rude hand had dashed it to the ground, and I left it with a sigh, exclaiming, "Beauty soon fades." I have seen those whose morning rose bright in an unclouded horizon, and those whose path was sparkling with hope, and anticipation of pleasures already begun—and yet, ere that sun was far advanced towards the meridian, it was veiled with all the melancholy darkness of midnight. It were vain to hope, in this world, that the things now bright and beautiful should be long so. No, far from it; the brightest

seem to be the first to droop and fade away. There is a tendency to decay in every thing that is earthly. Nature is continually suffering change by her own phenomena, or yielding her own beauties to the deforming hand of art. The mountain is sinking to a level with the valley and the waves of the ocean are rolling over what was once habitable land. And yet I love the scenes of decay—they give a melancholy pleasure far sweeter than much of the gay frivolity of life. I would rather gaze upon the mouldering ruins of some ancient castle—or the crumbling of some huge monument, than see them in their proudest days. I had much rather gaze upon the tree or shrub, that, with keen sensibility, casts off its robe with the first wintry blast of October, than upon the evergreen, that resists the severest touch of Boreas. "Beauty soon fades," and there is nothing beautiful that we may love, with the hope of its continuing so. It seems but as yesterday, that I assisted in conveying to the grave, the loveliest infant I ever gazed upon. It was the first pledge of connubial bliss—a lovely flower—but it was too beautiful for earth, and in the midst of the caresses of the tender mother, it closed its eyes in death.—With slow and melancholy step we proceeded to the grave, and, taking one last look of what was once so lovely, heard the cold clods rumbling upon the coffin. The mother and the father wept, and even I, who seldom yield to sympathy, turned from the scene with a tear, in contemplating how soon beauty fades.

RECIPROCAL LOVE.

There is hardly a more unamiable feature in the whole character of man, than the light esteem in which he too frequently holds the trusting affection of a devoted woman. What can we expect from the generosity and truth of that man who can repay the confession of attachment from woman with neglect or indifference? Jesus said that "if your righteousness exceed not the righteousness of the scribes and pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven;" and yet he confessed that the scribes and pharisees loved those who loved them. Indeed, that love should beget indifference in those who are beloved, appears so unnatural, that if every day's experience did not prove the existence of such an anomaly in nature, we could hardly believe it. Before a virtuous female can be brought to profess her attachment to one of the opposite sex, she must have become deeply enamoured; and she then flings herself in a great measure upon his generosity. If he then is satisfied with what he conceives to be his triumph, and deserts her when he becomes certain that it is in his power to retain her, he is guilty of a species of meanness so

disgraceful, that he forfeits all claim to the respect of mankind. But let not the deserted woman repine at this abandonment of her; for he proved himself so utterly unworthy of her tenderness, that she may congratulate herself on having escaped the contamination of his presence. Let her

"Nerve her heart with woman's pride,
And scorn his sickle love."

From the Cumberland (Tenn.) Presbyterian.

ON THE MARRIED STATE.

To Miss ——. Knowing that you are shortly to enter a garden, enclosed, and that you are, at present, a stranger to this garden, permit an old friend to give you some account of it. I have traveled every part and every path; know every production of every kind it can possibly yield—and, as my information can do you no harm, it may do you some good.

You know that there is but one way of entrance. I need hardly tell you that it is extremely gay and glittering; strewn with flowers of every hue and every fragrance, with all that art or imagination can invent. You may fondly hope this scene of rapture will never alter, as you will not see the end of the path when you enter it. To some it proves a short one—and to you it may appear very different in the retrospect.

Here, my dear girl, let me caution you not to dream of perfect or perpetual bliss; if you do, experience will show you that it never existed on earth, save in visions or visionary heads.

You will meet with many productions in this garden, which are charming to the eye and pleasant to the taste: but they are not all so. Let me just remark, that you are carrying into this garden one of the most delicious and delicate plants in nature—I mean Good Humor. Don't drop it, or lose it, as many have done soon after they entered, who seldom, if ever, found it again. It is a treasure which nothing can make up to you.

When you get to the end of the first walk, which lasts about thirty steps, commonly called honey-moon-path, you will see the garden open in a vast variety of views—and here I must caution you against some productions which are nauseous and noxious, and even fatal in their tendency to the unwary and ignorant.

There is a low, small plant, which may be seen in almost every path, called Indifference, though not perceived at the entrance. You will always know when near this plant, though you do not see it, by a certain coldness in the air which surrounds it. Contrary to all others, it thrives in cold, and dies in warmth. Whenever you perceive this, change your situation as soon as you can.

In the same path is often found that ugly yellow flower, called Jealousy, which I wish you never to look at. Turn from it as fast as possible; for it has the strange quality of tinging the eye that beholds it with a stain which it seldom gets rid of.

As you go in, you will meet with many little crooked paths; but do not go into them. I advise you, as a friend, never to attempt it; for though, at the entrance of each, is written in large letters, "In the right way," when you get in, in nine cases out of ten, you will find the true name to be Perverseness, and that you are in the wrong, and will not acknowledge it. This often occasions endless disputes here; is a source of perpetual difference, and sometimes of a final separation in the garden.

Near this spot, you will meet with a sturdy, knotty plant, called Obstinacy, bearing a hard, bitter fruit, which becomes fatal when taken in large quantities. Turn from it; avoid it as you would the plague.

Just opposite to this, grows that lowly, lovely shrub Compliance; which, though not pleasant to the palate, is salutary and sweet, and produces the most delicious fruit in the garden. Never be without a sprig of it in your hands; it will often be wanted as you go along; if you do not, you will surely repent the want of it.

All over the garden you may find a useful plant, called Economy. It is a thriving quality; take a good stock of it as you go in. It adorns and enriches at the same time. Many entirely overlook it, some despise it, and others think they do not want it. It is generally forgotten in the hurry and gayety with which people enter this place, but the total want of it is commonly paid for with bitter repentance.

I must tell you, unless both partake of it, it will answer little end to either. You may, if you please, carry some with you into the garden: but it is a hundred to one, if you do not lose it going in. This is more useful than you will find there—for it is of another sort. Provide yourself and partner with a proper quantity of it, as soon as you can, when in the place.

You observe, as you pass, two or three paths, which run much into one another—I mean those of Regularity, Exactness, and Neatness. Do not think, as many do, that when once you are in, you may be careless of your person and dress. Remember, your companion will see some that are not so—this difference will strike his eye, if not offend it. Enter those paths almost as soon as you enter the garden; and, take my word for it, if you do, you will never get out of them; once fairly in, you are in for life—and the worst of it is, that if you do not find them soon, you will never find them afterwards.

Near this walk, is found that invaluable shrub, Humility. This, though of no worth

in itself, yet joined to other good qualities, is worth them all put together. It is never seen without being admired; and is most amiable when not visible. They say "virtue is its own reward"—I am certain pride is its own punishment. Flee from it as from contagion, which it strongly resembles. It infects and corrupts. Cultivate, with all your care, the humble plant now mentioned, as the best antidote against this poisonous weed.

Allow me here to drop a hint on the subject of cultivation, as that most probably will be your employment. Should you be entrusted with the rearing of a flower, remember two things: first, that it is but a flower, however fair—faint in its nature, and fading at every blast; and, secondly, that it is a flower in trust, for the cultivation of which you are accountable to the owner of the garden.

Should you be a witness to a blast on its dawning beauties, O how your fluttering heart will bleed with tenderness. Let affection sympathize. Your feelings may be conceived, but they cannot be described. The young shoot will naturally and insensibly twine around the fibres of your frame. Should it live and thrive, spare no pains to teach the young production how to rise. Weed it, water it, prune it—it will need them all. Without this, many weeds will spring up and poison the very soil on which it grows.

Remember this is a trust for which you are accountable to Him who gave it. That you may be blest with the sweetest production of this garden—that they may be the delight of your eyes, and that you and they, when the summer of this life is over, may be transplanted to some happier soil, and flourish in immortal vigor, in perfect and permanent felicity, is the sincere wish of your affectionate friend.

AUTUMN.

Though the chill winds of the lake at times, sharpened by traversing hundreds of miles without feeling the warm breath of mother earth, are like agues to the nerves, for many a day in this region,—yet there are mingled even here with the moods of autumn, many of the warmest beauties of more fervent climes. An autumn upon lake Erie, though not one of constant, benevolent temperament, like one in the more favored climes of the more southerly states, has nevertheless, in its very inconsistency, a transition and contrast of beauties and pleasures, which makes it to us, a more desirable abiding place than any under which we have ever lived.

If the chill air of the evenings is more prevalent than in any other longitudes upon the same parallel of latitude, there are, notwithstanding, nights when the moon seems to shed a warmth with her light, and the

very lake breezes seem to come loaded with a warmth like summer. Such have we seen during the present week. And even when the sharp frosty wind from the north, or the chill damp breeze from the southwest, forbid the contemplative to walk abroad in the evening, they give a new and active buoyancy to the hilarity within doors, and make the fireside the focus of a thousand charms.

The beauty of autumn scenery, in our country, is upon the page of every foreign traveler;—and now, when

Her breath hath tinged the grove with red
And strew'd the vale with yellow,
And every leaf reclines its head
Beside its withering fellow,—
And Nature, looking round her,
Bends the green robe that bound her;—

Now when the green, the yellow, the crimson, and the russet, are struggling for supremacy, in the foliage of the whole wilderness,—with all its chills—with all its damps,—we would almost pray that autumn might last forever.

But the bounty of the God of the year, whose chosen era of ripe rewards for all the toils and privations of other seasons, is fixed among the fading but brilliant beauties of autumn, is most worthy the aspirations of a grateful and sympathetic heart. And in no autumn more than the present has that bounty been so infinitely above the desert of the human family. On every side we see the smiles of plenty, and on every hand we hear the sounds of joy, at the goodness of that hand that has met us in our complaints, and silenced our ingratitude, by the fruits of a most ample and abundant harvest.

From this wilderness of bounty, the little that man really wants, is easily gathered. With a prudent hand, and a strong guard against those artificial wants which constitute the misery of our existence, the season of autumn always opens the door to competence, through which the most needy of our race may arrive at the summit of rational happiness.

PHILADELPHIA LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

In 1823, several of the original members of the Philadelphia Literary Association, formed themselves into a club, with the following declaration of their objects.

The cultivation of the social affections tends not only to give a charm to life, but to dignify our nature, for in proportion as we become interested in each other, our selfish feelings abate, and we approach more nearly the attributes of that Being whose love is universal.

Influenced by this consideration, as well as a desire of improving our mental faculties, by a liberal discussion of subjects of general usefulness, the undersigned have agreed to hold

frequent meetings, under the title of "The Literary and Social Fraternity."

Soon after the formation of the club, one of the members took a journey to the west. Returning, after an absence of two years, he met his brethren of the Fraternity. The greeting was enthusiastic, and the following lines were one of the spontaneous offerings on the joyous occasion.

Thrice welcome the friend whose long absence we mourn'd,

Our breasts glow with rapture to find him return'd;
The Fraternity claim'd him as one of the few,
Whose hearts are to Friendship unchangeably true;
For though wandering afar we remember'd him still,
And a chair was reserved for the exile to fill;
Yes, with *honor* to fill, for in days that are fled,
His genius on us a refulgence has shed.*

And tho' care may have left a slight trace on his brow,
As on that of the bard who addresses you now;
The bright smile of friendship around him shall play,
And light up his heart with its soul-touching ray.

H

FLOWERS.

"Flowers, of all created things, the most innocently simple, and most superbly complex—playthings for childhood, ornaments of the grave, and companions of the cold corpse in the coffin! Flowers, beloved by the wandering idiot, and studied by the deep thinking man of science! Flowers that, of perishing things, are the most heavenly. Flowers that unceasingly expand to Heaven their grateful, and to man their cheerful looks—partners of human joy; soothers of human sorrow; fit emblems of the victor's triumphs, of the young bride's blushes;—welcome to the crowded halls, and graceful upon solitary graves! Flowers are in the volume of nature, what the expression 'God is love,' is in the volume of revelation. What a desolate place would be a world without a flower! It would be a face without a smile—a feast without a welcome. Are not flowers the stars of the earth, and are not our stars the flowers of Heaven? One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow-creatures; for they first awaken in his mind a sense of the beautiful and good. The very inutilty of flowers is their excellence and great beauty; for they lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty, detached from and superior to all selfishness; so that they are pretty lessons in nature's book of instruction, teaching man that he liveth not by bread or from bread alone, but that he hath another than an animal life."

* He was an able writer for the Philadelphia Literary Association

THE LADIES' GARLAND.

Vol. II.

A WREATH OF MANY FLOWERS.

No. 3.

THE SEPARATION.

BY REV. J. YOUNG.

Of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference.

"On, what is death?—'Tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more;
Where all pursuits their good obtain;
Where life is all retouched again;
Where, in their bright results, shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, loves, and joys."

Gambold.

"Oh, what a change will not a few hours effect!" sighed out an almost broken hearted female, as she paced, with hurried steps and agonized feelings, little short of maniacal, her lonely chamber. "This last wrench has eliminated my sufferings, and given the final stab to my already shattered peace." She pressed one hand to her throbbing forehead, and, with the other, drew forth her handkerchief, and wiped away the tears of agony which rolled down her pale cheek, and then, sinking into a chair, unable longer to restrain the almost choking grief under which she labored, exclaimed in sorrow's deepest tone, "O my own, my dear, dear Eustace, are we indeed torn from each other forever?" Nature sunk beneath its own violent emotions, and the delicate frame of the devoted Laura fainted under it.

Laura was the youngest daughter of a gentleman of family in the north of Scotland, whose residence was at the foot of a lofty ridge of mountains, called the Pentland Hills, which rise about four miles west of Edinburgh, and extend a considerable distance towards the western boundary of Mid-Lothian. Here the gentle Laura resided with her widowed father, and, by her assiduities and sprightly intelligence, formed the principal source of the enjoyment which he knew.—The house which they occupied stood in a retired situation. A small green plat, with two or three waving poplars, filled the front

premises, which were the extreme prospect, except a very limited view of distant scenery on the right, and a still less extent of a public road leading to the town, on the left. Yet more than this, Laura wished not. She had, at a period when most females possess the greatest measure of hilarity of spirit, sunk into a degree of pensiveness, except on some extraordinary and brief occasions, which produced a species of distaste to society. She had experienced no ordinary shock at the loss of her mother, and such a mother as few, comparatively, have known; she was such a one, as few, possessing almost an infinitely less degree of sensibility than Laura did—who, in fact, was all sensibility—could have lost, without deeply deploring her.

The wound which her mind from this circumstance had received, was yet unhealed, when another, laceratingly painful, was inflicted on it; and inflicted, too, by the hand of a dastard, who ought to have shielded her from another pang, even at the hazard of his own existence. But he had not soul enough to know her worth, or the craven spirit which he displayed would have been exchanged for the noble and unbending conduct of a man of truth and honor. Such conduct, because of its frequency and consequences, deserves all the reprehension which the strongest language can express. The miscreants are pests to society, and should be scouted from it. Freezing pity, and burning execration, are sooner or later their wretched possession.

From these repeated attacks, acting powerfully on a delicate constitution, and a class of feelings so finely strung, that, like the Æolian harp, which sends forth plaintive music at the softest breeze, trembled at every touch; she writhed beneath mental throes of the most violent character, and hence too it was, that a

melancholy tinge—foreign to her natural temperament—had infected her, making the quiet seclusion of the family dwelling to possess more charms for her, than all the gay scenes of London, Venice, or Paris could have afforded.

Here, day after day, and week after week, the mourning Laura brooded over her sorrows and her wrongs. Her wrongs! Yes, her wrongs!—but she conceived not so of them; her kind and noble nature thought of them by another, by a milder name—for, she was used to say, “I cannot disesteem that which I once loved.” The chief and almost only pleasure she now enjoyed arose from the interest which she took in affording instruction to some few children of the poor around her, and occasionally visiting the chamber of sickness, or the abodes of want and wretchedness.

That gracious Being, however, whose “tender mercies are over all his works,” and who delights not in the unhappiness of any of his creatures, marked with compassion her “life-sapping” sorrow; and, at the moment when the bereavement and disappointment which she had met with, were pressing upon the very vitals of her existence, and threatening speedy death, He, in the order of His providence, brought her acquainted with one, whose union of spirit with her own, and similarity of circumstances in some of their darkest shades, through which she had passed, not only tended greatly to rouse her languid powers, but threw around her path once more, some of the fascinations of life, bringing gradually and by degrees, into full play, those vivid sensibilities of her nature, which she had hastily imagined were destroyed for ever.

A variety of circumstances, perfectly natural, and yet equally unforeseen and unexpected, brought them frequently together. A nameless something, in the habits and spirits of Eustace, led the sympathizing Laura to conceive that some blighting affliction had produced a reservation, bordering on gloominess, in her friend, which elicited from her, numberless acts of kindness, the result of friendship in its purest character. What, indeed, may have been the circumstances of Eustace, even conjecture has not developed. Whatever they might have been, it was fully evident to the searching eye and sensitive solicitude of Laura, they had been of a rough and destructive character, and that was sufficient with her to produce a strong desire in her mind to serve him. Retiring as Eustace was in his general habits, and cold and distant as were even his civilities, if he possessed any, still he was far from being indifferent to the kind sympathies of the attentive Laura; and as he became gradually acquainted with her history, he felt no less a measure of sympathy for her, and a desire to alleviate her

sorrows, than she had experienced towards himself.

Time rolled on, and every passing period rendered the interviews of Eustace and Laura more pleasurable to each. Eustace became a favorite with her father, and a frequent visitor at their retired dwelling. Friendship of the purest, most disinterested and lofty kind, possessed each of them, and in the exercise of that sacred feeling, they strove to advance each other's best interests.

Kind solicitudes for the mutual welfare of each other, and their endeavors to promote it, were not uselessly employed. The advice and exhortations of Eustace were rendered salutary to the mind of Laura, while the counsel and kindness of Laura did not become less beneficial to Eustace. In their experience, the imaginings of the poet found the substance it had airily conceived of, while the cold and insincere formalities of professing friends, might have been fired by its contemplation, or have been made to blush at its comparison.

Time rolled on, and still their friendship grew, without either knowing, or even conceiving, that a softer passion might possibly succeed. If the thought might at any time occur to them, Laura believed it impossible on her own part, while Eustace even dreaded its existence. Each possessed, in the company of the other, all they wished to enjoy, and all they knew, they could possess.

Laura had lately, in company with a young lady of her acquaintance, visited an interesting invalid, a few miles from home. For five years she had been gradually, but perceptibly, sinking; and now, was fast hastening to that home “where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.” A request had been made by her parents, through Laura's friend, that Eustace would likewise visit her: to this request he cheerfully consented; and, in company with the ladies, he walked to the house of affliction.

It was a fine evening, towards the latter end of May, when the party set forth on their errand of Christian love; and, as they walked onwards, the beauty of the scenery, the charms of nature, and the goodness of Him from whom cometh every good and every perfect gift, intermingled with remarks relative to piety, of an individual and practical character, occupied their thoughts, and furnished them with abundance of the most interesting matter for conversation, until they reached the house.

The situation of the place was most romantic. The house stood on a level spot, more than half way down a deep glen, and was surrounded by some ninety or hundred acres of rich pasture and meadow land, every part of which was now in a high state of cultivation.

The visitors had already reached the brow of the lofty hill which rose above the dwelling, and were gently proceeding when Eustace, who was an enthusiastic admirer of nature, in all her varied forms, stood still, to gaze awhile on the wide and fascinating prospect which was spread before him.

On their right, and partly before them, lay a rich and extensive valley, in the bed of which, winding in serpentine forms, flowed a beautiful river. Occasionally its waters were hid behind jutting plots of land, and then, again, broke forth to the sight, looking like a rich mirror embossed in a frame of emerald, as the sun rested upon its surface, and the sloping pastures hemmed it in on either side. Here and there, as if to relieve the eye, and give a picturesque effect to the scenery, a rustic bridge was discovered, spanning the stream, and forming a medium of communication to the several inhabitants of the country.

In the front distance, a vast extent of hilly country stretched as far as the eye could extend its power of vision, while some rude and precipitous chasms, and abrupt and lofty acclivities, diversified the view. On the left, a portion of unequal land was terminated by a dark copse of fir, birch, and oak trees, growing on the side and summit of another hill, even loftier than that on which Eustace and his companions stood. A humble dwelling, or two graced different parts of the scene, and lower down the valley, in the extreme perspective, a few scattered houses, with a glittering village kirk spire, might be discovered. Not a cloud stood in the heavens. The sun gave a gorgeous brilliancy to every object, while a cooling breeze played round the tops of the mountains, giving a cheering freshness to the atmosphere.

Eustace was enraptured. Again and again, he pointed out the objects as they rose before him to Laura; and then, with emotions which could not be expressed, feeling the sublime language of Thomson, mentally exclaimed,

* * * God is ever present, ever felt,
In the wide waste, as in the city full
* * * I cannot go
Where universal love nor smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. Bag I loose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable;
Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

The party moved on, and soon reached the habitation of the invalid.

The ladies entered, and Eustace followed. There sat a form, wasted by slow consumption, which had once been lovely, and which even now retained some relics of former

beauty. A deep hectic flush played upon her cheeks, her lips were of an ashy paleness, and her dim eyes were sunk deep in their sockets. Occasionally, a distressing cough seemed to tear her shattered system, while her faint and tremulous voice was scarcely audible.

Immediately opposite the place where she sat, stood a rude sort of sofa, which she had occasionally used as such, on which to rest her weak frame. There, Laura took her seat with her companion; while Eustace drew a chair close to the youthful sufferer, and strove to instruct and comfort her. The sinfulness of human nature, the atonement of the Saviour, and the way to God through faith in that blood, were the things upon which by turns he dwelt. Tears flowed plentifully from the sinking penitent's eyes, as he spoke to her, and exhibited the cheering evidences of the Saviour's mercy, and expatiated on the peace and happiness of a better world. He then took the Holy Scriptures, and read from its sacred contents, and afterwards in solemn prayer commended her to God.

During the period that Eustace was hanging over the invalid, and pointing out to her the way of salvation, the eye of Laura was fixed upon him with unmoving attention; she listened with an interest beyond what she had ever before experienced. At times a silent tear stole down her cheek, and told the powerful feelings of her mind. At length, unable longer to contain her emotions, she rose, and walked out by herself into a small paddock, which lay through a little garden adjoining the house, and there gave uncontrolled vent to her feelings. Eustace had marked her grief, and now observed her departure. After waiting with anxiety for her return, he felt alarmed at her absence, and walked out to seek her. It was some time, however, before he could ascertain the way she had taken. At length he discovered her at a distance, evidently almost overcome by the feelings under which she labored. He instantly passed hastily through the garden towards her. She turned, and, seeing him approaching, motioned with her hand for him to go back. With reluctance he obeyed, and, entering again the house, made such an apology for her as seemed necessary, and, shortly afterwards, with Laura's female friend, bade its inhabitants farewell, and hastened to join her.

The road by which they returned was in another direction from that by which they came. A lofty hill lay before them. Laura leaned on Eustace's arm, as they ascended, while her female companion, like a bounding roe, skipped on before them. They gained the summit, and again gazed with admiration on the gorgeous scenery. But, while they gazed

commented on its beauties, a distressing vision seized the mind of Laura, that they no more visit that spot in company.—she expressed to Eustace, upon whose a class of emotions of the most crush-buence, descended with the intelligence, passed on. The angle of a copse was d by them; a narrow pass required ce's assistance—it was given;—every every look, was now thrillingly felt.—friend was still skipping on in front of through a scepted field of clover flowers, still followed, and as they passed, a de-ion, chaste as it was sincere, met the Laura, while a reciprocity of feeling xperienced and expressed.

rolled on,—and still their affection when an unexpected circumstance and pointed to a period, not far distant, that which to each of them appeared the prelude of death, SEPARATION!—take place. The effect produced upon institution of Eustace was not less deep destructive, although less perceptible, in the delicate frame of Laura: The few rapidly only, with, in appearance to unusual celerity—one day only inter-when the painful farewell sound was heard. That day they walked again he ground which they had before walked mpany, and for the last time, visited spots on which memory had affixed a t never to be obliterated. The shades ening gathered—night came on—the haste embrace was given—their hands ed unable to let go their hold of each—but they parted. The adieu was felt, than heard. They parted forever!—ing dawned again, but not as formerly tace and Laura. He took one, long, look at her window, and then rushed conveyance which was to bear him far, ay from her who was dear to his heart,

"Midst earth's gay millions lov'd alone."

the distress of mind under which Laura labored; during the hours of the past had so far overcome her, that her end system was sunk in profound sleep at ne of Eustace's departure: but when at the obvious influence of slumber wore e awoke to all the anguish of a mind to , now, no earthly specific could be ap-

She arose, and as the painful convic-essed upon her, that every passing mo-bore Eustace still farther and farther er, an agony almost insupportable was by her. She looked back to the past ig, to the comparative happiness she d while in his company, and then ng once more upon her present bereaved clasped her hands, and sighed out, as

she paced her room, "O, what a change will not a few hours effect!"

Once, after Eustace's arrival at the place of his destination, Laura received from him information of the fact. He endeavored to console, but the unmanageable wildness of his own anguish was too plainly discoverable in the disjointed epistle which he furnished, to be passed over. Affliction is keen-sighted, and Laura's eye, naturally so, now became doubly penetrating. Eustace directed her to Him who is a "very present help in time of trouble," and to his protection and blessing recommended her. The comfort was received, but the consolation could not save a shattered frame—she drooped for a few weeks, sunk, and died! By her express desire, a journal of her own keeping was forwarded, through a friend, to Eustace. He pressed the pledge of undying affection to his bosom, and, in a short period after its arrival, his spirit followed Laura's, in the full assurance of faith, into that world,

"Where virtuous friends shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more;
And with celestial welcome greet
On an immortal shore.

"Where kindred minds, arrayed in light,
High thoughts shall interchange;
Nor cease, with ever new delight,
On wings of love to range."

THE LANDSCAPE AT HOME.

The sun's latest beams have just faded in air,
And the mantle of twilight around me is spread,
But my heart is o'erclouded with sorrow and care,
For I think on the days that forever have fled.

Oh, think that when last I beheld this fair view,
That hope promised fair, and my soul was serene,
That the friends of my bosom were watching it too,
And that Home shed its magic around the mild scene.

And still I will hope, that as time rolls around,
I shall bury my cares in oblivion's tomb;
That a pure hour of happiness yet will be found—
And I with my friends see the Landscape at Home.

A WOMAN may be of great assistance to her husband, in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow.

No false pride, or foolish ambition to appear as well as others, should ever induce a person to live beyond the income of which he is certain.

For the Ladies' Garland.

SCRAPS OF THOUGHT.—No. 1.

BY REV. DANIEL WISE.

Sweet, unutterably sweet, are the hallowed ties of friendship and of love. Though the band, which unites two kindred spirits, is softer than a silken girdle, yet the union is more firm than the deep-laid foundations of our cloud capped mountains—these shall “melt with fervent heat” and disappear amid the desolation of matter and the downfall of the doomed universe—but that shall endure fresh and vigorous, as primeval spring, as long as a spark of immortality remains. Imperishable as the glorious natures it binds, it shall resist the fearful shocks of ruin which will demolish the universe and overturn the empire of man. Death cannot break it. He may rob us of the bodies of our beloved ones—he may ruthlessly tear them from our embrace and drag them to the solitude of his own dark chambers, but the deathless affection triumphs over separation, and the band of union is unbroken. The departed hovers, on pinions of celestial growth, over the dwelling of the living, and, like a guardian angel, watches over their safety. The living feel the proximity of the dead, and in the silence of the evening hour hold mysterious communion with their sainted friends. They seem floating on the bosom of the clouds, and every murmuring zephyr seems vocal with their voice of invitation to the bereaved, bidding them hasten to the happy home of the virtuous and the pure. The wheels of time bear them rapidly to the dark borders of eternity—a pain—a struggle—a pang, and dropping their afflicted bodies they soar to better climes, and soon are met by their exulting friends who conduct them to abodes of ineffable bliss; their union is then complete and indissoluble beyond the power of accident or evil—its endurance shall be co-equal with the throne and empire of Deity. Thrice happy are the possessors of such a love, for though poor as Lazarus they have a treasure worth more than all the wealth of Golconda's mine.

AFFECTION.

It is not “Hope” alone which “springs eternal in the human breast.” Affection!—that divine spark from the altar of God's holy presence—that bright unsullied flame, which the waves cannot quench, nor the floods drown. Affection ever springs there and ever must—for it is co-eternal with the spirit of man. We may feel ourselves isolated—cut off from the yearning sympathies of home and kindred—nay, we may deem our hearts proof against every assault of humanity; but the latent love of our species dies not, and a word—a thing of air, a *look*—will frequently call forth its wasteless energies.

A Massachusetts vessel from Charleston, bound to Norfolk, when a short time out was capsized; but upon cutting the lanyards, the masts went by the board, and she righted.—Six days afterwards she was fallen in with by a Russian vessel, the crew taken off and carried to Europe. The friends of the crew had long given them up as lost, when lo! a letter arrived informing them of their safety.

The Poet has seized the moment when the supposed widow in her weeds, while telling her son the cause of her grief, receives the joyful news of her long mourned husband's safety.

THE WRECKED MARINER RESTORED

“Mother, oh, tell me why you weep—
Why watch you when all others sleep—
Why turns your eye tow'rs yonder sea,
When tempests shroud the rocky lee—
Why start you at the post man's bell—
Why heave that sigh? Dear mother, tell.

“I weep for one you never knew;
For one whose love was great for you—
For one who 'mid the ocean wave,
Uncoffined, found an early grave:
And when the terapeust whistles wild,
I think I hear him shriek, my child.

“'Twas on a lovely eve, when high
The moon rode up the star-gem'd sky
While all around was calm and still,
Save the love-making whip-poor-will;
He kissed us both, my darling son,
And bade farewell, and swift was gone.

“Soon to the breeze his sail he spread,
And seaward turned his vessel's head;
I looked, and lo, a speck of white
Gemm'd the far verge of human sight;
I looked again, and saw, my child,
Naught but a waste of waters wild.

“Long have I watched with aching breast
Yon heaving ocean's foaming crest—
Long has my midnight taper gleamed,
And when morn's earliest brightness beamed,
I've stood alone in anguish wild,
And watched, and wept in vain, my child.

“Deep wrapt within his sea-weed shroud,
In ocean's caves he coldly sleeps;
Above him tempests thunder loud,
And round him many a monster leaps—
The fierce wind's wail and sea bird's scream
Chant sadly his wild requiem.”

“But, mother, do not weep so now;
He may have 'scaped the ocean's foam,
Health may be beaming from his brow,
And he may now be vending home.
Oh, wait, dear mother, till you hear;
You're not alone, for I am near.”

"Yes, you are left, my lovely boy—

Oh, how he loved to press thy form—
How bright his dark eye beamed with joy,

When nestling in his bosom warm,
Thou listened to the tempest wild,
And laughed in infant glee, my child.

"But ah! vain hope.—What's that I hear!

Is it the postman's bell, my dear?

It is! it is! go down my boy—

He comes—a letter!—grief? or joy?"

She breaks the seal—one look she gives:—

"God's name be praised!—he lives! he lives!"

J. E. D.

Washington, May, 1838.

"OVERLOOK NOTHING."

The celebrated Talleyrand is said to have adopted in early life the above sentiment as his device, and to have strictly adhered to it throughout the whole course of his long and eventful public career. And surely no man whose name history has given, has more fully and strikingly than himself, verified the remark of another of his distinguished countrymen,—“that there is no mischance which a clever man may not turn to his own advantage.” Talleyrand always kept his eyes open, turned every thing to the best account, and contrived, with singular sagacity and success, to make every breeze waft him onward, and every event, however untoward, contribute to his advancement.

And we cannot help thinking that the possession or want of a habit of accurate observation—a *fixed purpose* “to overlook nothing,” *perseveringly adhered to*, occasions not a few of the great differences which we notice between different individuals. Some men seem to go through the world with their eyes shut—others keep them always open. The latter, at every step, are adding to their stock of knowledge, and correcting and improving their judgment by experience and observation. They keep their minds ever awake, and active, and on the alert—gathering instruction from every occurrence, watching for favorable opportunities, and seeking, if possible, to turn even their failures and mischances to their advantage. Such persons will rarely have occasion to say, “I have lost a day,”—or

“to weep o'er hours that flew,
More idly than the summer's wind.”

They will make every event the occasion of improvement, and will find

“books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

To the attentive observer, even nature itself will appear a vast scroll written all over by the finger of God, with instructive, though sometimes mysterious characters,—while to

the careless it will seem at best but a blank, or perhaps a scene of confusion, “without form or comeliness,” possessing little to excite curiosity or admiration.

To the young especially would we recommend habits of close and careful observation. We would say to them, “*overlook nothing*.” Do not despise the day of small things. Endeavor to turn the leisure time you may have—the money you may earn or inherit—the privileges you may enjoy,—in short, every thing to the best possible account. Take care of the minutes and cents, and the hours and dollars will take care of themselves. He who learns to regard his leisure moments as valueless, and habitually squanders for trifles the small sums of money he may have, because they are small—will never be learned nor rich. The secret of success is to be careful of little things.

“Spend no moment but in purchase of its worth,
And what it's worth, ask death beds, they can tell.”

THE DEVOTED WIFE.

In the awful disaster which befel the *Pu-laski*, many incidents of the most thrilling nature occurred—among others, one which deserves commemoration, as showing the inestimable value of woman's love, is faintly described in the following verses. “There was among the passengers a young married pair, who were separated from each other—the wife who was on deck, called repeatedly on the name of her husband, crying, “My dear, where are you?” Her husband answered from amid the waves. She shrieked—“I come, my love!” and springing upon the taffrail, leaped into the sea, and they perished together!”

The radiant stars were shining out,
With their pure and silver light
As the gallant barque pursued her route,
In the silent hour of night.

Hush'd was the roaring tempest's voice,
Calm was the ocean wave,
And each there felt his heart rejoice,
Nor thought that spot his grave.

The midnight came; its gentle breath
Betokened placid sleep;
When sudden rose the wail of death,
O'er the surrounding deep.

A burst like thunder smote the air,
Then came that thrilling cry;
And ev'ry heart stood still with fear,
Thus suddenly to die.

Oh God! It was a fearful sight:
To see them meet their doom;

And in the solemn gloom of night;
Thus sink into the tomb.

Blanch'd was bold manhood's brow of pride,
And pale each lovely face;
And mothers swoon'd, while children died,
Lock'd in their fond embrace.

And in that crowd was a loving pair,
A youth and his blooming bride;
And awful was that girl's despair,
When she lost him from her side.

"Oh! where art thou, my dear," she cried—
"Oh! tell thy fond wife where!"
And from the waves, his voice replied,
"My love, behold me here!"

"And beautiful and bright she stood,"
Upon that fatal deck;
She saw her husband in the flood,
And sprang from off the wreck.

Firmly he clasp'd to his bursting heart,
The form he could not save:
But not e'en death their love could part—
They slept beneath the wave.

G. W. C.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

BY W. HOWITT.

But let us away into the far, far country!
Into the still, pure, unadulterated country.—
Ah! here indeed is a Sabbath! What a sunny
peace, what a calm yet glad repose, lies
on its fair hills, over its solemn woods. How
its flowery dales and deep secluded valleys,
reflect the holy tranquility of heaven. It is
morning, and the sun comes up the sky as if
he knew it was a day of universal pause in
the workings of the world: he shines over
the glittering dews, and green leaves, and
ten thousand blossoms; and the birds fill
the blue fresh air with a rapture of music.—
The earth looks new and beautiful as on the
day of its creation: but it is as full of rest as
if it drew near its close,—all its revolutions
past, all its turbulence hushed, all its mighty
griefs healed, its mysterious destinies accom-
plished; and the light of eternity about to
break over it with a new and imperishable
power. *Man rests from his labors and every
thing rests with him.* There lie the weary
steeds that having dragged the chain and
smarted under the lash; that have pulled the
plough and the ponderous wagon, or flown
over hill and dale at man's bidding; there
they lie on the side of the sunny field; and
the very sheep and cattle seem imbued with
their luxurious enjoyment of rest. The farmer
has been walking in his fields, looking
over this gate and that fence, into enclosures
mottled with grass like a carpet, or rich green

corn growing almost visibly, at his cattle, and
the shady quiet of his house. And it is a
shady quiet. The sun glances about its porch,
and flickers amongst the leaves on the wall,
and the sparrows chirp and fly to and fro; but
the dog lies and slumbers on the step of the
door, or only raises his head to snap at the
flies that molest him—the very cat, coiled up
on a sun-bright border of the garden, sleeps
voluptuously; within all is cleanness and rest.
There is none of the running and racketing
of the busy week day; the pressing of curds,
and the shaping and turning of cheese; the
rolling of a barrel churn and the scouring of
pails; the pumping and slopping, and working
and chattering, and scolding of dairy-maids; all
that can be dispensed with; and what must be
done, is quietly, and is early away. There is a
clean cool parlor; the open windows lets in the
odor of the garden, the yet cool and delicious
odor, and the hum of bees, flowers stand in their
pots in the window; gathered flowers stand
on the breakfast table; and the farmer's
comely wife,—already dressed for the day,—
as she sees him come in, sits down to pour
out his coffee. Over the croft-gate the labor-
ers are leaning, talking of the last week's
achievements, and those of the week to come;
and in many a cottage garden, the cottagers,
with their wives and children, are wandering
up and down admiring the growth of this and
that, and every one settles in his own mind,
that his cabbages and peas and beans, are the
best in the whole country; and that as for the
currants and gooseberries, apricots and straw-
berries, there never were such crops since
trees and bushes grew.

But the bells ring out from the old church
tower. The parson issuing from his peasant
parsonage; groups of peasantry are already
seen streaming over the upland towards the
village; in the lanes gay ribbons and Sunday
gowns glance from between the trees; and
every house sends forth its inhabitants to wor-
ship. Blessings on the old gray fabrics that
stand on many a hill, and in many a lowly
hollow, all over this beloved country; for,
much as we reprobate that system of private
or political patronage by which unqualified,
unholy, and unchristian men have sometimes
been thrust into their ancient pulpits, I am
of Sir Walter Scott's opinion, that no places
are so congenial to the holy simplicity of the
Christian worship as they are. They have
an air of antiquity about them,—and stand so
venerably amid the most English scenes, and
the tombs of the generations of the dead, that
we cannot enter them without having our im-
agination and our heart fully impressed with
every feeling and thought that can make us
love our country and yet feel that it is not
our abiding place. Those antique arches,
those low massy doors, were raised in days

that are long gone by, around the walls, nay, beneath our very feet, sleep those who in their generations, each in his little sphere, helped to build up England to her present pitch of greatness. We catch glimpses of that deep veneration, of that unambiguous simplicity of our mind and manner that we would fain hold fast amid our growing knowledge and its inevitable remodelling of the whole framework of society. We are made to feel earnestly the desire to pluck the spirit of faith, the integrity of character, and the whole heart of love to king and country, out of the ignorance and blind-superstition of the past. Therefore it is that I have always loved the church,—that I have delighted to stroll far through the summer fields, and hear still onward their bells ringing happily, to enter and sit down amongst its rustic congregation, better pleased with their murmur of responses, and their artless but earnest chant, than all the splendor or parade of more lofty fabrics.

But Sunday morning is past; and afternoon is rolling away; but it shall not roll away with its own power of happiness shed on every down, and into every beautiful vale in this kingdom. Closed are the doors of the church, but opened are those of tens of thousands of dwellings to receive friends and kindred.—And around the pleasant tea-table happy groups are gathered in each other's houses, freed from climbing, pressing, enslaving cares of the six days; and sweetly and full of renewing strength to the heart does the evening pass away. And does it not roll as sweetly where by many a cottage-door the aged grandfather and grand-mother sit with two generations about them, and bask in another glorious Sabbath sun-set? And is it not sweet where cheerful friends stroll through the delicious fields, in high or cheerful talk; along the lane or broom engoldened hill side; or down into the woodland valley, where the waters run clear and chimingly amid the dripping grass and brooklime, and the yellow beams of the descending sun glance serenely among the trees? And is it not sweet when on some sequestered style, sit two happy lovers; or where they stray along some twilight path, and the woodbine and the wild rose are drooping their flowery boughs over them, while earth and heaven supremely lovely in themselves take new and divine hues from their own passionate spirits; and youth and truth are theirs; the present is theirs in love; the future is theirs in high confidence; all that makes glorious the life of angels is theirs for the time! Yes! all through the breadth of this great land, through its cities, its valleys, its fields, its liberated millions are walking in the eye of heaven, drinking in its sublime calm, refreshed by its gales, soothed by the peaceful beauty of the earth. There is a pause of profound and

holy tranquility, in which twilight drops down upon innumerable roofs, and prayers ascend from countless hearths, in city and field, on earth and mountain, and then 'tis gone: the Sabbath is ended.

But blessings, and ten thousand blessings, be upon the day; and let myriads of thanks stream up to the throne of God for this divine and regenerating gift to man. As I have sate in flowery dale, with the sweetness of May around me, on a week day, I have thought of all the millions of immortal creatures toiling for their daily life in factories and shops, amid the whirl of machinery, and greedy cravings of mercantile gain, and suddenly this golden interval of time has lain before me all its brightness,—a time, and a perpetually recurring time, in which the iron clasp of earthly tyranny is loosed, and Peace, Faith and Freedom, the angels of God, come down and walk once more amongst us!

Ten thousand blessings on this day, the friend of man and beast. The bigot would rob it of its healthful freedom, and cause him to walk with demure steps and downcast eyes, and the libertine would desecrate all its sober decorum on the other. God and the round heart and sterling sense of Englishmen preserved it from those evils. Let us still avoid Puritan rigidity and French dissipation. Let our children and our servants, and those who toil for us in vaults, shops and factories, between the intervals of solemn worship have freedom to walk in the face of heaven and the beauties of earth; for in the great temple of Nature stand together—Health and Piety. For myself I speak from experience; it has always been my delight to go out on a Sunday, and like Isaac, meditate in the fields, and especially in the sweet tranquility, and the gathering shadows of evening; and never in the temple or the closet did more hallowed influence fall upon my heart. With the twilight and a hush of earth a tenderness has stolen upon me; a desire for every thing pure and holy; love for every creature on whom God has stamped the wonder of his handiwork; but especially to every child of humanity; and then I have been made to feel that there is no oratory like that which has heaven for its roof, and no teaching like that of the spirit which created and still overshadows the world with its infinite wings.

A pleasant cheerful Wife is as a rainbow set in the sky when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests, but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those who were appointed to torture lost spirits.

Look only to your own interests; enter not into the cabals, disputes or quarrels of others.

THE DAUGHTER'S DREAM.

Oh! wipe the anguish from my brow,
 Damp with the dews of pain!
 Father! I had a dream just now,
 Which must not come again.
 'Mid crowded aisles I seemed to stand,
 Deck'd as they deck a bride;
 They placed a ring upon my hand,
 And took me from thy side.

I breathed the censor's fragrance, where
 The clouded incense fell;
 I heard amid the chanted prayer,
 The organ's lordly swell;
 And oh! my bosom knew the sigh,
 Which Rapture loves to wake;
 But when I caught my father's eye,
 Methought my heart would break.

With wreaths of love from myrtles wrought,
 To bind my hair they came,
 While many a gentle tongue was fraught
 With words 'twas bliss to name.
 But when thy brow, eclipsed with wo,
 Like twilight o'er me shone,
 I thought it was unkind to go—
 And turned—and wept alone.

But vain these eyes were upward rais'd—
 Grief's tear had little heed,
 Youth, beckon'd where the torch-light blazed,
 And bade the bridegroom speed;
 I saw a stranger at my feet,
 Who kneeled and plead the while,
 His smile to me seemed wildly sweet.
 Yet not my father's smile.

Softly he told of joys uplaid,
 For virgin hearts like mine,
 And of a home which Love had made—
 Oh! brighter far than thine.
 But take, ah! take me to thy heart,
 My brow so aches with pain—
 Father! that dream would bid us part—
 It must not come again! ELLA.

NATURE'S TEACHER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

When I was a child I knew an old gray
 headed man. Age had given him wisdom,
 and I loved him, for he was kind as well as
 wise. Once he said to me, "I know a way
 to be happy." "Who taught it to you?" I in-
 quired. And he answered, "I learnt it in the
 fields." Then I drew near and entreated
 him to teach it to me also. But he replied,
 "go forth unto the fields, among the living
 things, and learn it for thyself."

So I went forth and looked attentively up-
 on all that was moving around. But no voice
 spoke to me. Then I returned to the gray

headed man. And when he asked "what
 hast thou seen in the fields?" I answered:

"I saw the brook flowing on, among sweet
 flowers. It seemed to sing a merry song. I
 listened, but there were no words to the mu-
 sic. The sparrow flew by me with down in
 her beak, wherewith to line her nest, and the
 red breast with a crumb she had gathered at
 the door to feed her chirping young. The
 ducklings swam beside their mother in the
 clear stream, and the hen drew her chickens
 under her wings and screamed at the soaring
 hawk. The spider threw out her many
 threads like lines of silver, and, fastening
 them from spray to spray, ran lightly on the
 bridge made from her own body. The snail
 put his head through the door of his shell, and
 drew it suddenly back. The ant carried a
 grain of corn in her pincers, and the loaded
 bee hastened to her hive, like a laborer to his
 cottage. The dog came forth and guarded
 the young lambs, frisking fearlessly by the
 side of their serious mother, who cropped the
 tender grass. All seemed full of happiness.
 I asked them how I also should be happy.—
 But they made me no reply. Again and again
 I asked, 'who will teach me to be happy?'
 Yet nothing answered, save the echo, ever
 repeating my last words, 'happy—happy,' but
 not to tell me how to become so."

"Hast thou looked upon all these, young
 man," said the aged, "yet received no instruc-
 tion! Did not the brook tell thee that it
 might not stay to be idle, that it must be in
 haste to meet the river and go with that to
 the ocean to do the bidding of the ocean's
 king, and that it had pleasure by the way, in
 refreshing the trees that stretched their roots
 to meet it, and in giving drink to the flowers
 that passed down to its face with a kiss of
 gratitude? Thou did'st see the birds building
 their nests, or flying with food to their little
 ones; and could'st thou not perceive to make
 others happy is happiness. The young duck
 gave diligence to learn of its mother the true
 use of its oary feet, and how to balance its bod-
 y aright in the deep water; and the chickens
 obeyed the warning to hide under the broad
 wing, though it knew not the cruelty of the
 foe from which it fled. And did they not bid
 thee seek with the same obedience the lessons
 of thy mother, who every day teacheth thee,
 and every night lifts up her prayer that thy
 soul may avoid the destroyer and live forever?
 When the spider's silken bower was swept
 away, and she began another without ill-tem-
 per or complaint, and the snail willingly put
 forth all her strength to carry her house upon
 her back, and the ant toiled with her load of
 corn to her winter store-house, and the bee
 wasted not the smallest drop of sweetness that
 could be found in the honey cup—came there
 no voice to thee from their example of pa-

tience, prudence and wisdom! Thou didst admire the shepherd's dog, minding so readily the word of his master, but failed to understand that faithful continuance in duty is happiness. From all these teachers of the field came there no precept unto thee? When they all spake with different voices wert thou deaf to their instruction? Each in his own language told thee that industry was happiness, and that idleness was an offence both to nature and to her God!"

Then I bowed down my head, and my cheek was crimsoned with shame, because I had not understood the lessons of the fields, and was ignorant of what even birds and insects knew. But the man with hoary hairs smiled on me and comforted me. So I thanked him for the good teachings of his wisdom. And I took his precept into my heart that I might weigh it and see if it were true. And though I was then young and am now old, I have never had reason to doubt that industry is happiness.

THE TULIP AND THE EGLANTINE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The Tulip called to the Eglantine,
"Good neighbor, I hope you see
How the throngs that visit the gardens come
And pay their respects to me.
The florist bows to my elegant form,
And praises my rainbow ray,
Till I'm half afraid thro' his raptur'd eyes
He'll be gazing his soul away."

"It may be so," said the Eglantine,
"In a shadier nook I dwell,
And what is passing among the great
I cannot know so well;
But they speak of me as the **FLOWER OF LOVE**;
And that low whispered name
Is dearer to me and my infant buds,
Than the loudest breath of fame."

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

"Therefore for spirits, I am so far from denying their existence, that I could easily believe that not only whole countries, but particularly persons have their guardian and tutelary angels."—*RELIGIO MEDICI.*

It is one of the most beautiful doctrines ever inculcated, that "there are noble essences in heaven," that bear a friendly regard unto their friendly natures on the earth. And although it may be naught but a dazzling error, yet mankind might be pardoned for cheating themselves with so agreeable a delusion. It is, indeed, one of the finest ideas ever conceived, that man is not placed here in entire reliance upon his strength, a poor, forlorn wanderer, with no guide, save the suggestions of his own corrupt nature—but that there is ever near him a guardian spirit,

whose kindly counsels attend him on his pilgrimage. The argument for such a theory seems, at least, very plausible—and if there is a gradual scale of ascension in the order of being, from brutes to angels, such an essence as we speak of may form a connecting link. And who shall say that such things do not exist? that they are not one of the thousand mysteries which envelope our being?—Life itself is a wonder, full of inexplicable mysteries. Our very existence is an enigma. And who shall fathom the immortal soul?—Who shall resolve its sympathies, and trace home its mysterious connexion with the body? Since, then, our nature and being are so inseparable, is the theory we are considering so startling to reason? Surely, if Dr. Johnson, Sir Thomas Browne, and other great and wise men, have believed in the appearance of ghosts, apparitions, and other strange sights, we may indulge a belief so fraught with pleasure and consolation. Of the same nature, and equally sublime, is the doctrine that the departed spirits of our friends and relatives are permitted to revisit the earth, and to mingle their sympathies with the objects of their affection. When we think of the anguish of parting with those we love, of looking for the last time upon the face which has smiled away our woes, how gladly do we cling to the idea of their returning to soothe our distress, and to lend their invisible influence to bind up the bruised heart! Such a belief would soften the bitterness of separation, and beguile death of its sting. It is indeed a painful thought that the forms which have insensibly entwined themselves about us until they have become linked with our being, must be torn away and wedded with the dust—that the eye which beams upon us with tenderness unutterable, must become dim in death, and the voice whose music hath so oft stilled the aching heart, must falter its last farewell. But more chilling is the thought, that the loves and friendships, and all the other endearments which lent a charm to existence, must perish with the heart's last throbb. But if thou canst believe that the love once so fond faded not with life's taper, but e'en now "softly trembles with a pulse as true as thine;" that the friend once so warm and pure is still sympathizing in thy joys and woes, clinging to the hope, woo it to thy soul, phantom though it may be. Art thou an orphan, weeping for an affectionate parent? dry the tear—hush the sobbings of thy young heart. She whose love thou thoughtst lost to thee forever, thy fond mother is still near thee, watching thine every step with an affection that never slumbers—whispering words of consolation in thine ear and smoothing thy rugged path. Art thou a husband, whose widowed heart is lamenting the tender part-

ner of thy bosom! Cease thy complaint.—
The love e'en here so pure, now ethereal-
ized and freed from all earthly alloy, is with
thee in thy wanderings. List what it says:

'Near thee, still near thee! trust thy soul's deep
dreaming!

Oh! love is not an earthly rose to die!
Even when I soar where fiery stars are beaming,
Thine image wanders with me through the sky."

Gentle shades! Forms unseem! Even while
I write at this still and solemn hour of mid-
night, perhaps ye are hovering, with untired
wing, o'er the slumbers of the loved—whis-
pering words of peace to the mourner, or in
dreams, restoring the objects of his idolizing
affections—telling the joys of a better land,
where love and friendship bloom fadeless, and
part no more for ever!

CREATION AND REDEMPTION

BY ARCHDEACON SPENCER.

"Let there be light!"—were the words of creation,
That broke on the chaos and silence of night;
The creatures of Mercy invoked to their station,
Suffused into being, and kindled to light.

"Let there be light!"—and the fruits and the flowers
Responded in smiles to the new-lighted sky,—
There was scent in the gale, there was bloom in the
bowers,
Sweet sound for the ear, and soft hue for the eye.

"Let there be light!"—and the mild eye of woman
Beam'd joy on the man who this Paradise away'd,
There was joy—"till the foe of all happiness human
Caught into those bowers—was heard—and obey'd.

"Let there be light!"—were the words of salvation,
When man had defeated life's object and end—
Had waned from his glorious and glad elevation,
Abandoned a God, and conformed to a fiend.

"Let there be light!"—the same Spirit supernal
That lighted the torch when creation began,
Laid aside the broad beams of his Godhead eternal
And wrought as a servant, and wept as a man

"Let there be light!"—from Gethsemane springing,
From Golgotha's darkness, from Calvary's tomb—
Joy, joy unto mortals, good angels are singing,
The Shiloh has triumph'd and death is o'ercome.

I believe one reason why such numerous
instances of erudition occur among the lower
ranks is, that with the same powers of mind,
the poor student is limited to a narrow circle
for indulging his passion for books, and must
necessarily make himself master of the few
he possesses ere he can acquire more.

All faults are pardonable when one has the
courage to avow them.

A SISTER.

He who has never known a sister's kind
ministration, nor felt his heart warming be-
neath her endearing smile and love beaming
eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not
to be wondered if the fountains of pure feel-
ing flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the
gentle emotions of his nature be lost in the
sterner attributes of mankind.

"That man has grown up among kind, af-
fectionate sisters," I once heard a lady of
much observation and experience remark.

"And why do you think so?" said I.

"Because of the rich development of all
the tender feelings of the heart."

A sister's influence is felt, even in man-
hood's riper years, and the heart of him who
has grown cold in its chilly contact with the
world—will warm and thrill with pure en-
joyment, as some incident awakens within
him the soft tones, and glad melodies of his
sister's voice; and he will turn from purposes
which a warped and false philosophy had rea-
soned into expediency, and even weep for the
gentler influences which moved him in his
earlier years.

SONNET.

BY THE REV. J. K. CLYNCH.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

The plough is in the furrow, and the steer,
Unyoked from toil, amid the pasture strays;
Closed is the village store—and quenched the blaze
Within the blacksmith's forge; while deep and clear,
Heard far around by many a listening ear,
The old church-bell 'swings slow with solemn roar'—
And groups are gathering by each cottage door
Smiling and neat, and ready to appear
In Sunday garb within the sacred aisle;
And many a path, and many a winding lane
Send forth the worshippers—a cheerful train;
And up the hilly road for many a mile
Chaises antique, and painted wagons, bear
Their staid burdens to the house of prayer.

FAREWELL.

We do not know how much we love,
Until we come to leave;
An aged tree, a common flower,
Are things o'er which we grieve:
There is a pleasure in the pain,
That brings us back the past again.

We linger while we turn away,
We cling while we depart:
And memories, unmarked till then,
Come crowding on the heart.
Let what will lure our onward way,
FAREWELL's a bitter word to say.



VIEW OF THE PARK AND CITY HALL—NEW YORK.

THE PARK AND CITY HALL, NEW YORK.

The first *Stadt Huys* in this city was constructed of stone, and stood originally at the head of Centies Slip, facing on Pearl street, towards the east river. It was built as early in the Dutch dynasty as 1642, and became so weakened and impaired in half a century afterwards, that the court sitting there recommended it to be sold, and another, to be constructed. In 1699, they sold the old building for nine hundred and twenty pounds, "reserving only the bell, the king's arms, and iron works (setters) belonging to the prison." By the agreement, leave was granted "that the cage, pillory, and stocks, before the same, be removed any time within one year, and the prisoners in the city hall to remain one month." "In front of all these, on the river, was placed the *Rondeel*, or Half-moon Fort, where it properly assisted the party sheltered in the City Hall, while the civil war prevailed."

The new building must have been finished in 1700. It stood at the head of Broad street, fronting on Wall street; and its lower story formed an open arcade over the foot pavement. It was also the proper prison of the city, and had before it on Broad street, a whipping-post, pillory, &c. There were also held the sessions of the Provincial Assembly, the Supreme Court, and the Mayor and the Admiralty Courts. It was finally altered to suit the Congress; and at that time the prisoners were moved to the new jail in the park; but the Congress removing to Philadelphia, it was again altered to receive the Courts and the State Assembly.

"In was in the gallery of the old City Hall, on Wall street," says Watson in his *Annals*, "that General Washington was inaugurated the first President of the United States, in the Senate Chamber, in view of an immense concourse of citizens. There this nobleman of nature, with his noble height and port, in a suit of dark silk velvet of the old cut, steel hilted small sword by his side, hair in bag and full powdered, in black silk hose, and shoes with silver buckles, made his pledge on a quarto bible, still preserved in St. John's Lodge. How uprightly, intelligently, and disinterestedly, he executed his task, history will never cease to tell to his fame and glory."

The present City Hall was erected in 1803, at an expense of half a million of dollars.—The front and sides are constructed of white marble, and the remainder of red sandstone. It is a beautiful edifice, and only wants elevation. When the trees of the park are in full leaf, it is difficult to get an entire view of it.

The park is the centre of New York, and its two most thronged and finest avenues form the two sides of it. Broadway, the much crowded and much praised Broadway, the

Como, the Toledo, the Regent street, of New York, pours its tide of population past the western side of the verdant triangle, and, just at the park its crowd and its bustle are thickest. Broadway is a noble street, and on its broad side walks may be seen every thing that walks the world in the shape of a foreigner, or a fashion—beauties by the score, and men of business by the thousand.

It would be difficult in one day to describe the prevailing style of dress in Broadway, for fashions have become unfashionable, and each man and woman dresses as Fortune pleases. But here is a picture of dresses in Broadway a century ago:—"Men wore three-square, or cocked hats, and wigs; coats with large cuffs, and big skirts lined and stiffened with buckram. The coat of a beau had three or four plaits in the skirts, and wadding, like a coverlet, to keep them smooth. The cuffs were very large, up to the elbows, open below, and loaded with lead to keep them down. The cape was thin and low, so as readily to expose the close plaited neck stock of fine linen cambric, and the large silver stock buckle on the back of the neck. The skirts were worn with hand ruffles, and sleeve buttons were worn at the wrist, of precious stones, or gold. The little boys wore wigs, like their elders, and their dresses generally were similar to those of the men. Coats of red plush were very fashionable, and the breeches were commonly made of this material." We refer the reader to Watson's *Annals* for many curious particulars touching the apparel, and habits of the New Yorkers, in the early part of the last century.

SONNET.

TO MY SISTER, ON THIS HER BIRTH DAY.

Forgive me if my melancholy lay
Seem little suited to thine hour of mirth:
To me, the light that beamed upon thy birth
Is holier than the light of common day;
And with more solemn earnestness I pray
That when thou feel'st, as thou hast felt, the dearth
Of all this weary wilderness of earth,
Still hope may cheer thy unrepining way,
And smiling, show, beyond the desert sand,
The distant verdure of a happier land.

A few more years of mingled smiles and sighs
A few more drops to earthly sorrows given,
And thou beyond this vale of grief wilt rise,
And be an angel in a tearless heaven L.

Doubt those who do not strictly comply
with their engagements.

Before you give way to anger, try to find
a reason for not being angry.

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

When South America was conquered by the Spaniards, the Catholic church sent out some of its missionaries to convert the natives. Among these missionary adventurers was Father Gomez, one of the unfeeling and execrable wretches of the Franciscan order, on whose cruelty is founded the following narratives:

"Among the passions and vices which Father Gomez had brought from his cell in the convent of Angostara, to spread contamination and oppression through his new domain, were pride and avarice; and both were interested in increasing the number of his converts, or rather, of his slaves. In spite of the wise and humane law of Charles the Third, prohibiting the conversion of the Indian natives by force, Gomez, like others of his brethren in the more distant missions, often accomplished his purpose by direct violence. He was accustomed to go, with a party of his people, and lie in wait near the hordes of unreclaimed Indians; when the men were absent, he would forcibly seize on the women and children, bind them, and bring them off in triumph to his village. There, being baptized, and taught to make the sign of the cross, they were called Christians, but in reality were slaves. In general, the women thus detained pined away and died; but the children became accustomed to their new mode of life, forgot their woods, and paid to their Christian masters a willing and blind obedience; thus in time they became the oppressors of their own people.

"Father Gomez called these incursions, *la conquista espiritual*—the conquest of souls.

"One day he set off on an expedition of this nature, attended by twelve armed Indians; and after rowing some leagues up the river Guaviare, which flows into the Orinoco, they perceived, through an opening in the trees, and at a little distance from the shore, an Indian hut. It is the custom of these people to live isolated in families; and so strong is their passion for solitude, that when collected into villages they frequently build themselves a little cabin at a distance from their usual residence, and retire to it, at certain seasons, for days together. The cabin of which I speak was one of these solitary *villas*—if I may so apply the word. Within this hut a young Indian woman, (whom I shall call Guahiba, from the name of her tribe,) was busied in making cakes of the cassava root, and preparing the family meal, against the return of her husband, who was fishing at some distance up the river; her eldest child, about five or six years old, assisted her; and from time to time, while thus employed, the mother

turned her eyes, beaming with fond affection, upon the playful gambols of two little infants, who, being just able to crawl alone, were rolling together on the ground, laughing and crowing with all their might.

"Their food being nearly prepared, the Indian woman looked towards the river, impatient for the return of her husband. But her dark bright eyes, swimming with eagerness and affectionate solicitude, became fixed and glazed with terror when, instead of him she so fondly expected, she beheld the attendants of Father Gomez, creeping stealthily along the side of the thicket towards her cabin.—Instantly aware of her danger (for the nature and object of these incursions were the dread of all the country round) she uttered a piercing shriek, snatched up her infants in her arms, and, calling on the other to follow, rushed from the hut towards the forest. As she had considerably the start of her pursuers, she would probably have escaped, and have hidden herself effectually in its tangled depths, if her precious burthen had not impeded her flight; but thus encumbered, she was easily overtaken. Her eldest child, fleet of foot and wily as the young jaguar, escaped, to carry to the wretched father the news of his bereavement, and neither father nor child was ever more beheld in their former haunts.

"Meanwhile, the Indians seized upon Guahiba—bound her, tied her two children together, and dragged them down to the river, where Father Gomez was sitting in his canoe, waiting the issue of the expedition. At the sight of the captives his eyes sparkled with a cruel triumph; he thanked his patron saint that three more souls were added to his community; and then, heedless of the tears of the mother, and the cries of her children, he commanded his followers to row back with all speed to San Fernando.

"There Guahiba and her infants were placed in a hut under the guard of two Indians; some food was given to her, which she at first refused, but afterwards, as if on reflection, accepted. A young Indian girl was then sent to her—a captive convert of her own tribe, who had not yet quite forgotten her native language. She tried to make Guahiba comprehend that in this village she and her children must remain during the rest of their lives, in order that they might go to heaven after they were dead. Guahiba listened, but understood nothing of what was addressed to her; nor could she be made to conceive for what purpose she was torn from her husband and her home, nor why she was to dwell for the remainder of her life among a strange people, and against her will. During that night she remained tranquil, watching over her infants as they slumbered by her side; but the moment the dawn appeared, she took them in

her arms and ran off to the woods. She was immediately brought back; but no sooner were the eyes of her keepers turned from her, than she snatched up her children, and again fled;—again—and again! At every new attempt she was punished with more and more severity; she was kept from food, and at length repeatedly and cruelly beaten. In vain!—apparently she did not even understand why she was thus treated; and one instinctive idea alone, the desire of escape, seemed to possess her mind, and govern all her movements. If her oppressors only turned from her, or looked another way for an instant, she invariably caught up her children, and ran off towards the forest. Father Gomez was at length wearied by what he termed her “blind obstinacy;” and, as the only means of securing all three, he took measures to separate the mother from her children, and resolved to convey Guahiba to a distant mission, whence she should never find her way back either to them or to her home. In pursuance of this plan, poor Guahiba, with her hands tied behind her, was placed in the bow of a canoe. Father Gomez seated himself at the helm, and they rowed away.

“The granite rocks which border the river, and extend far into the contiguous woods, assume strange fantastic shapes; and are covered with a black incrustation, or deposit, which, contrasted with the snow-white form of the waves, breaking on them below, and the pale lichens which spring from their crevices, and creep along their surface above, give these shores an aspect perfectly funereal. Between these melancholy rocks—so high and so steep that a landing-place seldom occurred for leagues together—the canoe of Father Gomez slowly glided, though urged against the stream by eight robust Indians.

“The unhappy Guahiba sat at first perfectly unmoved, and apparently amazed and stunned by her situation; she did not comprehend what they were going to do with her; but after a while she looked up towards the sun, then down upon the stream; and perceiving, by the direction of the one and the course of the other, that every stroke of the oar carried her farther and farther from her beloved and helpless children, her husband and her native home, her countenance was seen to change, and assume a fearful expression. As the possibility of escape, in her present situation, had never once occurred to her captors, she had been very slightly and carelessly bound. She watched her opportunity, burst the withs on her arms, with a sudden effort flung herself overboard, and dived under the waves; but in another moment she rose again at a considerable distance, and swam to the shore. The current, being rapid and strong, carried her down to the base of a dark granite rock,

which projected into the stream; she climbed it with fearless agility, stood for an instant on its summit, looking down upon her tyrants, then plunged into the forest, and was lost to sight.

“Father Gomez, beholding his victim thus unexpectedly escape him, sat mute and thunderstruck for some moments, unable to give utterance to the intensity of his rage and astonishment. When, at length, he found voice, he commanded his Indians to pull with all their might to the shore: then to pursue the poor fugitive, and bring her back to him, dead or alive.

“Guahiba, meantime, while strength remained to break her way through the tangled wilderness continued her flight; but, soon exhausted and breathless with the violence of her exertions, she was obliged to relax in her efforts, and at length sunk down at the foot of a huge laurel tree, where she concealed herself as well as she might, among the long, interwoven grass. There, crouching and trembling in her lair, she heard the voices of her persecutors hallooing to each other through the thicket. She would probably have escaped but for a large mastiff which the Indians had with them, and which scented her out in her hiding-place. The moment she heard the dreaded animal snuffing the air, and tearing his way through the grass, she knew she was lost. The Indians came up. She attempted no vain resistance; but with a sullen passiveness, suffered herself to be seized and dragged to the shore.

“When the merciless priest beheld her, he determined to inflict on her such discipline as he thought would banish her children from her memory, and cure her for ever of her passion for escaping. He ordered her to be stretched upon that granite rock where she had landed from the canoe, on the summit of which she had stood, as if exulting in her flight,—*The Rock of the Mother*,—as it has ever since been denominated,—and there flogged till she could scarcely move or speak.—She was then bound more securely, placed in the canoe, and carried to Javita, the seat of a mission far up the river.

“It was near sunset when they arrived at this village, and the inhabitants were preparing to go to rest. Guahiba was deposited for the night in a large barn-like building, which served as a place of worship, a public magazine, and, occasionally, as a barrack.—Father Gomez ordered two or three Indians of Javita to keep guard over her alternately, relieving each other through the night; and then went to repose himself after the fatigues of his voyage. As the wretched captive neither resisted nor complained, Father Gomez flattered himself that she was now reduced to submission. Little could he

fathom the bosom of this fond mother! He mistook for stupor, or resignation, the calmness of a fixed resolve. In absence, in bonds, and in torture, her heart throbbed with but one feeling; one thought alone possessed her own soul:—her children—her children—and still her children!

"Among the Indians appointed to watch her was a youth, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, who, perceiving that her arms were miserably bruised by the stripes she had received, and that she suffered the most acute agony from the savage tightness with which the cords were drawn, let fall an exclamation of pity in the language of her tribe. Quick she seized the moment of feeling, and addressed him as one of her people.

"*'Guahiba,'* she said, in a whispered tone, *'thou speakest my language, and doubtless thou art my brother! Wilt thou see me perish without pity, O, son of my people! Ah, cut these bonds which enter into my flesh! I faint with pain! I die!'*

"The young man heard, and, as if terrified, removed a few paces from her, and kept silence. Afterwards, when his companions were out of sight, and he was left alone to watch, he approached, and said, *'Guahiba!—our fathers were the same, and I may not see thee die; but if I cut these bonds, white man will flog me:—wilt thou be content if I loosen them and give thee ease!'* And, as he spoke, he stooped and loosened the thongs on her wrists and arms; she smiled upon him languidly, and appeared satisfied.

"Night was now coming on. Guahiba dropped her head on her bosom and closed her eyes, as if exhausted by weariness. The young Indian, believing that she slept, after some hesitation laid himself down on his mat. His companions were already slumbering in the porch of the building, and all was still.

"Then Guahiba raised her head. It was night—dark night—without moon or star.—There was no sound, except the breathing of the sleepers around her, and the humming of the mosquitoes. She listened for some time with her whole soul; but all was silence. She then gnawed the loosened thongs asunder with her teeth. Her hands, once free, she released her feet; and when the morning came she had disappeared. Search was made for her in every direction, but in vain; and Father Gomez, baffled and wrathful, returned to his village.

"The distance between Javita and San Fernando, where Guahiba had left her infants, is twenty-five leagues in a straight line. A fearful wilderness of gigantic forest trees, and intermingling underwood, separated these two missions,—a savage and awful solitude, which, probably, since the beginning of the world, had never been trodden by human foot.

All communication was carried on by the river; and there lived not a man, whether Indian or European, bold enough to have attempted the route along the shore. It was the commencement of the rainy season. The sky, obscured by clouds, seldom revealed the sun by day; and neither moon nor gleam of twinkling star by night. The rivers had overflowed, and the lowlands were inundated. There was no visible object to direct the traveler; no shelter, no defence, no aid, no guide. Was it Providence—was it the strong instinct of maternal love, which led this courageous woman through the depths of the pathless woods—where rivulets, swollen to torrents by the rains, intercepted her at every step; where the thorny lianas, twining from tree to tree, opposed an almost impenetrable barrier; where the mosquitoes hung in clouds upon her path; where the jaguar and the alligator lurked to devour her; where the rattle-snake and water serpent lay coiled up in the damp grass, ready to spring at her; where she had no food to support her exhausted frame, but a few berries, and the large black ants which build their nests on the trees? How directed—how sustained—cannot be told: the poor woman herself could not tell. All that can be known with any certainty is, that the fourth rising sun beheld her at San Fernando; a wild, and wasted, and fearful object; her feet swelled and bleeding—her hands torn—her body covered with wounds, and emaciated with famine and fatigue;—but once more near her children!

"For several hours she hovered around the hut in which she had left them, gazing on it from a distance with longing eyes and a sick heart, without daring to advance: at length she perceived that all the inhabitants had quitted their cottages to attend vespers; then she stole from the thicket, and approached, with faint and timid steps, the spot which contained her heart's treasures. She entered, and found her infants left alone, and playing together on a mat: they screamed at her appearance, so changed was she by suffering; but when she called them by name, they knew her tender voice, and stretched out their little arms towards her. In that moment, the mother forgot all she had endured—all her anguish, all her fears, every thing on earth, but the objects which blessed her eyes. She sat down between her children—she took them on her knees—she clasped them in an agony of fondness to her bosom—she covered them with kisses—she shed torrents of tears on their little heads, as she hugged them to her. Suddenly she remembered where she was, and why she was there: new terrors seized her; she rose up hastily, and, with her babies in her arms, she staggered out of the cabin—fainting, stumbling, and

almost blind with loss of blood and inanition. She tried to reach the woods, but too feeble to sustain her burthen, which yet she would not relinquish, her limbs trembled, and sank beneath her. At this moment an Indian, who was watching the public oven, perceived her. He gave the alarm by ringing a bell, and the people rushed forth, gathering round Guahiba with fright and astonishment. They gazed upon her as upon an apparition, till her sobs, and imploring looks, and trembling and wounded limbs, convinced them that she yet lived, though apparently nigh to death.—They looked upon her in silence, and then at each other; their savage bosoms were touched with commiseration for her sad plight, and with admiration, and even awe, at this unexampled heroism of maternal love.

“While they hesitated, and none seemed willing to seize her, or to take her children from her, Father Gomez, who had just landed on his return from Javita, approached in haste, and commanded them to be separated. Guahiba clasped her children closer to her breast, and the Indians shrunk back.

“‘What!’ thundered the monk: ‘will ye suffer this woman to steal two precious souls from heaven!—two members from our community! See ye not, that while she is suffered to approach them, there is no salvation for either mother or children!—part them, and that instantly!’

“The Indians, accustomed to his ascendancy, and terrified at his voice, tore the children of Guahiba once more from her feeble arms: she uttered nor word nor cry, but sunk in a swoon upon the earth.

“While in this state, Father Gomez, with a cruel mercy, ordered her wounds to be carefully dressed: her arms and legs were swathed with cotton bandages; she was then placed in a canoe, and conveyed to a mission, far, far off, on the river Esmeralda, beyond the Upper Orinoco. She continued in a state of exhaustion and torpor during the voyage; but after being taken out of the boat and carried inland, restoratives brought her back to life, and to a sense of her situation. When she perceived, as reason and consciousness returned, that she was in a strange place, unknowing how she was brought there—among a tribe who spoke a language different from any she had ever heard before, and from whom, therefore, according to Indian prejudices, she could hope nor aid nor pity;—when she recollected that she was far from her beloved children;—when she saw no means of discovering the bearing or the distance of their abode—no clue to guide her back to it:—then, and only then, did the mother’s heart yield to utter despair:—and thenceforward refusing to speak or to move, and obstinately rejecting all nourishment,—she died.

“The boatmen, on the river Atabapo, suspended his oar with a sigh as he passes the **ROCK OF THE MOTHER**. He points it out to the traveler, and weeps as he relates the tale of her sufferings and her fate. Ages hence, when those solitary regions have become the seats of civilization, of power, and intelligence; when the pathless wilds, which poor Guahiba traversed in her anguish, are replaced by populous cities, and smiling gardens, and pastures, and waving harvests,—still that dark rock shall stand, frowning o’er the stream: tradition and history shall preserve its name and fame; and when the pyramids, those vast, vain monuments to human pride, have passed away, it shall endure, to carry down to the end of the world the memory of the Indian Mother.”

FEMALE BEAUTY.

Immersed in soft slumbers of roses,

My mind had a vision of dreams;

The vision a lesson discloses,

And worthy of record it seems:

’Twas laid amid clouds of sweet fumes—

And I dream’d that the minds of these Fair,

When tired of their bodily places,

Would sport like an angel in air.

I saw them apply their strange power,

And leaving behind them their clay,

They seem’d each a living sweet bower,

Gently, wafted on pinions away;

Yet they stay’d, and each feature was beaming

With a loveliness Venus denies,

And the rich beams of beauty were streaming

From the cheeks, and the forehead, and eyes.

When at length to their bodies returning,

They sank like the sun to his rest;

As the glory and light of his burning

Are veil’d in the shades of the west;

And often to suit their own pleasure,

They would leave or return to their place—

The mind was a glorious treasure—

The body was only its case.

As I gazed, my eyes lit on a maiden,

Of choicest Bostonian mould,

With charms every feature was laden,

More rich than the purest of gold:

And another one tortured my vision,

All graceless in form and in mien—

Yet how strangely reversed my decision,

The moment the spirits I’d seen.

This soar’d high on pinions untiring,

And beauty shone forth in her train—

While the one I before was admiring,

Feebly flutter’d her wings on the plain:

The reverse was so new to my fancy,

So strong the strange contrast did seem,

That the vision now ceased to entrance me—

I gaped—and awoke from my dream.

O'er the billows the ocean had lifted,

This voice seem'd distinctly to speak—

Shun the maiden in beauty that's gifted,

If in mental accomplishments weak:

May this truth on the heart-folds be graven,

For male and for female design'd,—

The choicest of beauties e'er given

To mortals, are those of the mind.

MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT.

[The following judicious and sensible remarks relative to the duty of parents in properly training the youthful intellect of their children, we extract from an excellent and recently published volume, entitled ' Fireside Education,' and bespeak for it an attentive and careful perusal by all parents feeling an interest in the future prosperity and happiness of their offspring—to mothers it is more particularly addressed, and is well deserving their most serious attention.]

TO A MOTHER.

You have a child on your knee. Listen a moment. Do you know what that child is? It is an immortal-being; destined to live forever! It is destined to be happy, or miserable! You—the mother! You, who gave it birth, the mother of its body, are also the mother of its soul, for good or ill. Its character is yet undecided; its destiny is placed in your hands. What shall it be?—That child may be a liar. You can prevent it. It may be a drunkard. You can prevent it. It may be a thief. You can prevent it. It may be a murderer. You can prevent it. It may be an atheist. You can prevent it. It may live a life of misery to itself and mischief to others. You can prevent it. It may descend into the grave with an evil memory behind and dread before. You can prevent it. Yes, you, the mother, can prevent all these things. Will you, or will you not? Look at the innocent! Tell me again, will you save it? Will you watch over it, will you teach it, warn it, discipline it, subdue it, pray for it? Or will you, in the vain search of pleasure, or in gayety, or fashion or folly, or in the chase of some other bauble, or even in household cares, neglect the soul of your child, and leave the little immortal to take wing alone, exposed to evil, to temptation, to ruin? Look again at the infant! Place your hand on its little heart! Shall that heart be deserted by its mother, to beat perchance in sorrow, disappointment, wretchedness and despair? Place your ear on its side and hear that heart beat! How rapid and vigorous the strokes! How the blood is thrown through the little veins! Think of it; that heart in its vigor now, is the emblem of a spirit that will work with careless pulsation, for sorrow or joy forever.

SCOLDING

There are some practices of parents which cannot be too severely condemned. One is a constant fretting at, and scolding of, children; a mistake often made by mothers, who can offer the excuse that they have so much to do as to render it impossible that any thing should be well done. By this practice, the force of government is weakened, and the authority of the parent worn out. I never knew one who was perpetually correcting a child, that did not either establish him in habits of contempt of parental government or stultify his intellect. It is proper to remark here, too, that in no duty of life is example more important than in government. Let children see that the father and mother indulge angry looks or harsh words towards each other, and they get a bad lesson, which may never leave them. On the contrary, if they see those whom they most reverence and most love, habitually kind, gracious and patient in their intercourse with one another, they will carry images in their hearts, which will ever incline them to love and gentleness.

CORRECTING CHILDREN IN ANGER.

There is another common error, which may need to be noticed, that of correcting a child hastily and harshly, and then, feeling that injustice has been done, to compensate him by some soothing sugar plum or contrived apology. It is not easy to conceive of any thing more likely to degrade the parent in the eyes of its offspring than such inconsiderate folly—nothing more sure to destroy his influence over the mind, to harden the young heart in rebellion, and make it grow bold in sin. In proportion as the parent sinks in his esteem, self-conceit grows up in the mind of the undutiful child. Young people, as well as old, pay great respect to consistency, and on the contrary, despise those whose conduct is marked with caprice. The sacred relations of parent is no protection against this contempt. Those, therefore, who would preserve their influence over their children, who would keep hold of the reins that may guide them in periods of danger, and save them from probable ruin, must take care not to exhibit themselves as governed by passion or whim, rather than fixed principles of justice and duty.

PARENTAL PARTIALITY.

There is another fatal danger in family government, from which I would warn every parent, and that is partiality. It is too often the case that fathers and mothers have their favorite child. From this two evils result.—In the first place, the pet usually becomes a spoiled child; and the "flower of the family" seldom yields any other than bitter fruit. In the second place, the neglected part of the

household feel envy towards the parent that makes the odious distinction. Disunion is thus sown in what ought to be the Eden of life, a sense of wrong is planted by the parent's hand in the hearts of a part of his family, an example of injustice is written on the soul of the offspring by him who should instil into it, by every word and deed, the holy principles of equity. This is a subject of great importance, and I commend it to the particular notice of all parents.

I have seen a mother, who had two daughters, select one, for no apparent cause, as the object of particular affection. The daughters grew up and had families. For a long time they continued to entertain undisturbed affection for each other. But the mother's preference of one, and of all that belonged to her, though attempted to be concealed, could not be disguised. This gradually introduced a feeling of jealousy between the sisters. Insensibly they became estranged; the two families also began to indulge a spirit of rivalry. They became watchful of each other's words, dress, and demeanor. They grew mutually captious, and at last censorious. The result was, that, while the two families maintained an ostensible friendship, there was underneath this disguise a real hatred of each other.—Thus a mother's selfish and unreasonable indulgence of a whim sowed discord among her children, and entailed misery upon her descendants. Nor is this a solitary instance.—Parents seem peculiarly exposed to this error in the administration of family government. Let them be on their guard. Let them treat their several children with an even hand, and, if they wish peace in their family, discourage uncles and aunts, grandmothers and grandfathers, from selecting one of their children as a special favorite. Such things seldom come to good. If the pet gets at length some niggard legacy as a token of regard, it is usually bought too dear, even if it do not bring a curse on the recipient. If indeed it should seem a benefit to him on whom it is bestowed, the jealous envy excited in the other members of the family, and the consequent alienation of good will, are poorly compensated by it. Such partialities on the part of rich relations are often wholly selfish, and should be rather shunned than coveted by parents.—Their children can do without legacies, but they cannot afford to be subject to the disturbing influence of partiality.

CORPOREAL PUNISHMENT.

As connected with this question of motives, there have been also much doubt and discussion in regard to punishments. Corporal punishments have been altogether discarded by many, as degrading to human nature and injurious to the subjects of such discipline.—

But I am disposed to think that He who recommends to parents not to spare the rod, understood this subject better than those modern reformers. It may be that Vicessimus Knox, that prince of pedagogues, who laid an average of fifty lashes a day upon the backs of his scholars for some forty years, and Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was a great friend of flogging, and some others, have quoted Solomon in behalf of a severe system of discipline. If so, it is not the first time that Holy Writ has been wrested from its true meaning, and made the instrument by which men have vindicated their own misdoings. But the truth here, as in many other cases, lies between the extremes. Corporal punishment is seldom necessary; but almost every parent, who has dealt faithfully with his children, has found some occasion when the injunction, "spare not the rod," came with the emphasis of inspiration to his breast. It may be that the actual necessity for this form of punishment never occurs in respect to some children; but almost every child, before he is thoroughly trained in obedience, has at least one sharp struggle with his parent, in which some decisive and humiliating mark of disapprobation is demanded.

It should not, however, be overlooked, that the necessity of punishment depends very much upon the manner in which children are treated. The greatest floggers have usually the most disobedient children. I once knew a busy, scouring, farmer's wife, with a large family, the eldest fifteen years old, the youngest three. She seldom crossed the room without making some one of them stagger with a vixenish slap on the side of the head. Yet they were, without exception, the most noisy, mischievous, rebellious reprobates that I ever saw. The discipline of this mother was obviously not corrective, but nutritive of the vicious habits of children. The more she flogged, the more their disobedience flourished. Her ill-judged castigation operated like a partial hoeing among weeds, which only makes them grow the faster. I have seen, on the other hand, a teacher of a seminary, consisting of eighty boys, succeed in governing the whole school, while the heaviest punishment ever inflicted was that of making a boy lie in bed for a whole day.—This teacher had a peculiar tact for his profession; but a large part of his skill lay in imperturbable cheerfulness of manner, and an equanimity of temper which never deserted him. These prevented his being thrown off his guard, secured him the good will and confidence of his pupils, and inclined them at the outset to comply with his requisitions.

HOME EDUCATION.

There are two mistakes current in society,

both of which have been accidentally touched upon, but which deserve to be placed more directly before the reader. The first is, the whole duty of a parent, so far as respects education, is discharged by sending children regularly to school; the second, that although parents must attend to the physical and moral culture of their offspring, that their minds, at least, may be left wholly to the schoolmaster. The reader may feel that the former of these propositions has been sufficiently noticed, and I therefore remark only that school instructions never can supersede the necessity of vigilant parental teaching and training at the fireside. If a comparison were to be made between the two, I should not hesitate to attribute greater importance to home education than to school education: for it is beneath the parental roof, when the heart is young and melted by the warmth of fireside affection, that the deepest impressions are made; it is at home beneath parental influence and example, that the foundations of physical, moral and mental habits are laid; it is at home where abiding tastes are engendered; it is at home where lasting opinions are formed.

The other error, that the minds of children may be wholly left to school instructors, has also been noticed; but it is worthy of more special comment. It may be true that some children, without counsel or guidance, may have that docility of temper and expertness of intellect, which will lead them to take ready advantage of the means of instruction afforded at the schools. But these cases are very rare; and in all instances, children will study with livelier relish if they see that their parents are interested in their progress. If parents look over their lessons with them, and approve or condemn as they are attentive or negligent, they will be quickened by a sense of responsibility. If parents aid them in the mastery of difficulties, and teach them to think and reflect upon their studies, they will not only be cheered by the assistance but will find, in the exercise thus given to their minds, that delight which the young bird feels as he first tries his wings and discovers the joyous power they bestow. An experienced and sagacious teacher told me but yesterday, that he had one child in his school whose parents treated him in this way, and that, although he had moderate abilities, he was one of the best and most successful of his pupils. Is it not a mistake of parents, then, to give all their thoughts and devote all their time to more worldly cares; and leave the minds of their children to accident? For what employment more delightful than to train the youthful intellect; what occupation so full of pleasure as to lead one's own child forth in the paths of knowledge, and like Adam, when the world was new, give names and characters

to all around; what pursuit so profitable to the child itself, for whose benefit we are willing to toil, as to teach him the dangers of the way, aid him in surmounting difficulties and at last unfold to him the world of truth, which lies outspread to the view of the beholder!—Say, ye parents, if ye would make an investment for your children, is it better to make it in cash, or in wisdom? Is it better to lay up treasure in the bank, where the moth and rust may corrupt, and where thieves may break through and steal, or in the mind, whose stores are imperishable?

For the Ladies' Garland.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S RETURN.

I.

An Indian stood on Schuylkill's shore,

And there mus'd long and wild,
He thought of happy days gone by,

When he, a careless child,
Had often sped his tiny bark,
O'er its blue waters wide;—
While thus he thought, the large tear-drops
Stole forth, a precious tide.

II.

He leaned his head upon his bow
And sigh'd; while his strong frame
Shook as the tree the tempest's sport:
Thus spoke the chief; "I came
To see my youthful home once more;
To see my elms, time-worn,
But I, the last of all my race,
Must see those elms upturn.

III.

"I came to see my forests wild,
My valleys rich and fair;
But ah! those forests stand no more,
And where those valleys? where?
The white man's ploughshare's torn them up,
The woodman's axe laid low;
And I, the last of all my race,
Must bow my head in woe."

IV.

"I came to see my fathers' graves,
Ere this eve's moon had wan'd,
But I, the last of all my race,
Must see their graves profan'd."
He ceased his wail, and sorrow deep
Her mantle round him wound,
And closer drew it as he gazed
On hill, and cliff, and mound.

V.

"Anon, dark gloomy clouds arose,"
Vivid the lightning flash'd;
Deep thunder roll'd from pole to pole
And falling timbers crash'd;

Then beast, and bird, with frightened form,—
Swept quickly o'er the plain;
But the chieftain heeded not the storm,
Nor felt the pelting rain:

VI.

Firm there he stood in native pride,
A rock his form o'erhung,
His arrows by his side were laid,
His bow, he held unstrung;
His robe of skins lay at his feet,
His plumes hung o'er his brow,
Fled, was his spirit to his God,
And he at peace is now. E.

October, 1838.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY

No. III.

DORCAS.

Seven of the most celebrated cities of antiquity, Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, and Athens, are said to have disputed the glory of having given birth to Homer; and it must be admitted that places and families acquire an importance from their connexion with names which appear conspicuous on the page of history, and have been praised by the united voices of successive generations. We cannot hear, without an instinctive glow, of the cities of Rome, Athens, Sparta, Syracuse, and others, which respectively produced a Cæsar, a Demosthenes, a Lycurgus, and an Archimedes; of the islands of Samos and Ægina, whence emanated the resplendent genius of a Pythagoras and a Plato; of the villages of Alopecæ and Andes, immortalized as having produced a Socrates and a Virgil.

But let not the enchanting annals of Roman literature or Grecian wisdom detach our minds from the nobler records of inspiration, or diminish the conviction which religion must ever inspire, that the birthplace of benevolence and piety is more illustrious than the birthplace of genius and philosophy. On this principle we look with admiration upon the town of Joppa, which, if it cannot boast a prodigy of valor, talent, or learning, is nevertheless conspicuous as the residence of one "of whom the world was not worthy." She was not indeed rich in wealth, but in good works. She was not a conqueror of nations, or a distributor of crowns, but a giver of alms. She had no name on earth beyond the limits of a small Christian Church, but her record was on high, and her memorial has not perished with her.

Joppa was the nearest seaport to Jerusalem on the Mediterranean. It was situated in the tribe of Dan, in a fine plain, and has acquired the modern name of Jaffa. The place is fre-

quently mentioned in scripture. The materials for the construction of Solomon's Temple were sent thither in floats, by Hiram the king of Tyre, whence they were easily conveyed by land to Jerusalem. Jonah, in his flight from the presence of the Lord, embarked at this port, and gave occasion to the mythological fable of Andromeda. Here the apostle Peter enjoyed that remarkable vision in which he saw heaven opened, and a great sheet descending to the earth, which seemed to contain every variety of beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air; intimating to him the abolition of the Mosaic law, and the removal of those distinctions which had so long separated the Jews and the Gentiles. It is probable Philip preached the gospel here in his progress through various cities to Cæsarea; but the history of Dorcas, or as she was originally called in the Syriac dialect, Tabitha, has given it peculiar prominence in the sacred page.

The memorial of this excellent woman is short, but replete with instruction. Her character is sketched at a stroke, and by the introduction of an incident as full of significance and interest as can well be imagined. Dropping those minute details and accidental circumstances which are not necessary to character, and which the New Testament so seldom mentions, the most instructive part of her story is preserved and set in the most brilliant point of light.

She is simply announced in the first place, as "a certain disciple," or one that embraced the faith of Christ, and professed it by baptism and a public union with his church.—Whatever might be her situation in other respects, was of little consequence; this was her best, her most substantial distinction. It invested her with a real glory, which, however overlooked by those who are chiefly attracted by exterior splendor, surpassed every vain and glittering honor of the world. It raised her to the dignity of a name in the volume of inspiration, and the unfading distinction of a place in the annals of eternity.

How poor and perishable is human fame; and yet with what eagerness it is universally sought! What is it but a bubble, excited by some accidental cause, to sparkle for a moment on the stream of passing ages, and then to disappear forever? And yet the love of fame has been called, and perhaps with propriety, the ruling passion; for so much does it blend itself with human motives, that there are comparatively few of our actions, at least such as are visible to the public eye, which may not be traced to this feeling, or which do not receive a tone from its influence.

The inspired testimony is as follows:—"This woman was full of good works and alms-deeds, which she did." Amongst other

acts of beneficence, she was accustomed to make "coats and garments" for "the widows." Her own circumstances are not specified. If she were poor, as the mass of Christian converts in the apostolic times appears to have been, her readiness for furnishing these was admirable indeed. As Paul testified of the Macedonian believers, she contributed to the utmost, yea, and beyond her power: nor are these solitary instances of persons willingly impoverishing themselves in obedience to the fine impulse of a pious sympathy. While others have calculated they have acted, incapable of a cold arithmetic and a measured benevolence. If Dorcas were *rich*, she is, perhaps, entitled to a still higher commendation. So many are the obstructions which "great possessions" cast in the way of charity, so many temptations to a lavish expenditure, beset the opulent, and to support this, on the other hand, to a parsimonious, *saving* habit; so easy is it to frame excuses, and by trifling precautions to escape importunity, or at once to silence it; that it may well excite both wonder and delight to find charity associated with splendor. It is surprising, however, and no less deplorable than surprising, that persons of this class will not consider for a moment, how easily, with how few sacrifices even of time or money, they might be extensively useful. A single drop of supply from their replenished cup of worldly prosperity, would often make "the widow's heart to sing for joy," and prove a healing cordial to the sufferings of perishing humanity. A slight taxation upon even acknowledged superfluity would, in some cases, produce an ample revenue for many indigent families, although religion claims, on their behalf, more than a scanty and unwilling pittance; for "he which soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully. Every man, according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.

AUTUMN.

There is a fearful spirit busy now;
 Already have the elements unfurled;
 Their banners; the great sea-wave is upheaved;
 The cloud comes; the fierce winds begin to blow
 About, and blindly on their errands go;
 And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurled
 From their dry boughs; and all the forest world,
 Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show.
 I love that moaning music which I hear
 In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul
 Seems gathering tidings from another sphere
 And in sublime, mysterious sympathy,
 Man's bounding spirit ebbs and wells more high,
 According to the billow's loftier roll.

A FRAGMENT.

It was early in the autumn of 1836, near the close of a beautiful day, the glowing radiance of whose setting sun, tinging hill and valley, forest and stream, with an almost unearthly light, had thrown me into a contemplative mood. I was reclining on a grassy mound raised above the remains of some loved one; the mournful, yet graceful willow bending over me, speculating on the brevity of time, the folly of man, his destiny, his hopes, his fears. The season, the hour, the circumstances, were favorable to calm and serious thought; I was in one corner of the elevated part of a large and ancient burial place, in the populous village of N—. From where I lay the town was visible,—its streets even then thronged with carriages and foot passengers—the hum of bustle, of noise, of labor, came in a gentle flow upon my ear,—all spoke of life and activity, of toil and strife, of joy and sorrow, mingling in one cup, human experience. Strange,—strange, thought I, that while nature is constantly telling of change and decay,—the "sere leaf" of autumn covering the fresh and blooming flowers of spring; and winter with its chills and snows, taking the place of the warmth and gladness of rich summer, while the shafts of the grim conqueror are falling fast and thick around and among us, while voices from the spirit land are thrilling in our ears, while reason and religion are warning us of the utter instability of human hopes, weakness and folly, and human pride, we turn coldly away, heeding not the kind and gentle monitions of the monitor within, disregarding nature and wisdom, to our temples of wealth, of power, and of fame; we seek the crowd, the busy mart; we meet in the rough shock of eager, excited, unlawful enterprise; we sully our soul's nobleness and purity,—we wreck our surest hopes, and blight our most glorious aspirations, by dishonesty, chicanery, ingratitude and sin.—The lessons of mortality are read to us in tones of anguish and bereavement—in almost every day of our life, the bridal is followed by the burial,—the grave constantly opening to receive some of our friends and acquaintance, and yet we pause not,—yet we deem we do well to overreach our friends, to build up our own towers of prosperity and pride, on other's woes—yet we listen to the counsels of worldly wisdom, and just about to plunge into the ocean of eternity, bestow not a thought on our life-boat and oars. O 'tis madness! 'tis madness! Thus reflecting, my dream was broken by sudden shouts and exclamations of glee—I turned, and my right beheld standing on the horizontal surface of a time worn monument, two beautiful girls—their countenances redolent with joy, their merry voices

and laughing tones speaking of the fullness of youth's buoyancy and mirth. Life to them was as yet one scene of gladness, unbroken by misfortune. Hope with her fairy fingers was tracing for them in colors of light many future years of unclouded enjoyment. I had seen them, the fairest of the fair, the gayest of the gay, in the brilliant circles of fashion, when the dance and the song were enlivened with their grace, acquirements and animation. I had also seen them the centre of light and joy in the family circle; but never had I looked upon them with such intense, fearful interest—there they stood over the remains of the dead, the relics of mortality all around them,—the shadowy twilight flinging over them its sombre mantle, bestowing no thoughts on death,—on the priceless value of their souls,—on the grandeur and importance of a world to come, but wholly rapt in visions of earth's beauty and glory. O maidens,—fair is your present lot,—the lines have fallen to you in pleasant places, wealth and education, talents and beauty are yours,—friends are near to comfort and to bless,—no sounds of sorrow are heard—all are the notes of gladness. But, perchance, a time will come, when the bright visions of your youth, will fade before the stern realities of maturer years; the calls of sickness, of misfortune, of wearing, wasting care, will turn the rose of the cheek to the pale lily, the heart will grow sad, and life, with its thousand joyous scenes, will look dim and dark—then, if ever those times of darkness and sorrow shall come, you will need a surer, holier, more enduring source of happiness; then you shall turn with a troubled eye from the festive halls of mirth, and feel the bitter, bitter pang of neglected hours,—of unimproved advantages and blessings,—of affections sullied and crushed,—of intellect palsied—of integrity weakened by the hollow and heartless, yet iron hand of fashion.—*Fitchburg Courier.*

HUMBLE MINDEDNESS.

Humility is the most beautiful garment of the Christian. It is pleasing to the sight of God and man. When he puts off this garment, which is the distinguishing mark of his profession, he offends all, and is liable to be wounded by an adversary whose shafts could not penetrate its foldings. It is his armor as well as his mantle.

Many a young wife has entirely alienated the affections of her husband by a disregard to her personal appearance. Without neatness in woman, there can be no love in man.

The government of God in the soul is one which regulates, but does not enslave.

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND IN ADVERSITY.

Thou, thou wert ever only dear,
In joy or sorrow, peace or danger!
Then start not, love!—'tis but a tear—
Then start not at a trembling stranger!
I weep not for the wealth we had,
Or fashion's idle splendor fleeting,
Oh! no—'tis that thou lookest sad—
'Tis for thy sighs so oft repeated!

Thou dear one, smile as once thou smiled
If for me now thy tears are flowing;
Some little cot—lone, simple, wild,
Where nameless flow'rs around are growing,
Shall shine a palace proud to me,
If thou art there to point my duty
Delightful scene! while, blessed by thee,
Each morn shall breathe of peace and beauty.

Tho' cheeks that glowed and hearts that vow'd,
Are gone, when fortune fails to cheer thee—
Yet, love! far happier from the crowd,
One heart unchang'd is beating near thee!
Though all these sunshine friends are flown,
Who throng'd our blooming summer bower,
Oh, say thou art not all alone—
I'll share—I'll cheer this adverse hour!

Nay, sigh not thus—though thou dost see
Tears wrap my cheek in pensive sadness,
'Tis ecstasy to mourn with thee,
Yet bid thee hope for days of gladness!
Wealth is not bliss. Look brightly round,
Recall past scenes of peace and pleasure
When, on Passaic's banks, we found
Love, simple, pure—life's truest treasure!

How oft at twilight's holy calm,
Beside that dear secluded river,
We drank the valley-breeze's balm!
Was there one roving wish? Oh! never.
Then was the maple, trembling, green,
With some lone fountain mildly sporting,
Sweet emblem of the happy scene—
Serenely bright, and ever courting!

And love—true love—doth yet remain,
With thy fond wife's unaltered bosom:
Nor wilt thou feel regret or pain,
While heaven leaves one fadeless blossom!
Oh! thou art lovelier far to me—
Far dearer in this hour of sorrow!
For I can think of only thee—
Wish for thy sake a brighter morrow.

Accurate knowledge is the best, and indeed the only true foundation of true eloquence. Lord Chesterfield seems to think otherwise; but the eloquence he recommends is like his favorite system of manners, not solid, but showy and superficial.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

A little babe lay in the cradle, and Hope came and kissed it; when its nurse gave it a cake. Hope promised another to-morrow; and when its young sister brought a flower, over which it clapped its wings and crowed, Hope told of brighter ones which it would gather for itself.

The babe grew to a child, and another friend came and kissed it; her name was Memory. She said "look behind thee, and tell me what thou seest." The child answered, "I see a little book." And Memory said, "I will teach thee how to get honey from the book, that will be sweet to thee when thou art old."

The child became a youth. Once when he went to his bed, Hope and Memory stood by the pillow; Hope sung a melodious song, and said "follow me, and every morning thou shalt wake with a smile, as sweet as the pretty lay I sung thee." But Memory said, "Hope, is there any need that we should contend? He shall be mine as well as thine, and we shall be to him as sisters all his life long."

So he kissed Hope and Memory, as he was beloved of them both. While he slept peacefully they sat silently by his side, weaving rainbow tissues into dreams; when he awoke, they came with the lark, to bid him good morning, and he gave a hand to each.

He became a man. Every day Hope guided him to his labor, and every night he supped with Memory at the table of Knowledge.

But at length Age found him, and turned his temples gray. To his eye the world seemed altered. Memory sat by his elbow chair, like an old and tried friend; he looked at her seriously and said, "hast thou not lost something that I entrusted with thee?" And she answered, "I fear so, for the lock of my casket is worn. Sometimes I am weary and sleepy, and Time purloins my key; but the gems that thou didst give me when life was new, I can account for all—see how bright they are."

While they thus sadly conversed, Hope put forth a wing that she had not worn, folded under her garment, and tried its strength in a heavenward flight. The old man laid down to die, and when his soul went forth from the body, the angels took it, and Memory walked with it through the open gate of heaven.—But Hope laid down at its threshold and gently expired, as a rose giveth out its last odors.

Her parting sigh was like the music of a seraph's harp. She breathed it into a glorious form and said, "immortal happiness! I bring thee a soul through the world, it is now thine—Jesus hath redeemed it."

From Zion's Herald.

THE MOUNTAINS.

How lovely in their solitude,
The mountains, dim and gray,
Whose snow-wreathed summits far beyond
The clouds of summer lay.
As if the heavens were all too pure,
The stain of earth to meet,
Or, that their glory might allure
To them, celestial feet.

How beautiful the silvery mist
At morn unto them clings,
Almost those heavenly ones, we wist,
Have compassed them with wings.
The diamond lights their sparry caves,
And decks their fairy walls,
While sparkling rills with pearly waves,
A shower of glory falls.

Ay, lovely in their simplest guise,
The heavy mountains stand,
The strong, unyielding hills, which rise
Like alps in each land,
Pleasant, yet sad—the rosy hue
Which fades at eve away,
As brightly gleamed, as quickly flew,
Upon another day.

But they—when God hath woke the storm
Which breaks upon the hills,
How sadly solemn is the joy,
Which through each fibre thrills.
Thus hath it broke, for ages thus—
And wildly on the mountain's brow
Hath flashed the lightning's lurid wing
As sternly as it flashes now.

And so, perchance, for ages more,
With solemn grandeur high,
Their snowy peaks shall upward soar
Unto the azure sky.
The soul, which sinks and flutters here,
But wrestles with their might,
For thus the future, and the past
Eternities unite. FLORENCE.

Lowell, September, 1838.

It was a beautiful turn, given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed, for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had hidden him. This confession caused her to be brought before the governor, who told her, that nothing but confessing where she had hidden him could save her from the torture. "And wilt that do!" said she. "Yes," replied the governor; "I will pass my word for your safety on that condition." "Then," said she, "I have hidden him in my heart, where you may find him." This surprising answer charmed her enemies.

THE LADIES' GARLAND.

Vol. II.

A WREATH OF MANY FLOWERS.

No. 6.

THE CHARACTER OF WOMAN.

BY JAMES HOBAN.*

I HAVE chosen for the entertainment of the enlightened audience a theme, of which the inseparable and innate interest may redeem, in some measure, the imperfect and crude manner with which it is treated. My discourse shall be devoted to the character of WOMAN, and her influence upon the destiny of man. I invoke no indulgence, because I intend the truth. The first consideration, in treating of this matter, which strikes my mind, is an idea not original, yet singular, and perhaps escaping that attention which it deserves—it is this: that the most illustrious men have inherited intellect from the mother's side. Sir WALTER SCOTT informs us that his mother had a fine poetic taste and wrote good verses; it was so with the parent of the sweet and fascinating bard of Scotia, whose effective and natural beauty and ease in numbers have always commended him to my most peculiar respect and admiration. The mother of BYRON preceded her illustrious son in the same cast of mind—the same tone of temper, to even painful particulars, as he himself informs us; and to revert to a theme still more sacred than even "divine poetry" itself, who does not remember that, in the general outline of character, moral and intellectual, as well as physical form and feature, the mother of WASHINGTON most closely resembled the Father of his country?

Not thus only, however, is the name of Woman associated with the empire of mind. The beautiful novels of Miss EDGEWORTH have challenged the admiration of the most

cultivated of the other sex. Sir Walter Scott always delighted to sound her eulogy, and none will deny that her merits passed the ordeal of the most refined criticism, when they received, even in the Senate of the United States, unqualified praise from the lips of John Randolph. How deeply are we indebted to the varied and brilliant genius of Miss LONDON! Does not the world feel the absence of the great poetess, lately departed? There was grief on Parnassus—the Muses dropped their instruments of song to weep, when Mrs. HEMANS was no more. How varied her subjects and her powers! With what delightful dominion she ruled the obedient heart of the reader! Yea, and this is recorded of her in heaven—a record, I fear, not opposite the names of many of the children of genius of the other sex—

"She wrote no line,

Which, dying, she would wish to blot."

Another name, and I quit this branch of my subject, grateful and prolific though it be; that name belongs to us and to our soil—Miss SEDGEWICK. Her stories are full of truth, full of effect, eloquent with morality, and lessons of practical good sense; and, for the tone which pervades them, and the manner of their narration, deserve all the praise so liberally awarded them. Others of the distinguished of the sex crowd upon the memory, and seem to demand notice; but the patience of the hearer must be consulted. An acute observer has remarked that he could run with a pencil, upon the map, around the borders of barbarism and ignorance, and that within those limits alone would Woman be found degraded and abused. What a noble commentary upon her character, that it is appreciated in the degree of the prevalence of virtue and learning! There was an

* Mr. Hoban was appointed by the Union Literary and Debating Society of Washington city on the 11th of October, to deliver a lecture before that body on the 18th, which he accepted. We take pleasure in transcribing it to our paper.

epoch in the history of the world when a reverence for the sex was carried to the extreme, so much so as to invoke the satire of the finest pens. Yet that age was characterized by the utmost refinement, elegance, and accomplishment, and caused the revival, amidst a general neglect of letters, of a new and pleasing kind of literature, the improving influence of which has survived its decay and desuetude. Men seemed then actuated by motives more pure and lofty; if less practical, than those which belong to the age in which we live. It was an epoch, indeed, with all its faults, and notwithstanding all the objections which may fairly be urged against it, which leaves an impression upon posterity of a character most favorable as regards the virtue and generosity of which our nature is capable. Mr. Burke, whose enlightened mind and varied attainments, rendered him a most competent judge, always reverted to this era in the same spirit which characterizes these remarks. Indeed, there is so much poetry of sentiment and beauty of expression in one of his allusions to it, that a short quotation from his writings needs no other apology than that which its introduction into the body of remarks which must suffer by comparison with the pre-eminent excellence of every thing emanating from a genius so superior might seem naturally to require from the humble individual who addresses you. Speaking of Marie Antoinette, he says:

"It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness of Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, cheering and decorating the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star; full of life, of splendor, and of joy. Oh what a revolution! And what an heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace in that bosom; little did I dream that I should live to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leapt from their scabbards to avenge even a look which threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophists, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The

unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone! that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness."

That delicacy of sentiment, the growth of devotion to the sex, Mr. Burke does not hesitate to declare the "glory of Europe;" and in terms of moving pathos he mourned its decline. Believe me, that in all this the philosophy is as true and profound as the poetry inviting. What nation, remembered in history, or which deserves to be, ever achieved glory or greatness which might not be largely and immediately attributable to the influence of the virtue of Woman? The Grecian is told by his heroic mother, "With this shield, my son, or on it;" and he carries into the bloody strife that most eloquent of incitements, a mother's encouragement—that most powerful of protections, a mother's smiles, a mother's prayers. In the days of Rome's most proud and palmy prosperity, when the mother of the Gracchi was asked for her jewels, she brought up her children, and, pointing to them, she said, "These are my jewels!" Yes, noble matron! let the Christian mother learn from thee that her ornaments should be children trained to honor her and benefit her country; that gems and gaudiness may deck the inconsiderate; but that, to the woman of true ambition, virtue, manliness, honor, in the bosoms of her offspring, are her appropriate jewels—jewels in a crown more imposing than one of gold, which time shall put upon the brow of her country.

We all remember the history, in the early ages of the church, of the mother who encouraged her five children at the stake to endure martyrdom for the truth. As, one by one, they were cast into the flames, as they writhed in torture, she exclaimed to each, "Courage! my child; a few moments of suffering, and we shall meet in Paradise." A story of such, lofty heroism, so touching and so pious, would but be marred by commentary. That mother, and those children—they shall meet again. The bodies of those innocents, though wasted by the fire, shall come again from their ashes in bloom, in smiles, in health, and joy; when the great and the proud, the princes and the nobles of the earth, shall start in terror at the clangor of the trumpet, which sounding in every grave shall call the sheeted dead to judgment. They shall rejoice; they shall go to their reward; and, mother and child, they shall be separated never, never more!

There is a beautiful tradition, and it may be true, that of all the multitude who condemned the Redeemer, who covered him with curses, who visited him with torture, who nailed him on the cross, who exclaimed before Pilate, "His blood be upon us and upon our children"—that, in all this scene of blasphemy and blood, no woman's face was seen, no woman's voice was heard. Hence they tell us that the women of Judea are favored by heaven peculiarly with beauty; and that the harshness of countenance, and the worldliness of thought and temper which belong to the men of this people, have not impressed themselves upon the other sex. They are distinguished for a peculiar mildness, a soft and winning beauty; the heroines, like Rebecca, in *Ivanhoe*, of many a story of persecution against this unfortunate race; and, especially for an eye dark, lustrous, and expressive:

"That eye, which, wild as the gazelle's,
Wins as it wanders, dazzles as it dwells!"

The virtue of one woman—the chastity of Lucretia—expelled tyranny from Rome. The people had long and patiently borne the insolence of illegitimate authority; they hated the proud dominion of their king; but leader they had none. At length the blood of the murdered mother stirred the multitude to action. When Brutus stood above the corpse—when, in the public place, he told the story of violence—of violence upon the wife of the soldier in the tented field, in the service of his country—when he snatched the crimsoned steel from its sheath in the bosom of the purest and the best—of her, because of her worth, the beloved of the populace—and, lifting it to heaven, swore that from that hour a crown should never again be worn in Rome—every heart was fired, every tongue responded, never! never! As the gorgeous and lofty edifice which totters for an instant, then sinks forever from the sight, when the soil gapes to receive it, convulsed by the earthquake—as the oak, which has withstood the elements for a century, and looks proud and green to the summer sky, when the storm comes on, in the twinkling of an eye blazes with the lightning's fiery wrath, and, from its topmost leaf to its gnarled root, it is riven, black, and verdureless, and dead!—so, in an instant, fell the glory of the Tarquins!

The kingly power was exterminated, the royal family were made fugitives, and the Roman Constitution received that infusion of democratic influence—which is liberty—to which, in her subsequent career, may be attributed the glory in arts and arms—the pride, power, and dominion, to which she attained.

The people converted a great crime into

an era full of most momentous, and beneficial, and enduring consequences. Perhaps no other event than the one in which it had its origin could have produced a revolution so sudden, so entire, and so permanent. None but a similar offence could have produced reprobation so unanimous. Every mother felt the cause of Lucretia to be her own, every husband beheld in her the sacred character of a virtuous wife; every father, hearing her fate, grew pale for the safety of his daughters; every brother, for the purity of his sister.

From the depths of the human heart—from the whole population—from every condition in society—from every sex—from every age—from the proud and the humble, the rich and the poor—from all, there came a consuming lava-flood of popular indignation, which overswept the topmost pinnacles of rank and place, and against which reverence for authority and the kingly name were impotent to resistance.

Let us leave the Eternal City, and revert to a scene of horror belonging to our own times, and to a lady who would have done honor to Rome, when Rome did honor to human nature. Ah! too memorable occasion with which the name of this beautiful daughter of Columbia is associated! It is midnight. The gallant steamer foams upon her pathless way; above her the vaulted darkness and the brilliant stars of heaven; beneath, and all around, the boundless flood; the crew have retired to their rest; they may be dreaming of friends and home, of scenes of enterprise and happiness, of ambition, of pleasure, of wealth. In an instant, with an awful crash, the proud thing of the waters is rent with violence; she is riven asunder; the waters are rushing in. Oh! God, the awful desolation of that hour! Parents parting from their children, wives from their husbands, brother from sister, friend from friend! It is over! The stately vessel has gone down. In cold, in darkness, at midnight, at sea, the remainder of the crew not swallowed up by the waters—the widowed, the bereaved, the fatherless, sisterless, brotherless, upon spars and planks, and fragments of the wreck, shivering with the cold, tossed by the waves, burning with thirst, raving with hunger, pursued by the ravening monsters of the deep, are struggling for their lives.

Amidst the awful terrors of that night, which none who were its melancholy witnesses can ever divorce from their memories, there was one whose courage never quailed, whose sympathy and zeal for the alleviations of the miseries of others was never abated or qualified by fear or consideration for herself; who cheered the de-

sponding; who spoke comfort to the despairing; who prayed with the departing; who wept over the dead; who shared the sorrow of the survivor;—the guardian angel of the desolate! When the miserable tenants of the wreck found themselves about to expire, they would pray that their heads might be laid upon her lap, that they might gaze till death upon her face; that no other voice but hers should fall upon their dying ears. In the annals of fiction or of fact, has history ever recorded, has the poet ever sung, has the chisel ever labored to perpetuate virtue more inviting—an incident more beautiful than this of the departing only anxious to look their gratitude in the face of their benefactor! How truly has the poet said:

"Oh woman, in our hours of ease,
Capricious, coy, and hard to please—
When pain and sickness wring the brow,
A ministering angel, thou!"

When the form of this noble woman is mingled with the dust, let her memory be not forgotten. Let the painter give her features glowing, living, to the canvass, that every mother, every daughter, every sister in the whole length and breadth of the republic may look, face to face, upon one who is an honor to their sex. Let her be chiselled in marble, sitting upon the raft, the dead strewn around, the waters swelking up in foam and violence; famine in every living countenance; in her arms the form of the dying intently looking in her face for comfort and for peace!

This peculiar disposition of woman, seemingly so incompatible with the mild tenderness of her nature—which renders her as patient and as spirited under the most cruel sufferings, as she is alive and sensitive and sympathetic when others endure them—has been adverted to by one of our finest writers. I have seen this same quotation passing from newspaper to newspaper, as taken from Addison. This is an error. It is to be found in the Sketch-book called *The Wife*. Mr. Washington Irving there says—

"As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is riven by the thunderbolt, cling round it, with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so it is beautifully ordered by Providence that Woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart."

The cheering and consoling attributes which belong to woman are warmly dis-

played in all seasons of trial, of commotion, of calamity and wo. Fearless of the poisonous breath of infection, she stands, amidst the pestilence, by the bedside of those smitten down with disease, and in war her whole soul and awakened enthusiasm is with her suffering country. At New Orleans, the conduct of the ladies was in the highest degree exemplary; they prepared banners for the volunteers; they ministered to the wounded; and, when the battle began, those of them not needed for offices of charity and mercy retired to the churches, and, whilst the engrossing contest raged, they knelt before the altar, and lifted up their voices and their prayers to the God of Hosts that victory might bless the efforts of their brave defenders, and their country might be saved.

During the war of the Revolution, scarcely a female story could be found. When one of the British officers was deriding Col. Washington, of the Southern army, and observed that he understood that he was so illiterate that he could not write, a spirited young girl, in company, replied that "such might be the case, but it was very certain that the enemies of the country could testify that he could make his mark." As the impertinent Briton had been once closely pressed by the gallant Colonel, who, striking at his flying foe, had taken off one of his little fingers, and as he owed his further safety rather to his horse than to his valor, the ready tongue of the belle was felt to be as keen as the sword of the rebel. The purifying influence of the tender virtues of woman pervades the whole frame of society, and is productive of incalculable advantages. Upon the character of the mother depends the character of man. From her example we are taught the precepts of religion and the practice of virtue, as is plainly evident from the different histories of those who have experienced the improving care of the author of their being, and those who are thrown upon the world without domestic culture.

We are intended by Providence for union—the fountain and source of mutual happiness and improvement. This is exemplified in the character of the bachelor tribe—a harsh, crabbed, and troublesome race. Their tempers are uneven—their natures are unsocial—they have no homes to retire to—their stockings want darning—their manners want mending—they swarm in taverns—they congregate in theatres—they hate churches—they are addicted to wine, cigars, and bad company. There are some honorable exceptions, (principally belonging to our society,) who are single because they cannot well help it, and of whom their redeeming quality is, that they live in the honest hope and laudable ambition of bettering their state.

The influence of virtuous female society is immediately perceptible in young men. It gives them ease in company, refinement of manners. It leads them to the cultivation of dress and politeness. Show me a young man slovenly in his exterior, indifferent about excellence of any kind, prone to waste his days and nights in idleness or criminal dissipation, and, in five cases out of six, I will show you one who is seldom found with female friends. Who would live as he ought to live in this world—for himself alone? will care to gather, unless more than himself can enjoy his abundance? Who can realize that has not practically known the luxury, above all other luxuries, of a virtuous and a happy home? How powerful are the motives of action which belong to the bosom of a father! What perils will he not endure? What labors will he not achieve to bring home abundance to the children who surround his table? For this, he will chase the whale amidst the icy realms of the pole. For this, he tears the soil with the ploughshare, puts the grain into the earth, and in the heat of autumn gathers in the harvest. If the invader come, will he surrender his daughters to violence, his children to chains? The father's heart is the nation's defence. He despises danger. To him is welcome the "stormy music of the drum." To him there are objects, dearer than life itself, and his patriotism has all the intense, solemn, sacred nature of a divine religion.

"And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won—
Oh! what were man,? A world without a sun!"

But some old bachelor will say, yes, all this is very fine, but not precisely true—that woman is sometimes a hard bargain—

"That they are like to Jeremiah's figs,
When good, they're very good; when bad, too bad for pigs!"

To this old bachelor I would say, that his chance in the lottery for a good wife is worth as much as all the evils he could suffer from a bad choice; and, I would say further, that let his selection be ever so unfortunate, the presumption is that his helpmate gets the worst of the bargain. They say that some women have rather acid tempers, and, withal, are not quite so beautiful as these ague-shaken specimens of humanity would desire for their companions. If these crusty and testy animals would limit their desires by their deserts, and be content with those of the opposite sex, to whom they can bring an amount of agreeableness equal to that which they require of women, they would be easily served. Indeed, I have generally observed,

that they who are hardest to please are those who are themselves least capable of pleasing others. The tempers of women, even when apparently harsh and unpleasant, are meant by Providence to answer a wise purpose. There are some men capable of aspiring in the world, who are by nature so unambitious, torpid, and inactive, that they require in their wives some spirit and metal to drive them in the road which, of themselves, they would be too lazy to travel. A good sour temper at home has turned many a thirsty soul from intemperance, and the dread of the salutary curtain lecture saved many a handsome estate from being knocked down by the dice-box. So that, after all, the bad, instead of being "too bad," are "good for pigs;" and if the worst come to the worst, we have all need of enance; and if some suffer a little in this world, let them philosophize like Christians, believing that it will be the better for them in the next, and thus thank their spouses for perhaps the only road open to them for salvation.

Some there are who assume a kind of philosophy, the essence of which is self-conceit—who profess to despise the sex, and point their wit at every frailty of which it has ever been accused. Such men are alienated from the better portion of creation by a happy instinct of nature, since they are generally found to be devoid of those generous and manly qualities which alone can find their way to the favor of the fair. It has pleased Providence, in his wisdom and beneficence, in the economy of nature, frequently to combine the pleasing and the profitable. The earth, which is the prolific source of every means of human sustenance, he has covered with verdure and varied with beauty. The heavens he has lighted with distant worlds so brilliant and so numerous that from their airy abode they invite the thoughts of men from lowliness and earth. The tree that is loaded in autumn with the finest fruits is arrayed in spring with the richest flowers and the sweetest perfume. The harvest that fills the land with plenty, and the heart with thankfulness, looks golden and inviting. So, Woman, destined for utmost improvement and most rational enjoyment, He has chosen so to adorn that she may, as it were, seduce us into our own happiness.

In Holy Writ, it is said of virtue—and the same is true of honorable love—that "all her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

The trials, the troubles, the temptations of life require the comforts of companionship to bear us up against them. Without woman, without love, without the social endearments of home, the life of man would be like the seasons, without the balm, the glory, and the

freshness of spring; like the sky, without the hues and the coloring which it borrows from the sun-beam; like the worm that might never rise from its humility on the painted wings of the butterfly. Since the days of Adam to the present, the scriptural phrase is true, "it is not well for man to be alone." The parents of us all were once the happy tenants of Paradise. Their sin, their punishment, their repentant tears were mutual. The picture of their departure from Eden is a touching view of the manner we must all meet the vicissitudes of life. As with Adam and Eve, so with us all, their daughters and their sons, our joys, our tears, our pleasures and our pains, must be blended to be enjoyed or to be endured.

In entering upon the journey of human life, let us not view the prospect as cold or discouraging; let our hearts be dedicated not to despair, but to hope. So, together, under the common sentence of wrath and the support of promise, went forth upon this earth the common parents of us all.

"Some natural tears they shed, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide;
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps, and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way."

For the Ladies' Garland.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

BY MILO A. TOWNSEND.

'Tis AUTUMN with her lonely bowers
And bright and beautiful sky;
The lark no more to golden hours
Is singing 'mid the meadow flowers,
Or mounting up on high.

Yet how delightful 'tis to stray
Where pearly waters flow,
To see the blue hills far away,
Like mailed warriors proud and gay,
Gaze on the world below.

And beautiful it is to see
In Autumn's lonely hour,
The golden sunlight falling free,
On wave and bower and sylvan lea,
With soft and magic power.

O, then the fancy takes its flight
To fadeless worlds of bliss,
And sets enthroned in regions bright,
Or on some brilliant isle of light,
More holy far than this.

Then give me autumn wild and lone,
That I may fondly stray
To fairy bowers and haunts unknown,
And list to nature's softest tone,
In wildwoods far away.

New Brighton, Pa., 1838.

THE FAMILY.

If there are any joys on earth, which harmonize with those of heaven, they are the joys of a Christian family. When the snow flakes fall fast in the wintry evening, and the moaning winds struggle at the windows, what is so delightful as to see the happy little ones sporting around a cheerful fire. Look at that little creature in her night dress, frolicking and laughing, as though she never had known, and never would know a care. Now she rolls upon the carpet, and now she climbs the chair, and now she pursues her older sister around the room, while her little heart is overflowing full of happiness. Who does not covet the pleasurable emotions, with which the parents look upon this lovely scene.

But let us look at this man who makes his home but a boarding house, where he may eat and sleep. His wife is merely his house keeper. His children are necessary evils, to be kept out of the way as much as possible. To-day he is at the bowling alley. To-morrow he is at the billiard room. And the next day he is still midnight at the whist party. He is a jovial companion, and greets his associates with an air of careless mirth, as though he never knew a sorrow. But in truth, he is a poor pitiable victim of disquietude and depression. His jokes are forced.—His smile is unnatural. It is even by constraint that he retains the semblance of good nature. See him at home—how petulant and irascible! The least annoyance to his mind is like the spark to the powder. His children, while they flee from his frown, imbibed his spirit. See him as he rises in the morning, gloomy and cross. The poor creature hardly knows the meaning of the word enjoyment. This is a man of pleasure. He will not obey God's law, because it will disturb his happiness! Wretched man! He is the victim of his own sins. He is serving satan here, and satan rewards him as he does all his disciples, with the painfully forced semblance of joy, but with an harassed spirit, and prospective destruction.

Lord Chesterfield was such a man. He spent his whole life in the vain pursuit of pleasure, and yet happiness continually eluded his search. Listen to his candid confession. "I have seen the round of business and pleasure, and have done with all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value which, in truth, is very low; whereas those who have not experienced, always overrate them. They only see the gay outside, and are dazzled with the glare. But I have been behind the scenes. When I reflect upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I

have done, I cannot persuade myself that all the frivolous bustle of the world had any reality. Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with the meritorious resignation and consistency which most men boast? No sir! I really cannot help it. I bear it, because I must bear it whether I will or no. I think of nothing but killing time the best way I can."

What a comment is this confession upon what is generally called worldly pleasure.—The dying scene of such a man is a fearful commentary upon his misspent life. He lies upon his dying bed, annoying all around him by his irritability. The retrospect of the past affords him no pleasure, and the future is filled with fearful forebodings. And there he lies brooding in sullen silence upon the present pains, with no consolation in respect to the future. He dies and is forgotten. But oh! this is not the end of his history. Judgment is before him, and eternal retribution succeeds. The imagination shrinks from following him into those regions.

VERSES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Sing me a song of *childhood's* hours,
When life was bright as summer flowers;
Ere yet the withering hand of care
Had planted a thorn of sorrow there.

Sing me of *youth's* romantic day,
When *love* was the sun that warmed his way;
When his heart was full of romance wild,
And the earth like paradise round him smil'd.

Sing me a song of a *father's* joy,
As he kisses the rosy cheek of his boy;
And a *mother's* love, and a mother's care,
As she smooths the curls of his flaxen hair.

Sing me a song of *spring's* gay bloom,
When the air is loaded with sweet perfume;
When the heart is light and the spirits are high,
And the sun walks in glory along the sky.

Sing me a song of the *farewell* ray—
Of the softened light of departing day;
As it fades away in the golden west,
As mild and sweet as an infant's rest.

Sing me a dirge for the *poet's* grave,
Or the *sailor* that sleeps beneath the wave;
And let the air be solemn and wild,
As befits the bard or the ocean's child.

Sing me no more, I bid farewell
To the minstrel's harp and the poet's spell;
The days of song are passing by,
And I bid them adieu with a tear and a sigh.

THE BEREAVED SISTER.

In the spring of 1834, I contracted an acquaintance in one of the cities of the South, with a gentleman who had removed from England to this country, with two small children, the one a boy of ten, and the other a girl of nine years of age. These children were the most lovely beings I ever saw.— Their extreme beauty, their deep and artless affection, and their frequent bursts of childish and innocent mirth, made them as dear to me as if I had been the companion of their infancy. They were happy in themselves, happy in each other, and in the whole world of life and nature around them. I had known the family but a few months when my friend was compelled to make a sudden and unexpected voyage to South America. His feelings were embittered by the thought of leaving his motherless children behind him, and as I was on the point of embarking for Liverpool, I promised to take them to their relations.

My departure was delayed two weeks.— During that period I lived under the same roof with the little ones that had been consigned to my charge. For a few days they were pensive and made frequent inquiries for their absent father, but their sorrows were easily assuaged, and regret for his absence changed into a pleasant anticipation of his return. The ordinary sorrows of childhood are but dewdrops upon the eagle's plumage, which vanish at the moment, when the proud bird springs upward into the air to woo the first beautiful flashes of the morning.

The day of our departure at last arrived, and we set sail on a quiet afternoon of summer. It was a scene of beauty, and my heart fluttered as wildly and as joyously as the wing of a young bird in spring time. It seemed in truth as if man's control had stopped with the shore that was retreating behind us, and left the world of waters to give back the blue of the upper skies as purely and peacefully as at the first holy Sabbath of creation. The distant hills bent their pale blue tops to the waters, and as the great sun, like the image of his Creator, sank in the west, successive shadows of gold, and crimson, and purple, came floating over the waves, like barks from a fairy land. My young companions gazed on these scenes steadily and silently, and when the last tints of the dim shore were melting into a shadow, they took each other's hands, and a few natural tears gushed forth as an adieu to the land they had loved.

Soon after sunset, I persuaded my little friends to let me lead them to the cabin, and then returned to look out again upon the ocean. In about half an hour, as I was standing amusingly apart, I felt my hand gently

pressed, and on turning round saw that the girl had stolen alone to my side. In a few moments the evening star began to twinkle from the edging of a violent cloud. At first it gleamed faintly, and at intervals; but anon it came brightly out, and shone like a holy thing upon the brow of evening. The girl at my side gazed upon it, and hailed it with a tone which told that a thought of rapture was at her heart. She inquired, with simplicity and eagerness, whether in the fair land to which we were going, that same bright star would be visible, and seemed to regard it as another friend that was to be with her in her long and lonely journey.

The first week of our voyage was unattended by any important incident. The sea was at times wild and stormy, but again it would sink to repose, and spread itself out in beauty to the verge of the horizon. On the eighth day the boy arose pale and dejected, and complained of indisposition. On the following morning he was confined by a fever to his bed, and much doubt was expressed as to his fate, by the physician of the vessel. I can never forget the visible agony, the look of utter woe, that appeared upon the face of the little girl when the conviction of her brother's danger came slowly home upon her thoughts. She wept not—she complained not—but, hour after hour, she sat by the young sufferer—an image of grief and beautiful affection. The boy became daily more feeble and emaciated. He could not return the long and burning kisses of his sister, and, at last, the faint heaving of his breast, and tender eloquence of his half closed eye, and a flush, at intervals, upon his wasted cheek like the first violet tint of a morning cloud, were all that told that he had not passed 'the first dark day of nothingness.'

The twelfth evening of our absence from land was the most beautiful I had ever known, and I persuaded the girl to go a short time upon deck, that her own fevered brow might be fanned by the twilight breeze. The sun had gone down in glory, and the traces of his blood red setting were still visible upon the western waters. Slowly, but brilliantly, the many stars were gathering themselves together above, and another sky swelled out in softened beauty beneath, and the foam upon the crests of the waves were lighted up like wreaths of snow. There was music in every wave, and its wild sweet tones came floating down from the fluttering pennon above us, like the sound of a gentle wind amid a cypress grove. But neither music nor beauty had a spell for the heart of my little friend. I talked to her of the glories of the sky and sea—I pointed her to the star on which she had always loved to look—but her only answer was a sigh, and I returned with her to the bedside of her brother. I perceived

instantly that he was dying. There was no visible struggle—but a film was creeping over his eye, and the hectic flush of his cheek was fast deepening into purple. I know not whether at first his sister perceived the change in his appearance. She took her seat at his side, and then, as usual, let her melancholy eye rest fixedly upon his countenance. Suddenly his looks brightened for a moment, and he spoke his sister's name. She replied with a passionate caress, and looked up to my face as if to implore encouragement. I knew that her hopes were but a mockery. A moment more, and a convulsive quiver passed over the lips of the dying boy—a slight shudder ran through his frame—and all was still. The girl knew, as intuitively, that her brother was dead. She sat in tearless silence—but I saw that the waters of bitterness were gathering fearfully at their fountain. At last she raised her hands with a sudden effort, and pressing them upon her forehead, wept with the uncontrollable agony of despair.

On the next day, the corse of the dead boy was committed to the ocean. The little girl knew that it must be so, but she strove to drive the thought away, as if it had been an unreal and terrible vision. When the appointed hour was at hand, she came and begged me, with a tone that seemed less like a human voice, than the low cadence of a disembodied spirit, to go and look upon her brother and see if he were indeed dead. I could not resist her entreaties, but went with her to gaze upon the sleeping dust, to which all the tendrils of her life seemed bound. She paused by the bedside, and I almost deemed that her very existence would pass off in that long and fixed gaze. She moved not—spoke not—till the form she loved was taken away to be let down into the ocean. Then, indeed, she arose and followed her lifeless brother with a calmness that might have been from heaven. The body sank slowly and solemnly beneath the waves; a few long bright ringlets streamed out upon the waters; a single white and beautiful glimpse came dimly up through the glancing billows, and all that had once been joy and beauty, vanished forever.

During the short residue of our voyage, the bereaved sister seemed fading away as calmly and beautifully as a cloud in the summer zenith. Her heart had lost its communion with nature, and she would look down in the sea, and murmur incoherently of its cold and solitary depths, and call her brother's name, and then weep herself into calmness. Soon afterwards I left her with her friends. I know not whether she is still a blossom of the earth, or whether she has, long since, gone to the matured in a holier realm. But I love the memory of that beautiful and stricken one. Her loveliness, her innocence, and her deep and

holy feelings still come back to me in their glory and quietude, like a rainbow on a summer cloud, that has showered and passed off forever.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

T O D C.

THEY tell me that thy cheek is pale, and that thou seem'st as one

Who ere long will leave this lower world, for a bright and glorious home;

Thine have been but the early flowers that strew life's morning way,

But haply thou may'st miss the thorns of its slowly closing day.

How many who have struggled through the changing scenes of years,

'By interest or ambition led, slaves to idle hopes or fears,

Find, when a life of with'ring care and toil is almost pass'd,

That disappointment still is theirs,—theirs to the very last.

And of those who've pass'd triumphantly their chosen way along,

Deem'd most prosperous and happy by the lightly judging throng,

There are who'd give the wealth and fame to which the many bow,

Give all that they have gained and prized—to be as thou art now.

As thou art now!—what thou wilt be, to Him alone is known

Who placed thee here, and in His time who'll claim thee for his own,

And whether for brief months, or long, long years on earth thy stay,

May thine be "peace this world can neither give nor take away."

ELLA.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF RACHEL MORRISON.

The following beautiful story from the *New Monthly Magazine*, conveys an impressive warning to all young ladies, to beware of forming attachments with men of plausible and insinuating address, but of corrupt and infidel principles. Such attachments, if not arrested in their course, often produce a shipwreck of the affections—and if they are consummated in marriage, commonly result in disappointment and woe.

It was a clear, sunny September morning, and bright and cheerful Autumn was stealing over the landscape, and Rachel Morrison looked out upon a joyous picture, as she sat within the window of her father's house. Her two younger sisters had spread a richly fringed carpet beneath a Verandah that was curtained by clustering vines. The elder of them had

a basket filled with the rich clusters of the purple grape, and held it up, a double temptation to little Miriam and a bounding greyhound, the pet and torment of the family.—Kate Morrison, the tempter, would not however, suffer either of them to touch a grape until she had first presented the basket to Rachel; indeed, her youthful sisters loved Rachel dearly—and loved her the more, for that the rose was fading from her cheek, and her lips seldom smiled as was their custom in former times. I have often observed the love of children increased with the illness of a friend or companion—a beautiful illustration of the disinterested nature of true love.—'There is a bunch, Rachel, fit for a queen! The doctor said you might eat grapes.' 'Thank you, dear Kate. They are very fine, indeed, but you should not have tempted Miriam and Nina with them.' 'Oh!' replied Kate, laughing, 'I love to tempt them—to tease them a little; it does them good.' 'No, I do not think so,' said Rachel; 'I am not fond of quoting the Holy Scriptures on trivial occasions, but you must remember we pray not to be led into temptation, Kate, looking on the temptation with which you tempt your little sister and the pretty hound, made me think'—'What sister?' 'Upon mine own.' 'Yours, Rachel! I did not tempt you with grapes.' Grapes? repeated Rachel Morrison, smiling, though there was sadness in that smile. 'No, not with grapes, yet I have my temptation.'—'What was it, sister?' 'I will tell you when you are old enough.' 'Rachel, I shall be seven next month. Perhaps sister you were tempted to tell a story?' 'No.' 'To go into the garden and gather cherries without leave?' 'No.' 'To ride the kicking poney?' 'Indeed, my Kate, you need not attempt to find it out. Listen to me; if it pleases God that I live till you have completed your seventeenth year, I will relate to you my temptation. If—listen to me Katharine—if I am taken away into the world of spirits before you attain the beauty and incur the dangers of womanhood, I will leave a written testimony that may warn you how to avoid the sorrows which have planted and watered the willows that are already growing over my early grave.'

Kate did not understand what her sister meant, but she saw that her eyes were filled with tears, and so she crept silently to her side, and looked up silently into her face, and her heart sad within her.

A little time, and the sharp winds of an unusual cold spring sent (the physician said) poor Rachel Morrison to her grave. There was one who knew otherwise,—who knew the iron had entered into her soul, and festered its core, and that her body was too delicate to withstand the struggles of her mind. Her mother closed her eyes, and sor-

rowed over her bier—but not as one having no hope, for her last blessed words were ‘I know that my Redeemer liveth.’ There was much mourning in the bereaved dwelling.—Kate was able to feel and tell how truly she missed—

“The glancing of her sister’s eye,
The waving of her hair,
The footsteps lightly gliding by,
The hand so small and fair.”

But little Miriam soon forgot all her troubles in the excitement of black frocks and a crape bonnet.

Years pass, as well as months; and when we review them, we think they pass as quickly. The retrospect of both is nearly the same; but the prospect how different! Katharine Morrison had completed her seventeenth year, and was already arrived at the dangerous distinction of being a belle and a beauty. She had almost ceased to remember that her sister, whose once beautiful form was now part and parcel of the earth wherein it lay, had left a ‘written testimony’ of her trials; that she had laid open her heart’s feelings, hopes, and disappointments, for her advantage; that to prevent her sister’s tears she had re-shed her own—for she had torn afresh wounds which time had comparatively healed, and had again counted the drops distilled from her lacerated heart. ‘My blessed child!’ said her mother, ‘have you forgotten poor Rachel’s legacy?—how she bequeathed the knowledge of her temptation, that your fate might not be as her’s.’ She laid a few leaves of paper upon her table, fairly and plainly written; and Kate retrimmed her lamp, and flung the garland from her brow, that she might be able to read the story of her sister.

“A woman’s, Kate! a young unmarried woman’s trials, are generally of the affections—trials of judgment;—trials of power, come afterwards; but a young girl’s trials are of the heart.

“I hope you will not understand what it is to love; unless, indeed, you love what is lovely not only for time, but for eternity. The impression made on a young heart may be considered light; and yet, Katharine, it is long—oh! how long before it wears out. I found it so. You know the pains my dear mother ever took to impress upon us our religious duties; to teach us Christ all-in-all sufficient; and to manifest our faith by our works. I fear that I trusted too much in my own strength—that I thought too much of my own acquirements. The pains bestowed on my education made me superior to my companions, but not alas, superior to myself. The remembrance of your sister—of the once living reality of her who pens these lines—will, before you

read them, have faded to an outlined vision. You will remember a thin, pale girl who loved flowers and music; and for whom you gathered the fine grapes, and the thought of her will bring back her last kiss, her white brow, her death hand, the never to be forgotten touch of death! the tears, a mother’s precious tears! then the funeral. Ay, my beloved sister, all will be as a vision; but we may learn wisdom from such.

“I did think highly of my acquirements, and practised them more for the sake of display than for a desire to give pleasure. They attracted the attention of one who was possessed of much talent, and some—indeed, many amiable qualities, but was deficient in the great requisites for domestic, much less christian happiness. For a time, we were as two gay butterflies, sporting in the sunshine; I learnt to see with his eyes, to hear with his ears, to feel with his feeling, to live but in his presence; and yet I hardly knew it—was not that strange! One of the mysteries of love, perpetually denying his influence with my lips, lying to my own heart, practising self deception, but however I might have succeeded in deceiving myself, I did not, could not, deceive him. He knew his power, and while he loved me, (ah, Kate, take my experience with you in the world, and remember that while men *talk* love, women *feel* it,) loved me, he believed, well, yet endeavoring to laugh at my ‘amiable weakness,’ ‘early prejudices,’ and ‘want of worldly knowledge.’ Such he termed, in honied words, woman’s best and surest safe-guard, her refuge, her hope, her shield, and her buckler. At first I was alarmed, but he never wounded my feelings. Day by day, secure of my affection, he became more free in his expressions, though he gave me no reason to suppose he was guilty of infidelity. I wanted the courage, and in truth, the christian knowledge, to combat his assertions, and for a long time, I sheltered myself under the hope, almost the belief, that he did but jest. And awful as it was, still it was a comfort, a coward’s comfort, truly, that had no truth in its foundation. My dear mother, too, trembled while she prayed for my happiness; but my father thought of the splendor of the alliance I was to make, and rejoiced in it.

The time appointed for our union, and the care, attention and tenderness of my affianced husband, made me almost forget what then I have hardly time to think upon amid the congratulations, and preparations, and festivals that were to celebrate our marriage. Every one, too, assured me how certain I was of happiness, and I endeavored to—yes, I did believe it. I gave myself up to the intoxication of unsanctified hope, and I have fought against my doubts and christian terrors; it

was to be the last Sunday before our marriage, and we were to take the sacrament together. He had agreed with so much seeming pleasure that we should do so, that I hailed it as a happy omen: and on that memorable Sabbath morning entered a bower whose roses and jessamine had been twined by his hand, which made them doubly dear to me. It was a bright and balmy day,—the sprays were bending beneath the dew-drops, and the air was heavy with perfume; every thing was hushed and silent, even the song of the bird was tempered in its sweetness; and I prayed—oh, how fervently I prayed that I might—that we might together find “the way, the truth, and the life.”

I had escaped from the tumult and the company, to commune with mine own heart, and He, to whom all hearts are open, knows that I prayed more for him than myself. Suddenly the church bell sounded in my ear, and I arose to attend its blessed summons. I was pushing back the silver stars of a clustering jessamine that curtained the arbor's entrance, when I saw the object of my prayer, coming towards me. Perhaps I would not have drawn back had he been alone; but his intimate friend was with him and I shrank beneath the shade. As they approached, they laughed, and talked together, and so loudly, that I heard what one of them would have given worlds I never had heard.

“The sacrament will take up so much time that I cannot meet you as I intended.” This sentence attracted my attention; though when, indeed, did he speak that I was not attentive! Oh, how I shuddered at what followed! ‘Then, why do you go? Why submit to what you despise? I would not do it for any woman on earth.’ ‘I would do more than that for Rachel, but when once away from this, she will get rid of all her early prejudices, and become one of the world: her mind is comprehensive, and her love for me will tend to teach her the superiority of natural over formal religion.’ ‘To have a preaching wife, to be obliged to go to church, to sing psalms on Sunday, and take the sacrament once a month—a pretty prospect of domestic felicity!’ ‘Pshaw! you do not suppose my present life a type of that which is to come!’ No, no; I do not intend to be canonized under the denomination of St. Alfred; it pleases her; but, believe me she is not half as bad as she was. I remember when she would not read a newspaper on Sunday!’ ‘Is it possible!’ ‘Fact! upon my honor.—Now she is getting better; I must tolerate the mummery till we are married, and then—’

“Kate, Kate, I heard no more. A torrent of bitterness overwhelmed me. The blessed sacrament to be termed MUMMERY—the man for whom I prayed to exult that my religion

was declining—to plan its destruction! I do not ask you to pity me now, because my transgressions have been pardoned, my race run, my sorrows ceased their troubling, my spirit has found its rest! But THEN, or rather when I was restored to perfect consciousness, you would have pitied me.

“For weeks I could not leave my bed; the delirium of brain fever for a time, spared me worse agonies, but the TEMPTATION was with me still. I knew that Alfred's attentions had been unremitting, that he had watched over me; they said he had prayed for me. To whom was he to pray? His people were not my people, his God not my God. And yet I love him, Kate, I pray for him still—at morn, at midnight, by the way, and in secret; his name is on my lips, in my heart! My mother, though she knew by bitter experience that two can never be as one, except in the Lord, she almost wished me to perform my contract; she feared that though the spirit was willing the flesh was weak; she talked of the believing wife sanctifying the unbelieving husband. It might be so, and if I had married, believing that he believed, I would have borne my cross; but the film had been removed from mine eyes; he was an acknowledged infidel, regarding the holy ordinances of religion as mummeries. Could I look up to such a one as my guide through life! My father spurned me from him, talked of the lands which I had lost, the station I had cast away! My bride's maid mourned that her splendid dresses could not be worn; you, Kate, a little fairy of five years old, wept bitterly the loss of cake. But oh, when he, the loved one, promised to be all that I desired; said that I could save him from the destruction into which he would surely plunge, if I did not shame his name—then came my worst temptation; then I felt how bitter it was to remember that he who had deceived me once, might repeat the deception.

“They tell us we ought to forget the faults of those we love; I found remembering their perfections the most dangerous of the two.—Enough! we parted. He said, ‘If his life, if his opinions became really religious, would I marry him?’ I said, ‘Yes.’ He went forth again into the world, and he forgot me; I remained in my own home; I forgot not him. His career has been thoughtless, brilliant and extravagant; he has grown of the world, worldly, while I have found rest, and peace and hope—and ere long, ere you have read these papers, shall have been made immortal. Oh, then, beloved Katharine, let your prayer be, ‘Let me not be led into temptation,’ for once led therein by the vanities, the pleasures, or the riches of life, our escape is doubtful, and our trial great.”

Bitterly did Catharine weep over the rec-

ords of a life which was terminated before twenty summers had stamped the perfection of beauty on her brows: but I am happy to say that Kate was saved much misery by the wisdom she gleaned from the temptations of Rachel Morrison.

For the Ladies' Garland.

BRIEF SKETCH OF JOHN SOBIESKI, KING OF POLAND.

The subject of this memoir was born in an obscure town in the eastern part of Poland, about the year 1652. He seems to have been considered, at an early age, a youth of extraordinary precocity. He showed a devotion for learning and the fine arts while yet in his minority, and his brilliant career in after life showed how well he had profited by the advantages which he possessed of acquiring the means of education. In his conversation he was erudite, affable and polite; and it was by his smoothness and urbanity that he first attracted the attention of the then reigning sovereign, Sigismund I. His finely proportioned form, elegant address, and surprising talents, struck the king as being qualities ill suited to his rank and condition in life; and by the most artful persuasion he succeeded in winning the young hero from his poor parents.

He was placed under the immediate superintendence of the King's Prime Minister—a man of sound sense and judgment, and refined principles of the christian religion. Under his kind protection, surrounded by all the luxuries which wealth and power could bestow, he did not forget the concerns so nearly allied to his future welfare; the king was pleased to observe that his rising genius was by no means averse to the truths of the gospel, and he fostered the hope that his engaging pupil, after his own demise, would willingly assume the crown—a plan which he had fixed upon from the moment he took him under his guidance. The Poles afterwards found that religion was a most desirable requisite in a monarch.

On the death of Sigismund I., there being no legitimate heir to the crown, Sobieski, being then 22 years of age, assumed the diadem of royalty, and ascended the throne, prepared to do honor to his country, and justice to his office. The previous monarchs were mostly foreigners, picked from among the nobility of other countries; but Sobieski was a true native of Poland, possessing all the ardor for liberty which inspired his countrymen. With the approving smiles of his people, and the tutelar friendship of his ministers, he commenced a brilliant career in the service of his country unequalled in the annals of Polish history.

He first directed his attention to the estab-

lishment of benevolent institutions for the indigent in his own dominions—curtailed the expenses of the government—lowered taxes—and from his own private purse gave large sums, although the treasury was then in a flourishing condition; by which acts of generosity and interest for his country's welfare, he secured the lasting good will of his subjects. Notwithstanding his sudden acquirement of power, he did not forget his parents, as he settled a salary upon them for the remainder of their lives.

Unlike his predecessors, he had no desire to add to his dominions by conquest. Poland possessed natural advantages of which no other country could boast—a rich and productive soil—a mild and healthy climate; and every thing conducive to the comfort and happiness of its inhabitants. No contending factions disturbed its serenity at home, and it was oppressed by no enemy from abroad. Liberty shed its gilded halo around their footsteps, and although the country was afterwards taken by the Russians, and is still under the sway of that government, the ardor for liberty has ever burned in their bosoms with youthful enthusiasm, and occasionally bursts forth only to be repressed by the strong hand of a mightier yet cruel power.

The most distinguished event which took place during the reign of this monarch, was the siege of Vienna. The emperor of Germany, with whom he had been on terms of the greatest intimacy, was at war with that kingdom, and requested the aid of Sobieski in his behalf. This was cheerfully offered—the more so, as Poland had submitted to an act of aggression, previous to his assuming the crown, in its then weak state, without the means of resisting it—vast numbers rallied around the standard of their young king, and an efficient army of 50,000 men was at once raised. At the head of this band of heroes, Sobieski, leaving the government in the hands of his trusty favorite Meizendorf, joined the emperor's forces upon the plains of Vienna, where a sanguinary and decisive battle took place. The army of the Turks, consisting of 200,000 men, were totally defeated, while Sobieski's loss was but 600 killed and wounded. 180 cannon, military stores, and provisions, fell into the hands of the victors, and they also secured the great Ottoman standard, which was the cause of the final overthrow of that government of tyranny and despotism.

Sobieski returned home with the honors of war "blushing thick upon him," and found that Meizendorf had governed entirely to his and the people's satisfaction; and as a reward for his services elected him Prime Minister. The famous battle with the Turks obtained for him the honorable and merited ap-

pellation of "Father and Protector of his Country," which ecomium he deserved as much as his esteemed predecessor Sigismund I.

Several other less important events transpired during his reign, such as the suppression of lawless banditti, quelling the spirit of mobocracy which prevailed to some extent in the early part of his reign, and a tax levied upon the government for the distribution of funds and necessities among the poorer classes, etc., all of which was signally approved of by the people, and was a worthy example for his successors in office.

After a reign of twenty-two years, during which time his country had enjoyed that unrivalled prosperity which it never knew before, or ever can again, he died, in the year 1696, loved, respected, and lamented by all who knew him; and leaving this country in the highest state of peace and prosperity. He was courteous and affable to his equals, and kind and affectionate to his inferiors. The poor he always received with the same ceremony as the wealthy, and on no occasion did he show the least partiality to his subjects. On his death bed he requested to be quietly buried, and with as little pomp as was becoming so solemn an occasion. The numerous retinue that attended his funeral showed how high he was held in the estimation of his people. He expired calmly, and with the hope of a glorious immortality.

The likeness of this righteous monarch still adorns the mansions of the aristocracy of that ill-fated land; and his justice, magnanimity, and affection for his subjects must endear him to every Pole, as well as to all lovers of liberty.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Goldsmith's idea of them—the River—Height of the Falls—Impression upon the Beholder.

The following letter, says the editor of the Saturday Courier, is from a reverend gentleman, on a visit to the Falls, and though it is not to be supposed that any thing new can be added to the descriptions before given, this letter will be read with interest, as the reflection of a mind more than ordinarily imbued with the true spirit of poetical thought.

NIAGARA FALLS, Sept. 1, 1838.

Gentlemen,—I hardly dare attempt to describe that which is beyond description, I mean the Falls of Niagara. Goldsmith could never have seen this great wonder of the Western World, otherwise it would be calling in question the rare and admirable talents that he possessed, to delineate the beauties of nature. He leads us into one of the most preposterous errors that can be conceived of,

when he tells us—"It may be supposed that such a cataract entirely destroys the navigation of the river, and yet it is said some Indians, in their canoes, have ventured down it in safety!"

"Down it in safety!" I should as soon think of being blown out of a cannon's mouth without receiving even a shock. Our talented townsman, Mr. B——h, should visit this place, and add another laurel to his fair fame, by giving us the utmost stretch of his powers on canvass, in portraying the glorious scene.

Poetry itself languishes, eloquence is dumb, before the naked majesty of God. Every thing indicates that you are in the vicinity of destruction. A certain indefinable sensation of fear, mingled with courage—admiration with terror—delight with apprehension, pervades the soul; while to the pious mind this sentiment reigns preponderate, "How glorious are thy works, O Lord!"

You must conceive all the waters from the great lakes, Superior, Huron, Michigan and Erie, are compressed into the narrow river of Niagara, perhaps not over a mile wide. The river, on its way to the precipice, rolls over a rocky bed. The waters hurry on with almost resistless fury to the awful leap, and tumble over a precipice 175 feet in height. The noise, even of the rapids above the precipice, at the distance of a mile, is heard in certain directions farther than the Falls themselves, though under different circumstances of wind and position. It is said by some that the roar of the Falls has been heard even to Lewis-town, nine miles distant; and by others it is believed it may be heard much farther.

The rapids become calm just before the river approaches the cataract; the stream is here thirty feet deep, and falls perpendicularly in two columns to the depth of one hundred and seventy-five feet! The mist that is caused from this tremendous chasm of waters, rises high in the air, and is seen at the distance of twenty miles. The earth trembles,—while the mind, collecting and concentrating its energies, to grasp the greatness of the scene, seems to lose its power at the view of such overwhelming majesty. To have any kind of proper apprehension of what we are now attempting to describe, you must include in the picture the great Lakes, the rapids, the precipice itself, the deep green waters below the falls in the distance, joined to the high and frightful shores on either side, the mist which clothes with spring's verdure all around, and in which mist the daring eagle floats away to the shining sun, far from the clouds and spray that moisten for ever these wild shores.

An observatory has been built near the cataract, for the accommodation of visitors, on which is carved "many long forgotten

names." In the observatory you may stand in speechless wonder, and listen to the deafening roar of the troubled waters. No pause! no silence ever reaches that awful spot! On his rainbow-painted throne of clouds the genius of Niagara sits in peerless majesty, while his misty wreath is hurled to the very skies! Still the lovely bow of promise encircles his diadem, like Mercy hushing the storm, when unable to soothe the moody monarch, she dissolves herself in tears, far and wide, over grottoes and shores covered with perpetual green!

I have stood upon the lofty mountain, in the buoyant and joyful days of youth, looked with unutterable delight over the immense landscape that was stretched out at my feet, bounded by the dim horizon, enclosing spring's verdure, summer's loveliness, and autumn's pride; silvery lakes, fairy dales; peace-enchancing towers, inhaling the odors as they rise in sweet profusion before me, when the distant hum of the wild bee was sending up, in an under tone, to the Great Creator, its moiety of praise. I have stood upon the sea-beaten shore of the indomitable deep, and stretched my fancy to grasp in the wide, the immeasurable waters before me, and reach, if possible, the dashings of the opposite shore, from whence the breakers were rushing in agitated fury at my feet; I have listened to the deep toned thorough-bass of ocean, rolling his unutterable response to the music of the elements. But of all that is lovely in landscape, terrible in the deep, even to the revellings of the most gorgeous fancy, of all that can entrance and bind down the imagination, there is nought to rival the scene that Niagara presents. Yestupendous wonders of creation! proud and gorgeous as ye are, your requiem shall be sung at the dissolution of expiring nature! Your roar shall be as mute as the silence of the sepulchre! The time is coming when that mighty arm that prepared your bed, shall make your tomb, curb your proud might, and lay you in the silence of oblivion for ever! W. M.

ARGUMENT.—Let the end of the argument be rather to discover a doubtful truth than a commanding wit: in the one thou shalt gain substance, in the other froth: that flint strikes the steel in vain that propagates no sparks; covet to be the truth's champion, at least to hold her colors; he that pleads against the truth, takes pains to be overthrown; or, if a conqueror, gains but vain glory by the conquest.—*Quarles.*

True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.

PICTURE OF OREGON.

Spread before you, reader, a map of that portion of the continent which stretches westward from a line with the Council Bluffs, on the Missouri river, and with the above named work in your hand, follow its author in all his journeyings, until you reach that iron bound coast, where mountain barriers repel the dark rolling waves of the Pacific, which stretch without an intervening island, for five thousand miles to the coast of Japan. What a vast extent of country you have traversed; how sublime the works of the Creator, through which you have taken your way! We lack space to follow our author in the details of his far wanderings, and shall not, therefore, attempt a notice at large of this volume under consideration, but shall endeavor to present, in a general view, some of its more prominent features. Mr. Parker was sent out by the American Board of Foreign Missions, and appears to have been eminently faithful to his trust; amidst numerous perils and privations, which are recorded, but with becoming modesty and brevity. His descriptions indeed, are all of them graphic, without being minute or tedious. Before reaching the Black Hills, he places before us their prairies; rolling in immense seas of verdure, on which millions of tons of grass grow up but to rot on the ground, or feed whole leagues of flame; over which sweep the cool breezes, like the trade winds of the ocean, and into whose green recesses bright-eyed antelopes bound away, with half whistling snuff, leaving the fleetest hound hopelessly in the rear. There herd the buffaloes, by thousands together, dotting the landscape, seeming scarce so long as rabbits, when surveyed at a distance from some verdant bluff, swelling in the emerald waste. Sublimar far, and upon a more magnificent scale, are the scenes among the Rocky Mountains. Here are, the visible footsteps of God! Yonder, mountain above mountain, peak above peak, ten thousand feet heavenward, to the region of perpetual snow, rise the Titans of that mighty region. Here the traveler treads his winding way through passages so narrow that the towering perpendicular cliffs throw a dim twilight upon his path; even at mid-day. Anon he emerges; and lo! a cataract descends a distant mountain, like a belt of snowy foam girding its giant sides. On one hand mountains spread out into horizontal plains, some rounded like domes, and others terminating in sharp cones and abrupt eminences, taking the forms of pillars, pyramids and castles; on the other, vast circular embankments, thrown up by volcanic fires, mark the site of a yawning crater; while, far below, perchance, a river dashes its way through the narrow,

rocky passage, with a deep-toned roar, in winding way, in mist and darkness. Follow the voyager, as he descends the Columbia, subject to winds, rapids and falls, 200 miles from any whites and amid tribes of stranger Indians, all speaking a different language. Here, for miles, stretches a perpendicular basaltic wall three or four hundred feet in height; there foam the boiling eddies, and rush the varying currents, on one side opens a view of rolling prairies, through a rocky vista; on the other rise the far off mountains, mellowing in the beams of the morning sun. Now the traveler passes through a forest of trees standing in their natural positions in the bed of the river, twenty feet below the water's surface. Passing these, he comes to a group of islands lying high in the stream, piled with the coffin canoes of the natives, filled with their dead, and covered with mats and split plank. He anchors for a while at a wharf of natural basalt, but presently proceeds on his way, gliding now in solemn silence, and now interrupted by the roar of a distant rapid, gradually growing upon the ear, until the breaking water and feathery foam arise to the view. Passing under a rocky cavern by the shore, formed of semi-circular masses which have overbrowed the stream for ages, "frowning terrible, impossible to climb," he awaits the morning; listening, during the night watches, to hear the distant cliffs

— "reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high."

BEAUTIES OF SALATHIEL.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

No. XI.

(Continued from page 101.)

I determined to give the enemy no respite, and ordered the ravines to be attacked by fresh troops. While they were advancing, I galloped in search of Jubal over the ground of the last charge. He was not to be seen among the living or the dead.

The look of the field, when the first glow of battle passed, was enough to shake a sterner spirit than mine. Our advance to the gorges of the mountain, had left the plain naked. The sea of turbans and lances was gone, rolling like the swell of an angry ocean, against the foot of the hills. All before us was the precipitous rock, or the rocky pass, thronged with helmets and spears. But all behind was death, or misery worse than death; hundreds and thousands groaning in agony, crying out for water to cool their burning lips, imploring the sword to put them out of pain. The legionaries lay in their ranks, as they had fought; solid piles

of men, horses, and arms, the true monuments of soldiership. The veterans of Rome had gallantly sustained the honors of her name.

I turned from this sight towards the rescued city. The sun was resting on its towers; the smoke of the evening sacrifice was ascending in slow wreaths from the altar of the sanctuary. The trumpets and voices of the minstrels poured a rich stream of harmony on the cool air. The recollection of gentler times came upon my heart. Through what scenes of anxious feeling had I not passed, since those gates closed upon me!

The contrast between the holy calm of my early days, and the fierce struggles of my doomed existence, pressed with bitter force. My spirit shook. The warrior enthusiasm was chilled. The sounds of triumph rang hollow in my ear; and those who had at that hour looked upon the man of victory, the champion of Israel, would have seen but a helpless wretch, hiding his face from human view; and wishing that he could exchange fates with the mangled shapes beside him.

The trampling of horses roused me from this unwarlike weakness. Constantius came glowing to communicate the intelligence, that the last of the enemy had been driven in, and that his fresh troops only awaited my orders to force the passes. I mounted, heard the shouts of the brave pursuers, and was again the soldier.

But the iron front of the enemy resisted our boldest attempts to force the ravines. The hills were not to be turned; and we were compelled, after innumerable efforts, to wait for the movement of the Romans from a spot which thirst and hunger must soon make untenable. This day stripped them of their baggage, beasts of burden, and military engines. Night fell too speedily—to us a reluctant relaxation, to them a temporary shelter from inevitable ruin.

At dawn, the pursuit began again. We found the passes open, and the enemy struggling to escape out of those fatal defiles. The day was worn away in perpetual attempts to break the ranks of the legionaries. The Jew, light, agile, and with nothing to carry but his spear, was a tremendous antagonist to the Roman, perplexed among rocks and torrents, famishing, and encumbered with an oppressive weight of armor. The losses of this day were dreadful. Our darts commanded their march from the heights; every stone did execution among ranks, whose helmets and shields were now shattered by the perpetual discharge. Still they toiled on unbroken. We saw their long line struggling with patient discipline through the rugged depth below; and in the face of our

attacks they made way, till night again covered them.

I spent that night on horseback. Fatigue was never felt in the strong excitement of the time. I saw multitudes sink at my horse's feet in sleep as insensible as the rock on which they lay. Sleep never touched my eyelids. I galloped from post to post, brought up reinforcements to my wearied rapks, and longed for morn.

It came at last; the enemy had reached the head of the defiles, but a force was poured upon them that nothing could resist: their remaining cavalry were driven from the sides of the precipice into the depths, the few light troops that scaled the higher grounds were swept away. I looked upon their whole army as in my hands, and was riding forward with Constantius and my chief officers to receive their surrender; when they were saved by one of those instances of devotedness, that distinguished the Roman character.

Wearied of perpetual pursuit and evasion, I was rejoiced to see, at last, symptoms of a determination to wait for us, and try the chance of battle. An abrupt ridge of rock, surmounted with a lofty cone, was the enemy's position, long after famous in Jewish annals. A line of spearmen were drawn up on the ridge; and the broken summit of the cone, a space of a few hundred yards, was occupied by a cohort. Some of the Italian dexterity was employed to give the idea, that Cestius had taken his stand upon this central spot; an eagle, and a concourse of officers, were exhibited; and upon this spot I directed the principal attack to be made.

But the cool bravery of its defenders was not to be shaken. After a long waste of time in efforts to scale the rock; indignant at seeing victory retarded by such an obstacle, I left the business to the slingers and archers; and ordered a perpetual discharge to be kept up on the cohort. This was decisive. Every stone and arrow told upon the little force crowded together on the naked height. Shield and helmet sank one by one under the mere weight of missiles. Their circle rapidly diminished, and, refusing to surrender, they perished to a man.

When we took possession, the enemy were gone. The resistance of the cohort had given them time to escape. And Cestius sheltered his degraded laurels behind the ramparts of Bethhoron, by the sacrifice of four hundred heroes.

This battle, which commenced on the eighth day of the month Marchesvan, had no equal in the war. The loss to the Romans was unparalleled since the defeat of Crassus. Two legions were destroyed; six thousand

bodies were left on the field. The whole preparation for the siege of Jerusalem fell into our hands. Then was the hour to have struck the final blow for freedom. Then was given that chance of restoration, that respite, which Providence gives to every nation and every man. But our crimes, our wild feuds, the bigoted fury, and polluted license of our factions, rose up as a cloud between us and the light; we were made to be ruined.

But those were not my reflections when I saw the gates of Bethhoron closing on the fugitives; I vowed never to rest, until I brought prisoners to Jerusalem, the last of the sacrilegious army that had dared to assault the Temple.

The walls of Bethhoron, manned only with the wreck of the troops that we had routed from all their positions, could offer no impediment to hands and hearts like ours. I ordered an immediate assault. The resistance was desperate, for beyond this city there was no place of refuge nearer than Antipatria. We were twice repulsed. I headed the third attack myself. The dead filled up the ditch, and I had already arrived at the foot of the rampart, with the scaling ladder in my hand, when I heard Jubal's voice behind me. He was leaping and dancing in the attitudes of utter madness. But there was no time to be lost. I rushed upon the battlements, tore a standard from its bearer, and waved it over my head with a shout of victory. The plain, the hills, the valleys, covered with the host rushing to the assault, echoed the cry; I was at the summit of fortune!

In the next moment I felt a sudden shock. Darkness covered my eyes, and I plunged headlong.

I awoke in a dungeon.

In that dungeon I lay two years. How I lived, how I bore to retain existence, I can now have no conception. I was for the greater part of the time in a kind of childishness. I was not mad, nor altogether insensible of things about me, nor even without the occasional inclination for the common objects and propensities of our being. I used to look for the glimmer of day-light, that was suffered to enter my cell. The reflection of the moon in a pool, of which, by climbing to the loop-hole, I could gain a glimpse, was waited for with some feeble feeling of pleasure. But my animal appetites were more fully alive than ever. An hour's delay of the miserable provision that was thrown through my bars, made me wretched. I devoured it like a wild beast, and then longed through the dreary hours for its coming again.

I made no attempt to escape. I dragged myself once to the entrance of the dungeon, found it secured by an iron door, and never

tried it again. If every bar had been open, I scarcely know, whether I should have attempted to pass it. Even in my more reasoning hours, I felt no desire to move; Destiny was upon me. My doom was marked in characters, which nothing but blindness could fail to read; and to struggle with fate, what was it but to prepare for new misfortune!

The memory of my wife and children sometimes broke through the icy apathy with which I labored to incrust my mind. Tears flowed, nature stung my heart; I groaned, and made the vault ring with the cries of the exile from earth and heaven. But this passed away, and I was again the self-divorced man, without a tie to bind him to transitory things.

I heard the thunder, and the winds; the lightnings sometimes startled me from my savage sleep. But what were they to me! I was dreadfully secure from the fiercest rage of nature. There were nights when I conceived that I could distinguish the roarings of the ocean; and, shuddering, seemed to hear the cries of drowning men. But those too passed away. I swept remembrance from my mind, and felt a sort of vague enjoyment in the effort to defy the last power of evil. Cold, heat, hunger, waking, sleep, were the calendar of my year, the only points in which I was sensible of existence; I felt myself like some of those torpid animals which, buried in stones from the creation, live on until the creation shall be no more.

But this stern heaviness was only for the waking hour. Night had its old implacable dominion over me, full of vivid misery, crowded with the bitter sweet of memory. I wandered free among those, in whose faces and forms my spirit found matchless loveliness; then the cruel caprice of fancy would sting me; in the very concord of enchaining sounds, there would come a funereal voice. In the circle of the happy, I was appalled by some hideous visage uttering words of misery. A spectral form would hang upon my steps, and tell me that I was undone.

From one of those miserable slumbers I was roused by a voice pronouncing my name. At first confounded it with the wanderings of sleep. But a chilling touch upon my forehead, completely aroused me. It was night, yet my eyes, accustomed to the darkness, gradually discovered the first intruder who ever stood within my living grave; nothing human could look more like the dead. A breathing skeleton stood before me. The skin clung to his bones, misery was in every feature, the voice was scarcely above a whisper.

"Rise," said this wretched being, "prince of Naphtali, you are free; follow me."

Strange thoughts were in the words. Was

this indeed the universal summoner? the being whom the prosperous dread, but the wretched love? Had the King of terrors stood before me, I could not have gazed on him with more wonder. "Rise," said the voice impatiently; "we have but an hour till day-break, and you must escape now, or never." The sound of freedom scattered my apathy. The world opened upon my heart; country, friends, children, were in the word, and I started up with the feeling of one, to whom life is given on the scaffold.

My guide hurried forward through the winding way to the door. He stopped, I heard him utter a groan, strike fiercely against the bars, and fall. I found him lying at the threshold without speech or motion; carried him back; and by the help of the cuse of water left to moisten my solitary meal, restored him to his senses.

"The wind," said he "must have closed the door, and we are destined to die together. So be it; with neither of us can the struggle be long. Farewell!" He flung himself upon his face in a corner, and seemed to sleep. A noise of some heavy instrument roused us both. He listened, and said, "There is hope still. The slave who let me in, is forcing the door." We rushed to assist him; and tugged and tore at the massive stones in which the hinges were fixed; but found our utmost strength ineffectual as an infant's. The slave now cried out, that he must give up the attempt; that day was breaking, and the guard were at hand. We implored him to try once more. By a violent effort, he drove his crow-bar through one of the pannels, the gleam of light gave us courage, and with our united strength we heaved at the joints, which were evidently loosening.

In the midst of our work, the slave fled; and I heard a plunge into the pool beneath. "He has perished," said my companion. "The door is on the face of a precipice. He has fallen in the attempt to escape, and we are now finally undone."

The guard, disturbed by the noise, arrived, and in the depths of our cell we heard the day spent in making the impassable barrier firmer than ever.

For some hours my companion lay in that state of exhaustion, which I could not distinguish from uneasy slumber, and which I attributed to the fatigue of our mutual labors. But his groans became so deep, that I ventured to rouse him, and even to cheer him with the chances of escape.

"I have not slept," said he; "I shall never sleep again, until the grave gives me that slumber in which the wretched can alone find rest. Escape! No—for months, for years, I have had but one object; I have tra-

versed mountain and sea for it, I have given to it day and night, all the wealth that I possessed in the world; I could give no more, but my life; and that too I was to give. I stood within sight of this object. Its attainment would have comforted my dying hour. But it is snatched from me in the very malice of fortune; and now the sooner I perish the better." He writhed with mental pain.

"But what cause can you have for being here? You are no prisoner. You have not fought our tyrants. Who are you?"

"One whom you can never know. A being born to honor and happiness; but, who perverted them by pride and revenge, and whose last miserable hope is, that he may die unknown, and without the curses that fall on the traitor and the murderer."

I knew the speaker in those words of woe. I cried out, "Jubal, my friend, my kinsman, my hero; is it you then who have risked your life to save me?" I threw myself beside him. He crept from me. I caught his meagre hand. I forced food into his lips; in the deepest grief at his obvious suffering, I adjured him to live and hope.

I spent the remainder of that night in fierce agitation. The apathy, the protecting scorn of external things that I had nurtured, as other men would nurture happiness, was gone. The glimpse of the sky haunted me; a hundred times in the course of the night I thought that I was treading on the grass, that I felt its refreshing moisture; that the air was breathing balm on my cheek; that the shepherd's song was still echoing in my ears, and that I saw him pointing to a new way of escape from my inexplicable dungeon. In one of my ramblings I fell over Jubal. Exasperated at the stern reality round me, I flung the crow-bar from my hand. A sound followed, like the fall of large stones into water. The sound continued. Still stranger echoes followed, which my bewildered fancy turned into all similitudes of earth and ocean; the march of troops, the distant roar of thunder, the dashing of billows, the clamor of battle, the boisterous mirth of Bacchanalians; the groaning and heaving of masts and rigging tossed by storm.

The dungeon was dark as death, and I felt my way towards the sound. To my surprise, the accidental blow of the bar had loosened a part of the wall; and made an orifice large enough to admit the human body. The pale light of morning showed a cavern beyond, narrow and rugged; but into which I was resolved to penetrate. It branched into a variety of passages, some of them fit for nothing but the fox's burrow. Two were wider. I returned to the lair of my unhappy companion, and prevailed on him to follow, only by the declaration, that if he refused, I must

perish by his side. My scanty provisions were gathered up. I led the way; and, determined never to return to the place of my misery, we set forward, to tempt in utter darkness the last chances of famine—pilgrims of the tomb.

We wandered through a fearful labyrinth for a period which utterly exhausted us. Of night or day we had no knowledge; but hunger keenly told us that it was long. I was sinking; when a low groan struck my ear. I listened pantingly: it came again. It was evidently from some object close beside me. I put forth my hand, and pulled away a projecting stone: a flash of light illumined the passage. Another step would have plunged us into a pool a thousand feet below.

The cavern thus opened to us was large, and seemed to be the magazine of some place of trade. It was crowded with chests and bales, heaped together in disorder. But life and liberty were before us. I cheered Jubal, till his scattered senses returned, and he clasped my feet in humiliation and gratitude.

We were like men created anew. Sudden strength nerved our limbs: we forced our way through piles, that but an hour before would have been mountains to our despairing strength. After long labor we worked our passage to a door. It opened into another cavern, palpably the dwelling of some master of extraordinary opulence. Rich tissues were hung on the walls; the ceiling was a Tyrian canopy; precious vases stood on tables of citron and ivory. A large lyre superbly ornamented hung in an opening of the rock, and gave its melancholy music to the wind. But no human being was to be seen. Was this one of the true wonders that men classed among the fictions of Greece and Asia? The Nereids with their queen could not have sought a more secluded palace. Still onward were heard the sounds of ocean. We followed them, and saw one of those scenes of grandeur which nature creates, as if to show the littleness of man.

An arch three times the height of the loftiest temple, and ribbed with marble, rose broadly over our heads. Innumerable shafts of the purest alabaster, rounded with the perfection of sculpture, rose in groups and clusters to the solemn roof; wild flowers and climbing plants of every scent and hue gathered round the capitals, and hung the gigantic sides of the hall with a lovelier decoration than ever was wrought in loom. The awful beauty of this ocean-temple bowed the heart in instinctive homage. I felt the sacredness of nature.

But this grandeur was alone worthy of the spectacle to which it opened. The whole magnificence of the Mediterranean spread before our eyes, smooth as polished silver,

and now reflecting the glories of the west. The sun lay on the horizon in the midst of crimson clouds, like a monarch on the funeral pile, sinking in conflagration that lighted earth and ocean.

But at this noble portal we had reached our limit. The sides of the cavern projected so far into the waters as to make a small anchorage. Access or escape by land was palpably impossible. Yet here at least we were masters. No claimant presented himself to dispute our title. The provisions of our unknown host were ample, and, to our eager tastes, dangerous from their luxury. The evening that we passed over our repast at the entrance of the cave, exhilarated with the first sensations of liberty, and enjoying every aspect and voice of the lovely scene with the keenness of the most unhopèd-for novelty, was a full recompense for the toils and terrors of the labyrinth.

All before us was peace. The surge that died at our feet murmured peace; the wheeling sea-birds, as their long trains steered homeward, pouring out from time to time a clangor of wild sounds that descended to us in harmony; the little white-sailed vessels, that skimmed along the distant waters like flies; the breeze waving the ivy and arbutus that festooned our banquet-hall; alike spoke to the heart the language of peace.

[To be continued.]

FRANKNESS.

Be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do upon every occasion—taking it for granted you mean to do what is right. If a friend ask a favor you should grant it if it is reasonable; if it is not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong yourself and wrong him, by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to keep one; the man that requires you to do so, is dearly purchased at such a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly, with all men, you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not try to appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with one, tell no others of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing at a man's face, and another behind his back. If the very consciousness of being capable of such duplicity does not degrade you in your own eyes, you must be lost to every noble feeling of our nature. We should live and act, and speak, "out of doors," as the saying is, and say and do what we are willing should be read and known of all men. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but as a matter of policy.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

TO A. J. P.

"It should be thus, at an age like thine;
And it has been thus with me;
When the freshness of feeling and heat were mine,
As they never more can be."

BERNARD BARTON.

A POET! and deem that the "freshness of feeling,"
Must with the days of our youth depart?
That when Time the bloom from the cheek is stealing,
His power to wither must reach the heart?

Oh! I envy him not, though he fondly cherish
The flowers that Autumn alone can bring,
If he leave, in oblivion's stream to perish,
The dewy blossoms and buds of Spring.

If carefully nurtured, those fragile blossoms
Gain deathless fragrance, and strength, and bloom,
Twining their tendrils around our bosoms,
Shedding their perfume above the tomb.

We feel, though the sunshine of heart shed o'er us,
From our morning sky, might more dazzling be,
As purely bright is the path before us,
With meridian light beaming cloudlessly.

And we see e'en life's evening sun descending
On one, whose feelings are "fresh" and warm,
As when first with Hope's fairy visions blending,
They threw round his pathway their magical charm.

And thus shall we prove, that while life is flowing
In either heart, the long cherish'd ray
Of celestial brightness will there be glowing,—
Our "freshness of feeling" will never decay!
1888. ELLA.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

MY HARP.

I tun'd my Harp in days that's past,
When kindness smooth'd my pillow;
Now Friendship's charms are all laid waste,
I'd hang it on the willow.
Poor little Harp, its broken strings
Can only breath of mournful things.

Yet I will take it from the bough
That o'er me seems to languish,
Perchance 'twill sooth my sorrows now,
And calm my bosom's anguish;
But no! the effort is in vain,
'T cannot raise one cheerful strain.

Ah! my Harp is out of tune!
Its cords, like mine, are broken;
We both shall cease our warbling soon,
I feel it by this token;
Broke are the ties that warm'd my heart,
And thou in sympathy bear'st part.

A GENTLE REPROOF.

BY S. SLEEPER.

One day as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily evocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine large codfish, and sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking it was prescribed, the good woman well knew that, whether she boiled it or made it into a chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She, also, with some little difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed on the table, and, with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation:

‘Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought.’

‘Yes, my dear.’

‘I should like to know how you have cooked it. I will bet any thing that you have spoiled it for my eating. (Taking off the cover.) I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as leave eat a boiled frog.’

‘Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried.’

‘You didn’t think any such thing. You knew better—I never loved fried fish—why didn’t you boil it?’

‘My dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some also.’

So saying, she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish, a sight of which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill-nature of her husband.

‘A pretty dish this!’ exclaimed he. ‘Boiled fish! chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into a chowder.’

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him containing an excellent chowder.

‘My dear,’ said she, ‘I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish.’

‘Favorite dish, indeed,’ grumbled the discontented husband, ‘I dare say it is an unpalatable wishy-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it.’

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a large ~~BULL-FROG~~, of portentous dimensions, and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprang from

his chair, not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

‘My dear,’ said his wife, in a kind, entreating tone, ‘I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner.’

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right and that he was wrong; and declared that she should never again have occasion to read him such another lesson; and he was as good as his word.

From Mrs. Sigourney's Letters.

NEW-ENGLAND INDUSTRY.

I have seen no class of people, among whom a more efficient system of industry and economy of time was established, than the agricultural population of New-England. Their possessions are not sufficiently large to allow waste of any description. Hence every article seems to be carefully estimated, and applied to its best use. Their mode of life is as favorable to cheerfulness and health as it is eminent in industry.

The farmer, rising with the dawn, attends to those employments which are necessary for the family—and proceeds early with his sons and assistants, to their department of daily labor. The birds enliven them with their songs, and the lambs gambol, while the patient ox marks the deep furrow, or the grain is committed to the earth, or the tall grass humbled beneath the scythe, or the stately corn freed from the intrusion of weeds. Fitting tasks are proportioned to the younger ones, that no hand may be idle.

In the interior of the house, an equal diligence prevails. The elder daughters taking willing part with the mother, in every domestic toil. The children who are too small to be useful, proceed to school, kindly leading the little one who can scarcely walk. Perhaps the aged grand-mother, a welcome and honored inmate, amuses the ruddy infant, that she may release a stronger hand for toil. The sound of the wheel, and the vigorous stroke of the loom are heard. The fleeces of the sheep are wrought up, amid the cheerful song of sitters. Remembering that the fabrics which they produce, will guard those whom they love, from the blasts of winter, the bloom deepens on their cheek with the pleasing consciousness of useful industry.

In the simple and abundant supply of a table, from their own resources, which shall refresh those who return weary from the field, all are interested.

The boy who brings his mother the fresh vegetables, selects a salad which his own hand cultivated, with some portion of the

pride with which Dioclesian pointed to the cabbages which he had reared. The daughter who gathers treasures from the nests of the poultry that she feeds, delights to tell their history, and to number her young ducks as they swim forth boldly on the pond. The bees, whose hives range near the door, add a desert to their repasts, and the cows, feeding quietly on rich pastures, yield pure nutriment for the little ones. For their bread they have "sown and reaped, and gathered into barns;"—the flesh is from their own flocks—the fruit and nuts from their own trees. The children know when the first berries ripen, and when the chestnut will be in the thorny sheath in the forest. The happy farmer at his independent table, need not envy the luxury of kings.

The active matron strives to lessen the expenses of her husband, and to increase his gains. She sends to market the wealth of her dairy, and the surplus produce of the loom. She instructs her daughters, by their diligence, to have a purse of their own, from which to furnish the more delicate parts of their wardrobe, and to relieve the poor. In the long evenings of winter, she plies the needle, or knits stockings with them, or maintains the quiet music of the flax-wheel, from whence linen is prepared for the family. She incites them never to eat the bread of idleness, and as they have been trained, so will they train others again; for the seeds of industry are perennial.

The father and brothers, having recess from their toils of the busier seasons, read aloud such books as are procured from the public library, and knowledge thus entering in with industry and domestic order, forms a hallowed alliance. The most sheltered corner by the ample fire-side, is reserved for the hoary grand-parents, who, in plenty and pious content, pass the eve of a well spent life.

The sacred hymn and prayer, rising daily from such households, is acceptable to Heaven. To their humble scenery, some of our wisest and most illustrious men, rulers of the people, sages, and interpreters of the law of God, look back tenderly, as their birth-place. They love to acknowledge that in the industry and discipline of early years, was laid the foundation of their greatness.

"That artist is to us the greatest, and we love him most, who, with the wisdom of a master, and the might of genius, calls up before us that which we feel, in the moment we behold his word, was always in our inmost soul; but which we had neither the power of mind nor elevation and energy to bring clearly to our consciousness."

The touching stanzas which we give below are from the Christian Keepsake, and were written by Mrs. Larned, of Providence. We think them very beautiful—perhaps they may strike others differently.

THE DYING BOY.

The following lines were written after reading an account of the death of a young mother and three children, from the inhuman neglect of the husband and father. The wife was taken suddenly ill, and left alone with her little ones, while her husband went to procure a physician, and other needful assistance, the nearest house being over two miles distant; but he forgot every thing save his own depraved appetite, became intoxicated before accomplishing his errand, remained so for a week, and on his return found them all dead. It is supposed that the mother died soon after the birth of her child; and that the son struggled longest—that in trying to soothe his expiring sister, he sank down from weakness beside her, and could not at last release himself from her grasp.

Oh! mother dear, my lips are dry,
And Bessy's hands are cold;—
Mother, dear mother! help me nigh
Your bosom—surely you can hold
Your little boy—I will not cry,
Nor ask again for drink or bread,
If you will only let me lie
Upon your breast, and hold my head.

Oh mother! call your little boy
To your bedside—he'll try to crawl;
You said I was your only joy,
Your darling Henry, and your all.
And then, you looked and screamed out so—
"Boy! to your cruel father go,
Why do you weep and wail to me?
Fly! fly! I've nothing here for thee!"

Don't stare so on me, mother, dear,
I'm still—though Bessy will not stir;
And she's too cold to lie so near—
O, why don't father come to her?
Poor Bessy cried herself to sleep;
I wish I could—but when I try,
My lids won't shut—and always keep
Wide open on your staring eye!

Mother! how can you lie so still
With the dead baby in your arms?
Who did the little dear one kill?
You said 'twas now safe from all harms:—
Can't I be dead too, mother, say?
I'm sure 'tis very lonesome here—
Is heaven a very great long way?
And is our father waiting there?

I'm tired now, and cannot go,
 And the bright sun doth blind me so :—
 Oh, shut your eyes, dear mother, do !
 And let me love to gaze on you.
 How can you see us lying thus,
 On this iced floor—our feet so cold ?
 Once you would fondly run to us,
 And round us both the blankets fold.

I'm falling—oh ! the room turns round—
 I cannot see you now :—but hark
 I hear a soft and pleasant sound ;
 Perhaps it is the little lark.
 I love such sounds as these to hear,
 And it is dark no longer now ;
 Dear little girls, with wings, are near,
 And they are smiling on me too.

Oh, 'tis their songs so sweet and clear—
 I think I hear them softly say,
 Dear children, stay no longer here :—
 Come, come with us, we'll lead the way—
 It must be heaven where they dwell :
 I come !—I come !—Mother, farewell !

THE DAUGHTER'S BURIAL.

Summer had come. The wild flowers of early spring were withering beneath the sun's scorching blaze, and sending forth on the gentle wings of the wind, the sweet fragrance of their departure. They had sprung upward from the earth's bosom, as the timid heralds of summer's more gorgeous splendor, had stayed one short month, and were gone. The wild flowers are my favorites, for in them I read a portrayal of human life. Their countless variety, the loveliness and simplicity of some, the majesty and grandeur of others, changeableness, fragrance and beauty, their early bloom, their drooping and dying, just upon the confines of winter, like the last lingering and spirit broken survivor of a past generation ; all, all, mirror forth to the mind that is accustomed to read in the great book of Nature, the semblance of life.

Did the reader ever stop from his journeyings to pass the Sabbath in any one of the villages that repose so quietly among the Green Mountains ? If he has, the story of their unbroken stillness need not be told ; for once enjoyed, it stamps itself upon the heart, and forms a bright spot in one's life, to which memory loves to lead back the soul in after years, to throw around it again its hallowed influence.

But what means this ? Why this measured solemn walking in the streets, ere the sun be down ? Why this gathering at a neighbor's house with such looks of sorrow ? Ah ! a funeral ———. I too, went forth and mingled with the multitude in their sympathy

with the bereaved, for whose heart has not felt its pangs, and once felt, what bosom can hold back the deep fountains that swell up from the hidden recesses of the soul.

The Pastor ended his words of exhortation and prayer,—kindred and friends sung a wailing song for the lost one, when the black and mournful bier, borne upon men's shoulders, moved from the house of the deceased, to the place appointed for all the living. 'Twas a little grave we stood beside, yet it was a *first born's*. We have seen the aged die and be gathered unto his fathers like a shock of corn fully ripe in its season ; we have seen the middle aged in all their strength and glory laid low in death, and there were tears too mingled with the damp earth that covers them ; but they were not those bitter, scalding tears that wring a mother's heart, when the severing pang of earth's dearest tie, is felt.—The shade of six summers had scarcely crimsoned the cheek of this beloved daughter, ere the hand of fell disease grappled strongly its victim, and in a few brief hours of burning fever, she that was prattling with her brother on the lawn, had ceased to be.

The father stood there in strength and manliness, but his heaving bosom and the stealing tear, told but too plain of the struggle within. The mother was there. She was a young mother, yet was bowed down with grief and anxious watching, but it seemed as though she had nerved herself to come and see the end. When the sexton had laid the last turf upon the little mound, and leaned upon his spade, she turned away, and a light was upon her countenance as if the angel spirit of her daughter had come back from heaven to whisper hope—hope of immortal union in the place of the holy, where separation will no more come forever. Then I went to my room to think how often He that knoweth what is best for us, takes the little flowers, even the opening buds, that are too tender for earth, to transplant in a more genial soil on the banks of the river of life.—*Mass. Eagle.*

FALSE HAPPINESS.—False happiness is like false money ; it passes for the time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions—but when it is brought to the touch, we feel the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.—*Pope.*

Religion is a most cheerful and happy subject for contemplation and practice : but a most sad and melancholy matter to neglect.

The government of God in the soul is one which regulates but does not enslave.

True friendship is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it is lost.

WOMAN'S KINDNESS.

Mr. F. GRUMMET, M. P. relates the following incident which occurred while he was passing through a small village near Rochfort, as a prisoner, under a military escort. It will show, to those acquainted only with modern customs, the value of the kindness formerly practised, in washing the feet of strangers. St. Paul, in enumerating the deeds of kindness which especially recommended aged widows to the kindness of the church, says: "If she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints' feet, if she have relieved the afflicted," &c.;

"I had obtained a fresh supply of canvases for my feet, which were much blistered; and extremely sore; but this was soon worn out, and I suffered dreadfully. About noon, we halted in the market-place of a small town, bearing every mark of antiquity—I think it was Melle—to rest and refresh. To escape the sun, I took my seat on an old tea-chest, standing in front of a huckster's shop, and removed my tattered moccasins. Whilst doing this, an elderly lady came out of the shop, accompanied by a young girl very prettily dressed, and '*Pauvre garçon!*'—'*Pauvre prisonnier!*'—were uttered by both. The girl, with tears in her eyes, looked at my lacerated feet, and then, without saying a word, returned to the house. In a few minutes afterwards she reappeared, but her finery had been taken off, and she carried a large bowl of warm water in her hands. In a moment the bowl was placed before me, she motioned me to put in my feet, which I did, and down she went upon her knees, and washed them in the most tender manner. Oh! what luxury was that half hour! The older female brought me food, while the young girl, having performed her office, wrapped up my feet in soft linen, and then fitted on a pair of her mother's shoes,

"Hail, Woman, hail! last formed in Eden's bowers,
Midst humming streams and fragrance-breathing
flowers;

Thou art, 'mid light and gloom, through good and ill,
Creator's glory—man's chief blessing still.

"Thou calm'st our thoughts, as halcyons calm the sea,
Sooth'st in distress, when servile minions flee;
"And oh! without thy sun-bright smiles below,
Life were a night, and earth a waste of woe!"

"During the process above mentioned, numbers had collected round, and stood silently witnessing so angelic an act of charity.—Eulalie heeded them not, but when her task was finished, she raised her head, and a sweet smile of gratified pleasure beamed on her face."—*London paper.*

Unjust resentment is always the fiercest.

For the Ladies Garland.

COME HOME.

BY A HINT TO A LONG ABSENT BROTHER.

Come home!

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts—to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody:—
Brother, come home!

Come home!

Come to the hearts that love thee—to the eyes
That beam in gladness but to brighten thine.
Come, while fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,
While cherished memory rears her altar shrine:—
Brother, come home!

Come home!

Come to the hearth stone of thy earliest days!
Come to the ark like an o'erwearied dove,
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays;
Come to the fire-side circle of thy love:
Brother, come home!

Come home!

It is not home without thee,—the lone seat
Is still unclaimed where thou wert wont to be:
In every echo of returning feet,
In vain we look for what should herald thee:
Brother, come home!

Come home!

We've raised for thee the sunny buds of spring;
Watched every germ a full blown floweret rear;
Saw o'er the bloom the chilly winter bring
Its icy garland; and thou art not here:
Brother, come home!

Come home!

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts—to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody:—
Brother, come home!

BROTHER'S REPLY.

I come!

Sister, thy spirit hath communed with mine,
And every gentle word so kind and true,
Doth seem more close the spells of home to twine—
I languish for the hours when we shall meet:—
Sister, I come.

Oh I have met in the world's stormy track,
No other love like that too early left behind
No eyes whose beams so truly mirror back
The heart's warm feelings or the light of mind.
Sister, I come.

No other ark the wearied one hath found,
And still the memory of that place of rest

Doth wing me onward; ye who now surround
That happy hearth, may all your hours be blest.
Sister, I come

Soon shall the wanderer fill the well known seat,
Dearer than silken couch or jewelled throne,
While joy's light pulses e'en in rapture beat,
Responding to each loved and treasured one,
Sister, I come.

I come.
What tho' stern winter's breath hath chill'd the flow'rs,
And blighted nature's fragrance and bloom,
My heart would pine e'en in Italia's bowers;
My home can brighten winter's darkest gloom,
Sister, I come

Oh, though long absent from the dearest spot,
Though bowed by worldly cares and changed by woes,
Think not my soul one moment hath forgot
Its beacon light—its haven of repose,
Sister, I come.

My spirit answers thy melodious spell,
In dreams by night, and reveries by day—
Sweet sister, let its music with me dwell,
And hallow by thy prayers the wanderer's way,
Sister, I come.

Clinton.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

Dr. Horneck, in his great Law of Consideration, tells us the following remarkable story, in proof of that scripture declaration,—
“He that watereth shall be watered again.”

In Nisibis, a city of Mesopotamia, there lived a religious woman, who had a man that was a heathen for a husband. They were poor, yet by hard labor had got fifty pounds together; whereupon the husband thought it best to put it out to interest, that they might not live upon the main stock. His wife, being a christian, readily told him, that none paid greater interest for money lent him, than the God of the christians. The man, pleased with the news, asked where this God was to be met with? The woman told him at such a church, he had deputies that would receive the sum. They took the money, and to the church they went, where they saw some poor widows sitting. The woman said, these are the deputies of the God of the christians, who will receive your money, and pay you interest. The man, not much pleased with his security, yet over-persuaded by his wife, lets a poor widow have it: who, not knowing the man's intent, thankfully received it.

“A quarter of a year after, the man finding himself pinched for want of necessities, bade his wife go and demand a quarter's interest; to which she replied that if he would go to those poor widows and demand the use, she did not doubt but he might have it.

“Accordingly he went to the poor women, with whom he expostulated; but what he had given them was consumed, and they were so far from paying him any interest, that they were ready to beg more money from him; with that he went out of the church sad and sorrowful; but in going, he spied one of the pieces of gold which he had given to the poor; which, it seems, had accidentally dropped on the floor, at the time it was distributed. He took it up, went home, and complained to his wife of the cheat those poor widows had put upon him. She bade him trust that God whom he had lent the money to, and take the piece he had found, and buy necessities for the family. He went to the market-place, and among other things, bought some fish, which were to be dressed for dinner.

“His wife, on opening one of the fishes, found within it, a precious stone, which betrayed its worth by its unusual glittering.—The man carried it to a jeweller, who presently gave him three hundred pounds for it; at which the man was so transported, that he began praising the God of the christians, and became one himself, being astonished at the Providence that had so miraculously disposed of second causes, for his signal profit and emolument.”

For the ~~little~~ Garland LINES ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE NEPHEW. To his Parents.

Dear little sufferer, thou art past the flood
In which thy tender feet so long had stood;
Sweet change! why should one tear of sorrow fall,
Sweet change! a heaven has made amends for all:
Dear little innocent, we cannot know
Why Heaven allow'd thy long protracted woe;
No sins of thine, detained in death's cold flood,
Yet Heaven no doubt designed it for our good:
While nature struggled to maintain her part,
No trembling fears assailed thy guiltless heart;
Exalted now amidst a cherub train,
With not one vestige of thy latest pain
Glorious and fair! in infant beauty dressed,
By all the smiling group of heaven caressed:
Dear little Willie! safe beyond the storm,
That did so long thy beauteous face deform:
Moulded anew, in lineaments divine,
And all the charms of beauty now are thine;
In His dear arms who little ones embraced,
And said of such the heavenly courts are graced,
There rest, dear child, amid the joys above,
Till thou art join'd by all whom thou didst love.

The beginning of love is in the power of every one; to put an end to it, in the power of none.

Nothing is more easy than to do mischief; and nothing more easy than to suffer without complaining.

THE LADIES' GARLAND

Vol. II.

A WREATH OF MANY FLOWERS.

No. 7.

MATERNAL EFFORT.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

It is the duty of mothers to instruct their daughters how to sustain reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as these have been in our own country, it is important that young females should possess some employment, by which they might obtain a livelihood, in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitiful and contemptible is it, to see the mother desponding or helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and to cheer.

'I have lost my whole fortune,' said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home. 'We can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no more go to expensive schools. What we shall do for a living, I know not. Yesterday, I was a rich man. To-day, there is nothing left that I can call my own.'

'Dear husband,' said the wife, 'we are still rich in each other and in our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts.' 'Dear father,' said the children, 'do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living.'

'What can you do, poor things?' said he. 'You shall see, you shall see,' answered several cheerful voices. 'It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight healthy children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again.'

'I shall help,' said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. 'I will not have any new frock bought, and I shall sell my great wax doll.' The heart of the husband and

father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

He left his stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold, and she who had been so long the mistress of the mansion, shed no tear. 'Pay every debt,' said she, 'let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy.'

He took a neat cottage, and a small piece of ground, a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment, the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been, in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one assisted her in the work of the household, and instructed the younger children. Besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered, with taste, some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to merchants in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market, in the cart that conveyed their vegetables; they platted straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at his post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a bee-hive.

'I never enjoyed such health before,' said the father. 'And I never was as happy before,' said the mother. 'We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the great house,' said the children, 'and we love each other a great deal better, here.'

You call us your little bees.' 'Yes,' replied the father, 'and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on.'

Economy, as well as industry, was strictly observed. Nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place, as instructress to the family.

The little dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and vines and flowering trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under its woodbine-covered porch in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy drawing-room.

'We are now thriving and prosperous,' said he, 'shall we return to the city?' 'Oh no, no,' was the unanimous reply. 'Let us remain,' said the wife, 'where we have found health and contentment.' 'Father,' said the youngest, 'all we children hope you are not going to be rich again.'

'For then,' she added, 'we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now, we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us as happy, when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please not to be a rich man any more.'

The females of other countries sometimes make far greater exertions than they are accustomed to do in our own. It would seem they are more athletic, and able to endure fatigue. This may probably arise from their being injured to more severe exercise, especially those of the poorer classes.

Joanna Martin, the wife of a day-laborer in England, was left a widow with six small children, and not a shilling for their support. The parish officers, perceiving it to be a case of great distress, offered to take charge of them. But, the good mother resolved to depend only on the divine blessing, and her own industry.

The life on which she entered, was one of extreme hardship. She rose at two in the morning, and after doing what she could to make her little ones comfortable, walked eight, and sometimes ten miles, to a market-town, with a basket of pottery-ware on her head, which she sold, and returned with the profits before noon.

By this hard labor, and the greatest economy, she not only gained food and clothing for the children, but in the course of a year, saved the sum of about seven dollars. Then, finding herself under the necessity of quitting the cottage where she had lived, she formed the resolution of building one for herself.

Every little interval of time, which she could spare from her stated toils, she devoted to working upon the tenement which was to shelter her little ones; and 'with the assistance of a good God,' said she, 'I was able at last to finish my cottage.' It was small, but comfortable, and might remind those who saw it, of what Cowper calls 'the peasant's nest.'

After several years, Joanna, by persevering industry and prudence, acquired enough to purchase a cart, and a small pony. 'Now,' said she, with delight, 'I can carry pottery-ware to the different towns round about, and drive a pretty brisk trade; for I begin to feel that I cannot walk thirty miles a day quite so well as when I was younger.'

She lived to advanced age, respected for her honesty, patient diligence, and maternal virtues. It was pleasant to observe the self-approbation and simplicity with which she would say, when quite old, 'to be sure, I am not very rich, but what I have is all my own getting. I never begged a half-penny of any soul. I brought up my six children without help from the overseers of the parish, and can still maintain myself without troubling them for assistance.'

A disposition for active industry, and the patient endurance of adversity, should be taught by mothers to their daughters; and by instructors to the young under their charge. When man was first placed upon the earth, woman was pronounced by the Almighty Maker, a 'help-meet for him.' If, at any period of her life, whether as daughter or sister, as wife or mother, she draws back from being a helper, and from indolence, becomes a burden, she forgets her duty to him, and disobeys the command of her Creator.

For the Ladies' Garland.

SCRAPS OF THOUGHT.

NO. II.

BY REV. DANIEL WISE.

"I stood where the lip of song lay low,
Where the dust had gathered on beauty's brow;
Where stillness hung on the heart of love,
And a marble weeper kept watch above."

A proud monarch sat on his throne, swaying his imperial sceptre with a kingly air, and issuing his behests to his subjects with all the authority of a God. As he spake in tones of command, his courtiers, like fawning sycophants, bowed the knee, raised the deceptive voice of flattery, and cried, "O king, live for ever." Inflated with the idea of his unmatched greatness, like another Herod, he swelled into the dimensions of a deity, and forgetting the frailty and mortality of his nature, in the madness and insanity of his pride, defied the God of earth and heaven.

Unseen by the wondering court, or by the power-intoxicated prince, Death's shadowy form, wrapped in vapor, had glided softly into the palace. He now stood revealed before the vaunting king, and extending his arm, with his fleshless hand he beckoned the monarch to follow him. The prince trembled on his seat like some tall tree shaken by the Borean blast; every nerve quivered like

"The frail harp string shaken by the storm."

The sceptre fell from his powerless grasp—and with a coward voice he begged a respite. Death advanced to the throne, mounted its ivory steps with a leap, and buried his destroying shaft deep in his "vaulted heart," and the proud—the mighty—the powerful ruler—whose word had made a nation fear—lay low and powerless as the atoms in our path.

Ay, warrior, arm! and wear thy plume
On a proud and fearless brow!
I am the Lord of the lonely tomb,
And a mightier one than thou!

A warrior who boasted a long line of descent from the heroes of chivalry, sat in the lofty hall of his noble ancestors. Around him hung in dusky pride the trophies of the ancient glory of his house,—the helm, the corslet, the spear and sword, and the torn banners, which in days of yore had waved in the battle field, and led on the serried legions of his fathers to the shock of battle and the trial of arms. There they hung, the silent monuments of the past, and the proud remains of antiquity. As he sat musing on these relics of the brave and bold, a grey haired harper raised "a song of the days of old." As he chaunted the actions of the mighty dead, and the grandeur of his race, the warrior's heart swelled with pride—for the deeds of his fathers were glorious—and looking down upon his cringing vassals with contempt, he cried, "Begone ye sons of plebian fathers, ye worms of humanity—taint not the air I breathe! pollute not the soil I tread, for I am the son of the mighty." Fearful his vassals fled, for they saw the storm gathering in his haughty eye, and they feared him when his wrath was kindled.

None remained in the hall save the harper and his lord. The last sound of the minstrel's lay had melted into air, and the warrior bade the bard immortalize his name by a song. The harp was tuned, and its gentle melody fell sweetly on the delighted ear of the knight as he heard his praises warbled by the son of song. Death whispered a word in his ear; 'twas but a word. He started! the shaft of the grisly king drank his life's

blood, and he fell a ghastly corpse—the detestation of man, and the feast of worms.

"They fall away like the flower on which the sun hath looked in his strength."

A mechanic stood at his bench. The big sweat-drops were oozing from his care worn brow. He laid down his work to gain a moment's respite from his toil. His mind wandered home. He thought of his affectionate wife and his smiling infant—his first-born. "This week," said he, musing, "I shall gain a small sum beyond my immediate necessities. I will take it and buy a present for my Eliza. How it will gladden her heart to receive a small token of my affection! Sweet girl! Her life and happiness are wrapped up in me." He was resuming his task—Death touched him on the shoulder—he turned—the fatal arrow too well directed passed into his heart—he shrieked "Eliza!" and fell. A few hours passed, and Eliza wrapped his stiffened form in the garments of the grave.

"Death found strange beauty on that cherub brow,
And dashed it out."

A mother held her first born in her arms. It was a sweet and lovely child, the very image of its admiring parent. She gazed upon its budding charms and threw back the raven curls, which clustered beautifully upon its "cherub brow;" and as her young heart grew warm with a parent's affection, she pressed the innocent closer to her bosom, and offered a prayer for its safety. "May no worm," said she,—and the flame of devotion gleamed from her pale blue eyes,—lie buried in this budding rose. May no untimely blast tear it from its parent stem. May no rude affliction scatter its fair leaves. Father of mercies, protect my child."

Death had entered the door, and with his form disguised, stood unknown before her. "Mother," said he, "give me your babe." "My babe!" replied the mother, astonished, "give my babe! Ask my heart—ask any thing—but ask not for my babe."

He drew off his covering, and revealed his hollow eyes and fleshless form. His frame of bones stood awful and ghastly before the quaking mother. "Your babe!" muttered his hollow, sepulchral voice. The mother shrieked and turned to fly, he followed, and breathed his poisonous breath upon the unconscious innocent. The color fled its cheeks—the light forsook its eyes—the laugh upon its beautiful lips died away into a sweet, fixed, angelic smile—and it lay cold as a statue in its mother's arms.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

At the close of a beautiful day, towards the end of August, a traveler was seen hastily proceeding along the road which led to Woodbury, a beautiful but sequestered hamlet, in the western part of the state of ——. He was considerably above the middle size; his fine, open countenance was somewhat embrowned by toil and the scorching heats of many a summer's sun; yet there was an expression of careless good humor, mingled with the noble frankness which sat upon his strikingly handsome features, shone forth in the glance of his bright blue eye, and revelled in his sunny smile, which told that though his lot through life might have been toilsome, yet the anguish of conflicting passions had seldom been allowed to invade the calm serenity of his bosom. Theodore Stanley had left his home at the age of eighteen, to seek his fortune on the perilous bosom of the ocean; he had been absent about five years, and had now returned to cheer the declining years of his aged parents, and to claim the reward of his persevering industry, in the calm enjoyments of reciprocated affection. The sun was just sinking below the western horizon when Theodore entered his native village; the last beams of his departing splendor illuminated the cottage windows, and cast a lingering gleam over the luxuriant landscape. Theodore paused and looked around him; the scene which presented itself to his view would have been beautiful, even to a stranger's eye; but to him, who now gazed upon it, it was connected with so many delightful associations of boyish mirth and early happiness, that it could not fail exciting the warmest emotions of rapturous admiration. Surely nature, when in her sportive mood, designed this as an abode for rural innocence. In the centre of it rose a verdant hill, the summit of which was crowned with a wood, from beneath whose deep embowering shade rushed forth a little rivulet; which, after bounding and frolicking down the side of the hill, tumbling from rock to rock, its bubbles reflecting the rays of the sun in a thousand glittering colors, at last runs slowly and quietly along the sunny plain below till it is hidden by, and finally lost in the tall wavy grass which overhangs and intercepts its passage. On the summit of the hill, a little to the left of the wood, stands the village church, a plain, white building, surrounded by a pallisade, within the slight enclosure of which, many a grassy knoll, or simple stone, bears witness that there the hamlet's sires gathered together in their last, long, quiet rest; the weeping willows which overshadowed these humble memorials of departed worth, seemed, as they waved their agi-

tated branches in the passing breeze, to sigh a mournful requiem to the departed spirits of those whose bones lay there; while the tall spire which rose from the midst of that humble burial place, with heaven-directed finger, pointed to that blest abode, whither the immortal spirits had taken their flight. Around the base of the hill were situated a few of the cottages which formed a part of the hamlet; each surrounded by its own little garden, and separated from its neighbor by a cluster of fruit trees. Far away to the left rolled a majestic river, partly hidden in the distance by the intervening branches of a row of tall poplars, which formed the western boundary of that little village. As Theodore advanced, every step recalled some object familiar to his memory. Here stood the tall chesnut trees, which in the days of boyish happiness, he had so often climbed in search of bird's nests—yonder was the river, on the banks of which he had so often walked with Fanny, and here, oh most welcome of all remembrances, on that grassy hillock he had sat by her side on the evening before his departure—here they pledged their vows of mutual affection and constancy till death; and here Fanny had promised to become the support and comfort of his aged parents, during the absence of their son. And Fanny had performed that promise—she had taken up her abode with them, and alleviated the loneliness of their situation by her tender assiduities and filial love.

Theodore's heart beat high as he turned down the lane which led to his father's peaceful cottage, he ascended a rising ground, from which he could plainly perceive it. The vine which crept up its sides and covered its humble thatch, was carefully twined round the windows; the simple rail fence which formed the little door-yard, was neatly white-washed, and the path which led through it, was decked on both sides with rose bushes and lilacs. Theodore well knew to whom he was to attribute its improved appearance; it seemed to furnish him with an assurance that Fanny had not forgotten her early love. He knocked at the door, which was opened by his mother. The delighted parents recognized their son at the first glance, and when seated between them, he almost forgot for a moment, that there was another being, perhaps, even more dear to his heart than they were. A light step crossed the passage, and Fanny stood before him, in all the loveliness of improved beauty—not as he had left her, a pretty artless girl, just emerging from childhood—but a beautiful woman, uniting all the fascinations of her former guiltless innocence to an improved understanding, and cultivated taste. In a few weeks they were united in the bands of wedlock, and after a

long life of happiness, they still looked back with heart-felt gratitude to the day which witnessed the Wanderer's Return.

GEO. M****.

For the Ladies' Garland.

A SONNET AFTER A SHOWER.

Now 'in meridian height the sun appears,

The scattering clouds disperse and flee away,

The trees and every blade are wet with tears

Yet in my view the tears of joy are they,

For the long drought had parch'd the tender leaves,

And the young flow'rets on their stems decline,

Now rising from the grassy couch up-heaves

Their heads refreshed, and wonton in the wind.

The pink, the rose, and all the flowery train

Send forth sweet odors by the passing gale,

The birds refreshed renew their sweetest strain,

And bees industrious, hasten to the vale;

While laughing Flora, tripping o'er the mead,

Drops flowers of every hue, and plants of every seed.

C.

JUDGE CRANE AND THE LANDLADY.

Shortly after the first republican constitution of the State of New-York was framed, and the judiciary system was established for the civil department, the supreme court, or that branch of it called the "circuit court," was appointed for one of the circuits, in the county of Dutchess, and the eccentric Judge Crane was to preside. Judge Crane was very wealthy, and was highly respected for his public and private virtue, especially for his charitableness to the poor; but he always dressed in a plain garb, and would hardly ever wear an over coat, whatever might be the state of the weather, and it was seldom that he rode when he went abroad, although he owned many valuable horses. On the morning of the day in which the court was to begin, the Judge set out before light, and walked gently on, through hail, rain, and snow, to the appointed place. On arriving at Poughkeepsie, cold and wet, he walked to a tavern, where he found the landlady and her servants were making great preparations for the entertainment of the judges, lawyers, and other gentlemen whom they expected would attend the circuit court.

The judge was determined to have some sport, and in a pleasant tone addressed the landlady: "I have no money, and was obliged to come to court, and I have walked through this dreadful storm more than twenty miles. I am wet and cold, dry and hungry. I want something to eat before the court begins;"—when the landlady put herself in a magisterial posture, and putting on a countenance of contempt, said to the judge, You are wet and cold, dry and hot; how can all that be?

No, my dear madam, says the judge, I said that I was wet and cold—and if you had been out as long as I have been in this storm, I think you would likewise be wet and cold.—I said that I wanted something to drink and eat. But you have no money, you say, retorted the landlady: Well, I tell you the truth, says the judge, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; but were I as rich as Cræsus, I would be willing to work for something to eat and drink. Cræsus! who is Cræsus? says the lady. I never knew him, said the judge, but I have understood that he was very rich: I want something to drink, and were I as poor as Job in his utmost calamity, and had my health and strength as well as I now have, I would willingly go to work a little while, if I could get something to drink, and a good bite of cold victuals.—Well, old daddy, said she, how much do you want to drink? Half a gill of good brandy, madam, said he. Very well, says she, I will give you half a gill and some cold victuals, if you will go into the back yard, and cut and split three arms full of wood, and bring it into the kitchen, where the servants want to make a good fire to dry the gentlemen's great coats when they come; and after you get your victuals I shall want you to go away. Well, says he, give me the brandy, and I'll soon bring the wood. He drank the liquor, and walked quietly into the wood yard, where he found a good axe, and he soon laid by the kitchen fire the quantity of wood, viz. his arms three times full. When the landlady had got his cold luncheon on the table, in hopes that he would eat and be off, Now for the good bite of victuals, said the judge.—There it is, said she, coldly. And it is almost as cold as myself, but not half so wet, for I see neither tea nor coffee nor chocolate to wet it. Beggars must not be choosers, said she. I am not begging of you, madam, said he, but have paid the full price demanded. I told you, said she, that I would give you cold victuals, and there is cold boiled ham, cold pork and beef, cold potatoes and turneps, and vinegar, pickles, and soup; and if you want any thing hot, there is mustard and pepper, and here is good bread, good butter, and good cheese, and it is all good enough for such an old ragamuffin as you are. It is all very good, madam, said he, pleasantly, but pray be so good as to let me have some new milk, warm right from the cow, to wet this good victuals. The cows are not milked, says she. Then let me have a bowl of cold milk, said he. I will not send servants in this storm to the spring house to skim it for you, said she. Said he with a pleasant smile, Dear madam, I have a good wife at home, older than you are, who would go out in a worse storm than this, to milk the cows, and bring the milk to

the poorest man on earth, at his request, or to bring the milk from the spring house, cream and all, without skimming, to feed the most abject of human beings. You must have a very good wife at home, says she. Indeed, I have, said he, and she keeps my clothes clean and whole, notwithstanding you called me an old ragamuffin. Indeed, I am not ashamed to appear abroad in the clothes I wear, in any good company. Well, I must confess, says she, that when you have your broad brimmed hat off, you look middling well, but I want you to eat and be off, for we want the fire to dry the gentlemen's great coats and umbrellas by; and among the rest we expect Judge Crane. Judge Crane, said the judge, who is Judge Crane? The circuit judge, said she, one of the supreme judges, you old fool.

Well, said the judge, I will bet a goose that Judge Crane has not had, and will not have a great coat on his back, or an umbrella over his head this day. You old goose, said she, I care nothing for your bets. Eat and be off, I tell you, Judge Crane is to be here, and we've no room for you. I don't care, said he, one rye straw more for judge Crane than I do for myself, and it has got to be so late, that if he has to come at this time of day, he would be more likely to go direct to the court house, and stay until dinner time, than to go to any tavern; and if business was very urgent, he would be very likely to stay away even from dinner. I know something about the old codger, and some people say he is a rusty, crusty, fusty, old fudge. Pretty talk, indeed, says the landlady, about the supreme judge. Now eat your cold check, and be off, or be off without eating, just as you please. I tell you, said the judge, Judge Crane is not the supreme judge, and even if he were, he is no more fit to be a judge than I am. Well, now be off with yourself, says she. Don't be in so great a hurry, said he, mildly. I wish to know who is the landlord here? I wish to know where he is? He is the high sheriff of the county, and won't be home till night; but if he were here you would not stay long. Well, madam, said he, give me a cup of cider to wet my victuals, if you won't give me milk. Not a drop, says her ladyship. The judge, who had now got pretty well warmed and dried, and wished for his breakfast, put on a stern countenance, and positively declared he would not leave the room and fire until he pleased. But, added he, if you will grant my request, I will eat and be off. The cider was immediately brought, and the judge partook heartily of the collation before him, took his broad brimmed hat, and gently walked to the court house, where he found good fires and clean floors, and during the court hours he presided with dignity and propriety.

When the judge withdrew, the landlady

anxiously looked after him, for some time, as he walked steadily on towards the court house, supposing him to be some poor man, summoned up to court as a witness, or some culprit, or some vagabond, who might give her farther trouble in time of courts, and expressed to her servants a desire that they would see that he did not disturb the gentlemen and the judges who might put up there; while some of the girls declared if he did come, they would use some of his own expressions, which he used respecting Judge Crane. Let me see, says one, "rusty, crusty," yes, and "fusty old fudge," says another.

When the dinner was announced, the court, not being thronged, was immediately adjourned, and the day being stormy and cold, the judges and lawyers poured into the sheriff's tavern, where they were sure of good fare; all except Judge Crane, who walked to a store and purchased a valuable shawl, and put it into his pocket on the inside of his coat; then walked quietly to the tavern. While he was thus detained, the landlady entered the dining room, and earnestly re-inquired if Judge Crane had come in? The answer was, Not yet, madam, and perhaps he may not come. The landlady, who was anxious to pay the highest respect to the supreme judge, retired to the kitchen, not a little chagrined or disappointed. In the mean time the judge had arrived, and being at proper times very sociable, and at all times fond of cheering the minds of those present, he began to make some pertinent remarks, and to tell some lively anecdotes, calculated to convey good morals, which kept the whole company in a continued roar of laughter. At this instant, one of the waiting maids entered the room, to inform the gentlemen that they might sit down to dinner. She did her errand, and hastened back to her mistress with the tidings, that the old fusty fellow with the broad brimmed hat on was right in among the gentlemen, talking as loud as he could, and all the judges and lawyers were laughing at him. Then go, says she, and whisper to the old man that I wish him to come down into the kitchen. The errand was done accordingly, and the judge in a low tone of voice said to the girl, Tell your mistress I have a little business to do with some of these lawyers, and when done, I'll be off in the course of two or three days. The girl returned and faithfully rehearsed the message, and added, that she believed the old fellow was drunk, or he would not have said, "as soon as my business is done, I'll be off in two or three days."

Well, Betty, says the mistress, go back, and when the gentlemen begin to sit down, do you stand by the head of the table, and whisper to some gentleman, that I wish a vacant place left at the head of the table for Judge Crane,

and then do you hasten back and see that John has the cider and other liquors in good order. And Mary, do you fill two more tereens with gravy, and put one at each end of the table. And Martha, do you see that all the clean plates for a change are ready, and that the tarts and pies, &c. are in good order. Betty again repaired to her post at the head of the table, and softly informed a gentleman of the request of her mistress. Certainly, said the gentleman; and Betty hastened back to assist John. The gentlemen now sat down to an excellent repast, and after a short ejaculatory address to the throne of grace, delivered by Judge Crane, in which he adored the Father of all mercies, for feeding all his creatures throughout the immensity of space—invoked a blessing on that portion of earthly bounty then before them, and supplicated divine mercy through the merits of our Redeemer, the gentlemen began to carve and serve round in usual form.

But as the judge was of a singular turn in almost every thing, and had taken a fancy that if a person eats light food at the same meal, and that which is more solid and harder of digestion, that the light food should be eaten first; he therefore filled his plate with some pudding, made of milk, rice, and eggs, and placing himself in rather an awkward situation, with his left elbow on the table, and his head near the plate, began to eat according to his common custom, which was very fast, although he was no great eater. And some of the gentlemen near the Judge, following his example as to partaking of the pudding before the meat, of course a large deep vessel, which had contained that article, was nearly emptied when Mary approached with her two additional tereens of gravy, according to the command of her mistress, and as she sat down the last near the judge, he says to her in an austere manner, Girl, bring me a clean plate to eat sallad on: The abrupt manner in which he addressed her, and her disgust at seeing him there in that position, so disconcerted the poor girl, that she did not observe that any one except the Judge had partaken of the pudding, nor did she know what he meant by sallad; but she observed that the large pudding pan was nearly empty, and then hastened back with her utmost speed to her mistress, and addressed her with, Why, madam, that old fellow is there yet, and he is certainly crazy or drunk, for he is down at the table, and has eaten more than a skipple* of the rice pudding already, and his nose is right down in a platefull now, shoveling it in like a hog, and he told me, as if he was lord of the manor, to bring him a clean plate to

eat sallad on. Bless me, where can we get sallad at this time of the year? And the gentlemen have not done carving, and not one has begun to eat meat, much less to eat a tub full of pudding.

Aye, he'll get a clean plate, says Martha, before gentlemen wants clean plates.

I'll clear him out, says the mistress, and starts for the dining room, burning with indignation.

The Judge was remarkable for not giving unnecessary trouble to any body where he put up, and generally ate whatever was set before him without making any remarks; and seldom made use of more than one plate at a meal, but at this time he had observed near him a dish of beautiful raw white cabbage, cut up and put into vinegar, (which the Germans at Poughkeepsie called *cold slaw*, and which he called *sallad*;) and he wished for a separate plate to prepare some of it for his own fancy. The carving and serving were not yet finished, when he expected the clean plate, and when the landlady arrived at the door of the dining room, determined to drive him out. She advanced with a firm step to the door, and fixed her keen eye firmly on the Judge, when he turned his eye that way and observing her, mildly said, Landlady, can I have a clean plate to eat some sallad on? A clean plate and sallad! retorted the landlady indignantly. I wish you would come into the kitchen until gentlemen have dined: I had reserved that seat for Judge Crane. The company were struck with astonishment, and fixed their eyes alternately on the landlady and on the Judge, and sat or stood in mute suspense, when the Judge gracefully raised himself up in the chair, carelessly folding his arms across his breast, then putting his head awkwardly on one side—You reserved this seat for Judge Crane, did you, landlady? Indeed I did, says she. It was very kind, says he, in an ironical tone, but if you will step to the door and see if he is coming, or send one of the servants to call for him, with your permission and the approbation of these gentlemen, with whom I have some business to do, I will occupy his seat until you shall find the Judge. Find the Judge! said she with emphasis; go look for him yourself, not send me or my servants. I gave you your breakfast this morning for chopping a little wood because you had no money;—and I expected you would go away quietly and keep away, and now you must come here to disturb gentlemen at dinner. Here the whole joke burst upon the minds of the gentlemen present, who fell into a loud fit of laughter. After the tumult had a little subsided, says the Judge mildly, Did I chop wood to pay for my breakfast? Indeed you did, says she, and said you had no money. I told you

* Skipple is a measure of three pecks, used in Holland instead of the English bushel, and the inhabitants of Poughkeepsie were mostly Low Dutch at that time.

the truth, says the Judge, but I have a beautiful shawl worth more than ten dollars, which I just now bought, and will leave it with you in pawn, if you will only let me eat dinner with these gentlemen. Here the gentlemen were biting their lips to keep from laughter. How did you buy the shawl worth more than ten dollars, without money? I bought it on credit, says he. And where did you find credit to that amount? says she. I brought it from home, said he. This is a likely story, and something like your abuse of Judge Crane this morning, said she. How could I abuse the Judge if he was not present? said he.—Why, says she, you called him a rusty, fusty fudge, and old codger, and said you did not care a rye straw more for him than you did for yourself. And here the whole company were in an uproar of laughter again. But as soon as it a little subsided, one of the gentlemen asked the landlady how she knew that the gentleman she was addressing was not Judge Crane? Said she, He looks more like a snipe than a crane!

Here the loud laughter burst forth a third time. And after a little pause the Judge said, I must confess that I am not a bird of very fine feathers, but I assure you that I am a Crane, and a crane is often a very useful instrument. I saw a very good one in your kitchen this morning; and sometimes an instrument called a "crane," is of incalculable use, madam. Before she had time to reply, some of the gentlemen with whom she was acquainted, assured her that she was talking with the presiding Judge. Astonished and confounded, she attempted some excuse, and hastily asked his pardon for her rudeness.

The Judge had by this time unobserved, taken from his pocket the beautiful shawl and folded it at full length one way, and in a narrow form the other, and it being of very fine texture, appeared more like an elegant sash than like a valuable shawl. When he arose, with graceful dignity and with a half smile, he advanced a few steps towards the landlady, saying, "it is not my province to pardon, but it is my business to judge! and I judge that you and I shall hereafter be friends—and I judge that you will, without hesitation, receive this as a present, *if not as pawn*. So saying, he gently laid it over her shoulders, and across her arms, saying "Take it, madam, and do not attempt to return it, for it was purchased on purpose for a present for you." She hastily retired in confusion, hardly knowing what she did, and took with her the shawl worth twelve dollars instead of ten.

And here are three parties who had each two good things. The landlady had a good shawl and a good lesson to meditate upon—the gentlemen had a good dinner and a good joke to talk over—and the Judge had good

intentions in the joke, and good will and ability to follow up the lesson given.—*Republican Advocate*.

ESTELLE,

Or, reformed rakes make the best husbands.—Illustrated.—*No Fiction*.

"Well, sister," said Estelle on the morning of her wedding day, "in a few hours I shall be wedded to Morris. I am going to try the fearful experiment, as you are pleased to call it. If he proves to be a good husband, I shall have the satisfaction of triumphing over you; if he does not, then my history will serve as a beacon light to warn others not to shipwreck their happiness in the same manner,—so you see I shall do my fair friends a service in this way, if no other."

Louise sighed as she saw her bright and happy sister so unconsciously sacrificing herself; but she only remarked that a few years would decide the question.

In a few weeks Morris with his wife were settled in New York. For two years all was well with Estelle. Morris was apparently a reformed man, and even Louise began to think her fears would not be realized. His evenings were spent in the society of his wife, and he began to feel a relish for domestic pleasures. At this period one of his old associates, who had just returned from a tour of Europe, called to congratulate him, and to revive an old friendship. "Well, Fred," said he familiarly, "I admire your wife and situation, and even your little babe looks like a cherub: but faith, friend, you don't intend to bury yourself here, do you? How fare our old friends P. and M? You meet at our old haunts I presume?"

"Indeed I have not been there of late, neither have I ever seen our old friends but once or twice these two years."

"Well, then, we will go and hunt them up this evening."

That was a long evening for Estelle. The clock told the midnight hour before Morris returned; and when he saw her anxious countenance, his heart smote him, but with a slight excuse he quieted the fears of his too confiding wife. From that evening may be dated the downfall of Morris. Estelle was conscious of the change in her husband, but she uttered not a word of reproach.

"A cloud slowly and heavily came over her; a cloud

Of ills we mention not, enough to say,

'Twas cold and dead impenetrable gloom.

She saw its dark approach; and saw her hopes,

One after one, put out as nearer still

It drew her soul, but fainted not at first;

Fainted not soon."

One night as her husband returned home unusually late, Estelle was struck with his bag-

gard look and almost maniac laugh, when he roughly said,—“Well, Estelle, now we are off for the west—I am worth barely enough to buy us a log hut, and we will go and hide ourselves in the prairies of Illinois. That ——— Knowles has done the work to night —Oh! I wish I had shot him,” and he gnashed his teeth in rage. Estelle was shocked, confounded and crushed, but she questioned him not, nor offered one word of expostulation.—With a sad heart she packed her things, and in a week they were on their way to Illinois. Here years of constant suffering awaited Estelle. Her friends hearing of her destitute situation, sent her pecuniary aid; but what could bind up the wounds of that broken heart. Who could gather up those young affections again?

“When thus she lay
Forlorn of heart, withered and desolate,
As leaf of autumn, which the wolfish winds,
Selecting from its falling sisters, chase
Far from its native grove, to lifeless wastes
And leave it there alone to be forgotten
Eternally. God passed in mercy by,
His praise be ever new! and on her breathed,
And bade her live.”

“Oh, Ma, how I wish you had been at the meeting to day; we had a new minister. He looked so much like the miniature you have of uncle William, I wish you could see him. Old Margaret says he is to be our minister for a few months, till Mr. Gray has returned from his journey—for Ma, he has gone to the east to bring his wife and children here.”

“Well, Louise, did you tell him you had a dying mother who wished to see him?”

“Ma, he was a stranger, and I dare not speak to him; but I asked old Margaret’s husband to do it, and he is coming here to-morrow.”

“Mother, said the same sweet-faced little girl the next morning, the minister is at the door, and wishes to know if I am the little girl whose mother wished to see him; and there is another gentleman with him.”

“Ask them in,” said a feeble voice.

Estelle, unaccustomed to the sight of strangers, was abashed when the two gentlemen entered her hut; but a slight flush came to her colorless face as she eyed the stranger who first entered, and thought she had seen one who resembled him; but before she had time for further scrutiny, she found herself encircled in the arms of her brother. Neither could speak, but gushing tears more than words relieved their full hearts; but when she recognized the other stranger, who was no other than Edward Barnes, she swooned.

“William, dear William, have you come at length?” sobbed Estelle; “come to soothe my dying hours, come to father my beloved Lou-

ise? God has indeed answered my prayers! Oh, William, it was a fearful experiment, but it is all over.”

William Lawrence was at college at the time of his sister’s marriage, and who subsequently fitted for the ministry, resolved as his studies were finished, to go and take his sister back to her native village. But while he was preparing to start, news came that Estelle was no more, and that Morris was roving about, an object of commiseration and disgust. Still he longed to go and learn more of his sister’s fate, and to take the little Louise home. His friend Edward Barnes accompanied him, with a view of settling in the West. They had stopped to spend the Sabbath at a village about a mile from Estelle’s house, entirely unconscious of their affinity to her. Finding the minister of the place absent, he proposed to preach the following day, which was gladly accepted. On Sunday morning, a little band collected in a building used as a church. Estelle had always met with this little band, but feeling her strength rapidly declining, she sent her little daughter to request the minister to visit her soon. The little Louise had her eyes riveted upon the preacher during all the service; and as he passed her she tried to summon courage to do her errand, but her heart failed her. The next morning, William and his friend started for Estelle’s abode; and on their way encountering the old man who had made the request, they asked to be directed to her hut. But what was their surprise on hearing from the old man such an account of her as induced them to believe that it was indeed their friend (over whose supposed death they had often wept) they were now called to visit. They learned also that Morris had some months previous, in a fit of intoxication, committed suicide; and for nearly a year, that poor destitute woman had lived with her little daughter in extreme poverty. William tried to soothe her with the hope that she would yet be happy; that she would return with him, and in the midst of former friends forget all her trials. But it was over with Estelle—death had marked her for its victim! Crushed and broken-hearted, she was even now on the shore of eternity. “And even brother,” she would say, “were I able to endure the journey, I never could endure the sight of my old home—of my injured sister. Oh! why did I not listen to her kind advice? No brother, here I must die! But even that thought has lost half its gloom, since I know my Louise is provided with home and friends.”

“Will you not allow me to adopt your child as my own?” said Edward B.

Estelle hesitated. It was the man she had slighted and injured. “I should rather,” said she, “that she would be under the tuition of

her aunt Louise." "Then will your wish be gratified," said William; "Louise is the wife of Edward Barnes—and you cannot confide your child to any with more assurance that she will receive all a mother's care and instruction. "The color went and came on poor Estelle's cheek at this intelligence, but after a moment's struggle with her feeling,— "Tis as it should be," said she, "I dashed the cup of happiness from my lips, and I have been made to drain the cup of affliction to the very dregs."

In a week from this time, Estelle Morris was a dweller in eternity. But she died not without hope. Her sufferings had led her to the fountain of consolation—a Saviour's love,—and she realized fulfilment of the promise, "A bruised read He will not break."

In one of the neatest houses in the village of N—, is seen a lovely girl, who often with a look of sadness says, "Uncle Edward, how I wish my dear Ma had lived to come here; why did you not find us sooner? I wonder if you are the same Edward B. that I heard Papa talk about? He told Ma he supposed she wished she had married Edward Barnes instead of him, and with a dreadful oath he left the house; he would be in the way no longer; and he never did come back—but the next day four men brought him

* * * * *

Oh, Uncle, I cannot tell you, it makes me tremble to think of it. Poor Ma was so ill, I thought she would have died, and I should be left all alone!"

Edward B. could not refrain from mingling his tears with those of his little niece—nor can you, fair readers, withhold your sympathy. But let none say or think that "a reformed rake makes the best husband."

—

For the Ladies' Garland.

THE PERNICIOUS INFLUENCE NOVEL READING EXERTS OVER THE IMAGINATION.

It is the decided, and just opinion, among the intelligent, that a taste for reading should be cherished and improved by every young lady possessing a desire for intellectual improvement. Now for the benefit of this opinion there is ample resource; especially in *this* country. American libraries, and reading rooms, speak well for literary taste; and among their volumes any thirst either for knowledge or amusement, might be satisfied; and as ladies are by no means excluded from them, it would appear that they possessed superior advantages to their sisters of other nations. But their mental efforts do not prove that they surpass in depths of knowledge or heights of science. England's daughters of the pen have written their names on the fairest and proudest page of literature,—but America points to few, only a very few, fe-

male signatures on that far-famed scroll. To what shall we attribute this? Let us inquire if the *kind of reading* most generally approved, has not some evil influence. Ah! may we not dare to insinuate that the great amount of *novel reading*, tends to poison, and clog, the current of our female literature, that stream which else might benefit mankind with the purity and sweetness of its waters.

That works of fiction are in extensive use among American women is not to be disputed. The rich select handsomely bound volumes of Bulwer, or Scott, as appropriate ornaments of the centre table,—and the book case of the boudoir is crowded with volumes of the same fictitious character. It is also to be regretted that in proportion to the vivacity with which a wealthy young lady can talk of the last new romance or play, she is admired by too many of her *own sex*. The poor, ever fond of the opulent as models, imitate them in this, as well as in other instances, and thus every grade of the reading world is liable to breathe an atmosphere mixed with many or few parts of fiction. Every one knows that the perusal of novels tends to fever the imagination, and as this exercise of the mind so well agrees with the sedentary occupations of ladies, it is to be argued that fancy takes wider and higher flights with the gentler sex, than with the more harsh, among novel readers. But can the mind that is accustomed to roving among fancied Elysiums, and self created lands of unearthly beauty, be contented to stoop to the stern regions of reality, and thread with success the mazes of science? The answer is evident. Mark that young girl; she professes to be a votress at the shrine of education. She does indeed daily visit the temple. At this moment she has returned thence, and fancying that her mind is wearied, and needs recreation, engages herself with a highly extolled romance. Her cheek is flushed, her brow agitated, and both brow and cheek are faithful emblems of her state of mind. She follows the heroine of the tale, and with her passes through exaggerated scenes in which reality never had a part. So intent is she in her wanderings, she cannot be called thence till she has placed her visioned favorite in her resting place, the finis of the book. Then when her thoughts are really returned to the cold actuality of the present, she finds them too much shocked to be of much service in history or philosophy, studies which are so aversive to her late occupation—and which are the very props of a strong and intelligent mind. But in more ways than this, of *using* imagination to weaken the judgment are novels instruments of ill; they make *imagination itself* a source of *unhappi-*

ness to their victim. Each faculty of mind was given to us by an Omniscient Being for important purposes, and a vivid conception, is not among the least to serve us in moral and mental good. But let it be perverted, let it be made subordinate to selfish passions, or allow it to be busy with worldly desires, and there is nothing in the mind that so soon will work its own ruin, and make it insensible to that happiness which it is our duty to seek. Oh! how oft does fancy weave the web of life of the most delicate texture, and dyed in the most brilliant hues, but how surely does stern, indifferent reality, with its strong finger draw away each lovely thread, and leave but a thin, grey, material, in which to clothe the ever coming future. And 'tis the chill disappointment we feel in this worthlessness of our own work, that makes unhappiness—that will bring indifference to the good gifts of our Maker, and at last despair and scepticism. If works of fiction will nourish a wordly, selfish fancy, let us cast the diseased "bread upon the waters," and it shall return to us after many days, in a healed form; for the very act will fill us with independence, and consciousness of our ability to be strong in moral worth.

I have tried to show how novels work ill in one light; it might be shown in many, but if they exert an evil tendency over any one of the powers of mind that God has entrusted to our keeping, should they not be banished from every literary depository in our Union? Let the experiment be tried, and I doubt not that American females will stand *higher* on the pinnacle of learning and intellectual excellence, than those of England and France. Ladies, do you try the experiment; listen not to Fashion's fallacious reasoning; she is a harsh, rude tyrant. Show the world, (if the world's opinions are to be considered,) that woman has independence, has energy, and can engrave her name on the tablets of intellectual worth.

FIELD FLOWER.

For the Ladies' Garland.

For a friend who requested the authoress to write a few verses on her place of abode.

DRUMORE.

And shall my muse attempt to sing
The varied charms of old Drumore;
To paint the glories of the spring,
Or speak of Susquehanna's shore?

Although the spring her earliest buds
May sweetly scatter o'er the wild;—
Although the swelling summer floods,
May glad the humble rustic child:—

Still though I love to tread the plain,
And walk upon the mountain shore,

My thoughts will rove beyond the main,
They will not rest in old Drumore.

I love that dreamy darkness wild,
That's wrapt around those classic times,
When chieftain bold, and maiden mild,
Have formed the Poet's magic lines.

For here no Tasso ever roved,
Or strung his wildly sounding lyre;
And here no burning Sappho loved
To light the soul with kindred fire.

And if I sit and gaze at eve,
Upon the placid, azure sky,
My thoughts those quiet beauties leave,
To dwell on years gone by.

Although upon that sounding shore,
Dwells deep and awful solitude;
Though oft the rolling thunder's roar
May echo through old caverns rude:—

Still in those caverns deep and rude,
No hermit's feet have ever trod;
No pilgrim here has ever strewed
Fresh flowers upon the sod.

And here no hardy mountaineer,
As legends wild have often sung
Lurks to surprise his foeman near,
As on the trembling heights he hung.

No castles here have ever reared
Their frowning battlements on high;
No trembling vassals here have feared
To meet a master's vengeful eye.

Forbid me not these stirring themes,
Where fancy's airy flights may rove;
Forbid me not to cherish dreams,
Or linger o'er the scenes I love.

For who would break those mystic scenes,
Of fancy's bright imaginings;
Or leave those soul inspiring themes,
To dwell with cold realities.

I may not, cannot, must not tell,
These magic spells beyond control;
For with a soft and moving swell,
The beautiful floats o'er my soul.

And thoughts, and inclinations move
My soul like oracles divine;
Oh! who would not those musings love,
And worship at the spirit's shrine.

And as I often lonely stray,
His varied beauties to explore,
I've framed a humble cottage lay,
As tribute due to old Drumore.
Lancaster county, 1838.

NATURAL HISTORY.



In front, in the centre, the Rhinoceros; to the right, the Hippopotamus and Orang-Outang; Centre back ground, the Giraffe; to the left, Antelopes and Zebra.

GROUP OF AFRICAN ANIMALS.

No subject is more interesting and delightful than that of natural history. The study, considered apart from the various branches of science which it embraces, is one of the most delightful occupations that can employ our attention; and perhaps none of the amusements of human life are more satisfactory and dignified, than the investigation and survey of the workings and ways of Providence, in this created world of wonders, filled with his never absent power. It elevates the mind, and is inexhaustible in supply.

At the present day every facility is afforded for the rational amusement and instruction of all classes. Our Museums afford a rich treat: and we know of no place where an evening can be more profitably and pleasantly passed; but no less entitled to the generous patronage of the public, is the *Ménagerie*, or Zoological Institute in this city, where many wonderful animals may be seen,—among them a splendid Egyptian Giraffe, or Caméléopard. These animals have been collected at an immense expense. The establishment is conducted with the most perfect order; and we cheerfully recommend to our readers in city and country, old and young, not to let the present opportunity pass without a visit to the Institute. It will afford both gratification and profit.

The most gigantic of all living terrestrial animals, the elephant, combines superhuman strength with almost human wisdom, in a manner otherwise unequalled among the

brute creation. Many instances are on record of its retentive memory, its grateful and affectionate disposition, and its general intelligence as a discriminating, if not reflecting creature. From the earliest ages its stupendous size, and unexampled sagacity, have formed a theme of wonder and admiration to mankind. Elephants in the wild state are gregarious and herbivorous. They are naturally averse to the extremes of heat and cold; and, although inhabitants of some of the most sultry regions of the earth, they shelter themselves from the overpowering heat of the mid-day sun in the comparative coolness of those umbrageous forests which, both in Africa and Asia, are their chosen places of abode.

Second in size, though widely distant in sense, is the rhinoceros, an animal of a sour and stubborn disposition, and in every way less trustworthy than the elephant. Of this genus there are several species, two of which (if *R. Burchellii* is entitled to specific distinction,) inhabit Africa. The others are native to India, and the great islands of Java and Sumatra. The African species (*R. Africanus*) is armed with a couple of horns; its coat is not distinguished by voluminous folds; and it wants the incisive teeth. The sense

of sight is said to be rather defective in the rhinoceros: those of smell and hearing are acute.

Another animal, characteristic of, though not entirely peculiar to Africa, is the hyrax or Cape marmot. This species is supposed by some biblical annotators to be the *coy* of the Scriptures. It inhabits the rocky territories of many parts of Africa, and occurs, with little variation in its external aspect, in Syria. With the exception of the horns, it bears a strong resemblance to a rhinoceros in miniature.

The Ethiopian hog (*Phacochoerus Africanus*) is a fierce and savage animal, allied to the wild boar in its habits, but distinguished by a pair of large lobes or wattles placed beneath the eyes. The tusks of the upper jaw bend upward in a semi-circular manner toward the forehead. When attacked, it is apt to become furious, and rushing on its adversary with great force and swiftness, inflicts the most desperate, and sometimes fatal wounds. It inhabits a wide extent of country along the western side of Africa, from Senegal to the Cape; and it also occurs specifically the same in Ethiopia. A new species of this genus has been recently discovered in the north of Africa, by M. Ruppell. It is named *Phacochoerus barbatus*. The ascertainment of the latter animal is a proof, among many others which might be adduced, of the impropriety of denominating a species from the continent which it inhabits. Few species are so isolated in the animal kingdom as to exist alone over a great tract of country, without claiming kindred with any other; and we may fairly infer, *a priori*, that when one of a genus is discovered, a second or a third will ere long make its appearance. When this happens, such specific names as *Africanus*, *Americanus*, &c. cease to be of a discriminating or exclusive nature, and consequently lose their value.

Next to the elephant and rhinoceros, perhaps the most bulky land animal with which naturalists are acquainted, is the hippopotamus, or river horse. It is peculiar to Africa, and inhabits the fresh waters of that continent. It formerly existed in Lower Egypt, but has long since disappeared from that district. Mr. Bruce makes mention of hippopotami as existing in the lake Tsana, exceeding twenty feet in length. It would be hard to limit the growth of this naturally gigantic species; but the largest ever killed by Colonel Gordon, an experienced hippopotamist, did not exceed eleven feet eight inches. Mr. Desmoulins regards the species of Senegal as differing from those of the more southern parts of Africa. These animals are chiefly valuable on account of their ivory tusks, which, being harder than those of the ele-

phants, and not so subject to turn yellow, are much esteemed by dentists. Their hides are formed into bucklers by several of the African tribes.

The aspect of the zebra is too familiarly known to require description. It is one of the most fancifully adorned of all known quadrupeds; but the beauty of its external appearance is its chief merit, as its disposition is wayward and capricious in the extreme. With the exception of one or two instances, in which persevering individuals have succeeded in subduing the stubbornness of its nature, it has not been rendered subservient to the purposes of the human race. It is a mountain animal, called *dauw* by the Hottentots, and is scarcely ever seen on plains.

The zebra of the plains, although only recently characterized as a distinct kind, is in fact a better known and more abundant species than the other. It is chiefly distinguished by the want of rings upon the legs. "I stopped," says Mr. Burchell, "to examine these zebras with my pocket telescope; they were the most beautifully marked animals I had ever seen; their clean sleek limbs glittered in the sun, and the brightness and regularity of their striped coat presented a picture of extraordinary beauty, in which probably they are not surpassed by any quadruped with which we are at present acquainted. It is indeed equalled in this particular by the *dauw*, whose stripes are more defined and regular, but which do not offer to the eye so lively a coloring."

The quagga is more nearly allied to the zebra of the plains than to that of the mountains. It lives in troops in the neighborhood of the Cape, and, in common with the zebra, is frequently found in company with ostriches. The wary disposition of these birds, and their great quickness of sight, are supposed to be serviceable to the congregated group in warning them of the approach of their enemies.

Very few animals of the deer kind, properly so called, are found in Africa. The red deer, however, (*Cervus elaphus*), one of the noblest of the tribe, and the most stately of all the wild animals still indigenous to Britain, occurs in some of its northern quarters. But these it is not improbable were imported, at some unknown period, from Europe.

The Giraffe, or cameopard, the tallest, and in every other respect, one of the most singular of quadrupeds deserves notice; but we shall merely state that it is a timid and gentle animal, feeding principally on the leaves of trees, (especially those of the genus *Mimosa*), and inhabiting the plains of Central and Southern Africa. Its gait, or mode of progression, is described as extraordinary

by Mr. Lichtenstein. "We had scarcely traveled an hour when the Hottentots called our attention to some object on a hill not far off on the left hand, which seemed to move. The head of something appeared almost immediately after, feeding on the other side of the hill, and it was concluded that it must be that of a very large animal. This was confirmed, when after going scarcely a hundred steps farther, two tall, swan-necked giraffes stood almost directly before us. Our transports were indescribable, particularly as the creatures themselves did not perceive us, and therefore gave us full time to examine them, and to prepare for an earnest and serious chase. The one was smaller and of a paler color than the other, which Vischer immediately pronounced to be a colt, the child of the larger. Our horses were saddled, and our guns loaded in an instant, when the chase commenced. Since all the wild animals of Africa run against the wind, so that we were pretty well assured which way the course of these objects of our ardent wishes would be directed, Vischer, as the most experienced hunter, separated himself from us, and by a circuit took the animals in front, that he might stop their way, while I was to attack them in the rear. I had almost got within shot of them when they perceived me, and began to fly in the direction we expected. But their flight was so beyond all idea extraordinary, that, between laughter, astonishment, and delight, I almost forgot my designs upon the harmless creature's lives. From the extravagant disproportion between the height of the fore to that of the hinder parts, and of the height to the length of the animal, great obstacles are presented to its moving with any degree of swiftness." Caméléopards were known to the Romans, and were exhibited in the Circæan Games by Cæsar the dictator. The Emperor Gordian afterward exhibited ten at a single show; and tolerably accurate figures of this animal, both in a browsing and grazing attitude, have been handed by the Prænestine pavement.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

TO MY MOTHER.

When I behold thy sainted form
Upon thy cushioned chair,
And see thee look so *mild* and *sweet*,
How blest my feelings are.
I envy not the rich and great,
Their pomp and regal power;
I envy not their thrones of state,
Thy *blessing* is my dower.
And when thy spirit seeks its home
In that bright world above,
Oh may thy mantle rest on me,—
And all my life be love. M.

CABINET OF NATURE.

CUMBERLAND WATER FALL.

The Fall is situated on the top of the Cumberland Mountains, East Tennessee. I have frequently heard it spoken of by travelers who had visited it; and their descriptions excited in me a very great desire to see it, as I conceived it to be a beautiful miniature representation of the falls of Niagara. I have recently had an opportunity of gratifying this desire; and I assure you that my most exalted preconceptions were more than realized when I had the pleasure of viewing this most interesting scene, which is distinguished alike for its beauty, and its wild and awful grandeur. This fall is within two hundred yards of the stage road crossing the Cumberland mountain. The pathway which conducts to it passes over a gently inclined plane, the lower margin of which meanders a small stream, which is here remarkable only for its beautifully transparent water which flows on smoothly and gently to the very verge of the precipice over which it falls. Immediately beyond the little rivulet there rises an abruptly steep mountain, which is clothed with a luxuriant growth of ivy and laurel, the beauty of which was greatly heightened when I saw it, by being covered with richly variegated bloom. And the noble yew trees, as if too proud to associate with the humble shrubbery beneath, send far their lofty shafts, which almost vie with the clouds in height.

How striking a contrast is there between this part of the scenery, and what is soon exhibited to the eyes of the beholder! Here every object is calculated to inspire feelings of calmness and serenity; and the distant roar of the cascade falls like melodious music on the ear, to compose and soothe the mind. But how soon is the beholder awakened from this sweet and contemplative reverie, when he finds himself on the brink of the awful precipice over which tumbles the beautiful little stream just described! He is filled with wonder and amazement when he surveys on the one hand the stupendous cliff above, whose towering apex seems to scale the clouds, and on the other, the profound abyss beneath, into which the water falls and vanishes from the sight. After viewing this truly grand scene for some time, with a pleasure which can be more easily conceived than described, I turned away from the spot, and, as I supposed, bade a final adieu to it; being more forcibly struck than ever before, with the wondrous power and might of the great Artificer of the universe. But to my great surprise, I learned from the gentleman living very near, and who met me whilst retracing my steps to my carriage that I had *as yet* seen but a small part of this awfully grand

scenery. He informed me that there was a way by which we could descend to the base of the precipice, on the brink of which I had just stood, where I could have a much better view of the fall of water. Wishing to gratify my excited curiosity to the utmost extent, I consented to accept him as my guide. He conducted me down a very rugged, and precipitous declivity of considerable extent midst crags of almost mountain height. At length we reached the foot of the precipice, and stood in full view of the whole wonderful and amazing prospect. At first, I felt almost overwhelmed by the contemplation, and spent some minutes in viewing the water merely where it falls into a lovely circular basin of stone. But language is utterly inadequate to express my emotions, when I ventured to raise my eyes to survey the lofty and spacious cavern which was suspended over my head, and the precipitation of the water from its brink. You can form some faint conception of the magnificence and grandeur of this scenery, when I tell you that the great dome above, which looks like the firmament in miniature, is not less than one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and one hundred and seventy-five feet in height, from the bottom of the basin, into which the water is received. The excavation extends so far back, from the point at which the water is projected, that there is a space of full forty feet between the base of the precipice and the basin, so that persons can walk with ease under the arch, without being made wet by the spray, which is considerable, and which exhibits the appearance of a shower of rain. The water passes from the edge of the arch above in a mass, but descending through the air for two hundred feet, it becomes divided like large drops of rain—which present a strikingly singular appearance. In the afternoon, the beauty and interest of the scene are greatly heightened by the numerous brilliant rainbows which are formed by the refracting influence of the descending stream and the ascending spray.

When the stream of water is much increased by rain, it is projected full twenty yards from the base of the precipice, and occasions a violent whirlpool in the basin, which has the effect of wearing the rocks and pieces of timber in it smooth and round.

Below the arched excavation, the precipice, which consists of solid rock, is just like a perpendicular wall of one hundred and fifty feet in height. Within ten feet of the base of this wall, are to be seen several large niches, which contain a great many bones, some of which are human, and supposed to have been deposited there by some of the Indian tribes.

Whilst contemplating this august scenery, my guide related to me two incidents, which

served to excite in my mind feelings of a very solemn and melancholy character. The first was the murder of a man by two gamblers, who had followed him from McMinnville, Middle Tennessee, under the impression that he was possessed of a large amount of money. He showed me the spot where they committed the horrid deed, it being near the basin, where they had decoyed their unsuspecting victim, under the pretence of showing him this interesting spectacle. Suffice it to say that he was most barbarously murdered, and then despoiled of all he had, and his mangled corpse was left exposed to the beasts of prey. He was, however, soon discovered and received a decent interment. The other incident was the accidental destruction of a negro man, who having fled from his master, a trader, and being pursued at night, leaped headlong, *unconsciously*, over the dreadful precipice to the right of the fall, fully one hundred and fifty feet, and mangled his head and body against the crags beneath. His passage from time to eternity was indeed a short one. His tomb is amidst the rocks not far from where he fell, and contiguous to that of his companion in misfortune.

For the Ladies' Garland.

THE INTERVIEW.

It is the hour, when from the boughs
The nightingale's sweet note is heard—
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.

Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
(And in heavens that clear—obscure)
So softly dark and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day—
As twilight meets beneath the moon away.

But it is not to list to the water fall
That Parasina leaves her hall,
And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light,
That the lady walks in the shadow of night,
And if she sits in Eete's bower,
'Tis not for the sake of its full-blown flower,
She listens, but not for the nightingale—
Though her ear expects as soft a tale.

There glides a step through the foliage thick,
Her cheek grows pale and her heart beats quick,
There whispers a voice thro' the rustling leaves
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves,
A moment more, and they shall meet,
'Tis past—and he is at her feet.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.



LADY RUSSELL.

The name of **LADY RACHEL RUSSELL** deserves an honorable place in the calendar of those who by their virtues and talents, have adorned and illustrated the female character. Belonging to one of the noblest families in Britain, passing a long series of years in the uninterrupted enjoyment of all the dangerous gifts of rank and wealth, and happily requited affection; then a lonely widow, the full cup of felicity suddenly dashed with a rude hand from her lips, the husband of her youth murdered on the scaffold, and his name vilified by the minions of tyranny;—prosperity never spoiled the humility of her disposition, nor did bitter adversity ever wring from her a murmur against the wisdom or the justice of the most afflicting dispensations of the providence of her God. This distinguished woman was the daughter of the Earl of Southampton, and the wife of the illustrious Lord William Russell, whose memory is so dear to every patriot as the martyr of liberty, and the fellow sufferer of Hampden and Sidney. To Lord Russell she was an object of the most devoted attachment which she nobly requited, adhering to him with all a woman's constancy, through good report and through evil report, sharing with him the blessings of fortune and "troops of friends," and breasting by his side the torrent of persecution by which the close of his short but brilliant career was embittered. For sixteen years she enjoyed in his society as much of happiness as falls to the lot of human nature; when he was arrested for a pretended participation in the "**RYE-HOUSE PLOT**," she enlisted by her efforts some of the most distinguished men in the country in his favor; on his mock trial she assisted him in taking notes and making out his defence; and after he was executed in pursuance of a sentence of judicial murder, she devoted her exalted talents to the vindicating of his character. Her letter to King Charles the Second is a standing monument of her devotion to his memory; it might have moved the heart of a stone, though it made no impression upon that of a voluptuary.

Lady Russell survived her husband ~~many~~ years. She was repeatedly solicited in marriage by the admirers of her virtues, but she chose to spend the remainder of her life in widowhood, seeking the alleviation of her sorrows in the education of her children, the society and correspondence of her numerous literary friends, and above all in the inestimable comforts of religion. Her letters, in which her talents served as the handmaids of her virtues, and portrayed her beautiful character in all its simplicity and purity, were collected long after her death and published. They furnish a model well worthy of imitation. Among her correspondents we find the names of Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Burnet, Bishop Patrick, the Princess of Orange, the truly pious Dr. Fitzwilliam, and many other persons equally distinguished for rank, talent, piety and learning. Some of the letters of these eminent individuals are introduced into the volume with those of Lady Russell, and they uniformly bespeak the highest respect for her character. We might, perhaps, usefully extend the present article by a few extracts from the letters we have named, but we must content ourselves with giving one entire, which was written to Dr. Fitzwilliam soon after her husband's death, and which gives an admirable view of her truly amiable character. Lord Russell was brought to the scaffold on the 21st of July, 1683, and this letter is dated the 30th of September in the same year.

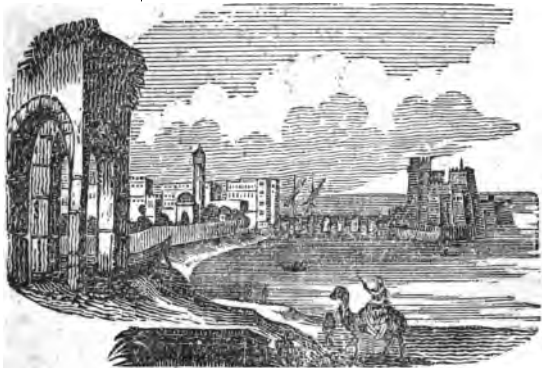
To Dr. Fitzwilliam.—I need not tell you, my good Doctor, how little capable I have been of such an exercise as this. You will soon find how unfit I am still for it, since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrows, confused as my yet amazed mind is. But such men as you, and particularly one so much my friend, will I know bear with my weakness and compassionate my distress, as you have already done by your good letter and excellent prayer. I endeavor to make the best use I can of both; but I am so evil and unworthy a creature that though I have desires, yet I have no dispositions or worthiness towards receiving comfort. You that knew us both, and how we lived, must admit I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so consequently lament the like loss. Who can but shrink at such a blow, till by the mighty aids of his holy spirit, we will let the gift of God which he hath put into our hearts peruse! That reason which sets a measure to our souls in prosperity, will then suggest many things which we have seen and heard, to moderate us in such sad

circumstances as mine. But alas! my understanding is clouded, my faith weak, sense strong, and the devil busy to fill my thoughts with false notions, difficulties, and doubts; but this I hope to make a matter of humiliation, not sin. Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragements of my own thoughts. I know I have deserved my punishment and I will be silent under it; but yet secretly my heart mourns, too sadly I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with; all these things are irksome to me now; the day unwelcome, and the nights so too; all company and meals I would avoid, if it might be; yet all this is, that I enjoy not the world in my own way; and this sure hinders any comfort: when I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them; this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his quitting a lesser good for a greater? O! if I did steadfastly believe, I could

not be dejected; for I will not injure myself to say, I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No; I most willingly forsake this world—this vexatious, troublesome world, in which I have no other business, but to rid my soul from sin; secure by faith and a good conscience my eternal interests; with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortunes, and ever hereafter be above the smiles and frowns of it. And when I have done the remnant of the work appointed me on earth, then joyfully wait for the heavenly perfection in God's good time, when by his infinite mercy I may be accounted worthy to enter into the same place of rest and repose where he is gone, for whom only I grieve. From that contemplation must come my best support. Good doctor, you will think, as you have reason, that I set no bounds, when I let myself loose to my complaints; but I will release you, first fervently asking the continuance of your prayers for

Your infinitely afflicted,
But very faithful servant.

TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.



CASTLE AND PORT OF SEYDA, THE ANCIENT SIDON.

The present town of Seyda extends along the sea shore for a space of less than a mile in length, and is not more than half a mile in its general breadth from the water to its inner border; standing on a gradually ascending slope, from the sea to the more elevated ground behind, its appearance from without is more pleasing than many other towns of a better description in their interior. Towards the sea side an old castle, said to have been built by the crusaders of France, and the remains of another, running out at the extremity of a ledge of rocks, with arches, tend to give the harbour a picturesque appearance, particularly when a few of the native vessels of the coast are seen behind the ledge, where they usually anchor for shelter, if bound to

some other port, or for convenience while discharging and taking in their cargoes here.

The buildings of Seyda are not at all superior to the common order of Mahommedan edifices in the modern towns of Syria; the streets are extremely narrow, the mosques mean, the caravansaries small and inconvenient, and the bazaars few and badly furnished with even the necessaries in general request. The inhabitants are variously estimated, at from 5,000 to 10,000; perhaps the true number would be found to be between 7,000 and 8,000. The great majority of these are Mahommedans, the Christians not exceeding 1,000, and the Jews less than 500.—*Buckingham's Travels among the Arab Tribes.*



VIEW OF THE MOUNT OF OLIVES FROM JERUSALEM.

There in dark bowers embosomed, Jesus flings
His hand celestial o'er prophetic strings;
Displays his purple robe, his bosom gore,
His crown of thorns, his cross, his future glory;—
And while the group, each hallowed accent gleaming,
On pilgrim staff, in pensive posture leaning—
Their reverend beards that sweep their bosoms, wet
With the chill dews of shady Olivet—
Wonder and weep, they pour the song of sorrow,
With their loved Lord, whose death shall shroud the
morrow.

Pierpont's Aims of Palestine.

The scenery of Palestine is alive with holy recollections. The modern traveler, at this distance of time from the date of the grand transactions which have rendered Judea a land of sacred classics forever, can scarcely place his foot where there is not a fragrance exhaling from ancient story connected with the dust, the rocks, the hills, vales and tombs, of the land of Canaan. So striking is the face of nature now, that the mind is lost in wonder in striving to conceive the glorious appearance of the country, when it was emphatically the glory of all lands—when the hills were green to the summits, the vales warm and irriguous, and the tops of the elevations crowned with fortresses and battlements, that frowned defiance to the invader. But Jerusalem itself, with its temple-created mountain, and the scenery around it, may be supposed the diadem of beauty, sublimity and strength to the whole country. In Croly's lively pencillings we give the outlines of the temple as it rose on the adoring eyes of the chosen nation. 'I see the court of the Gentiles circling the whole; a fortress of the whitest marble, with its wall rising six hundred feet from the valley; its kingly entrance, worthy of the fame of Solomon; its innumerable and stately dwellings for the

priests and officers of the temple, and above them, glittering like a succession of diadems, those alabaster porticos and colonades, in which the chiefs and sages of Jerusalem sat teaching the people, or walked, breathing the pure air and gazing on the grandeur of a landscape, which swept the whole amphitheatre of the mountains. I see, rising above this stupendous boundary, the court of the Jewish women, separated by its porphyry pillars and richly sculptured wall; above this, the separated court of the men; still higher, the court of the priests; and highest, the crowning splendor of all, the central temple, the place of the sanctuary and of the Holy of Holies covered with plates of gold, its roof planted with lofty spear heads of gold, the most precious marbles and metals every where flashing back the day till Mount Moriah stood forth to the eye of the stranger approaching Jerusalem, what it had so often been described by its bards and people, *a mountain of snow, studded with jewels!*

But a little way from this glorious mountain, eastward, over the valley of Jehoshaphat, through which Cedron flows, is the Mount of Olives, now a lonely place, where contemplation loves to dwell and muse on two events in our Saviour's life which have consecrated its scenery—the mental agony in the garden and his final ascension from the earth. Of the first named incident, the evangelists speak in tones of sorrow—and, although Jesus ascended into heaven to prepare mansions for all his followers, the elevated original Bossuet speaks thus despondingly of his separation from the church:—'but she has only heard his enchanting voice, she has only enjoyed his mild and engaging presence for a moment. Suddenly he has taken flight with a rapid course, and, swifter than the fawn of a hind, has ascended to the high

est mountains. Like a desolate wife, the church has done nothing but groan, and the song of the forsaken turtle is in her mouth; in short, she is a stranger and a wanderer upon the earth.

The Mount of Olives, even now shaded in part by the tree from whence it derives its name, is situated to the east of Jerusalem, from which it is separated by the brook Cedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The garden of Gethsemane lies over the brook on the acclivity of the mountain. As the traveler approaches Jerusalem, through the village of Jeremiah, Olivet bursts upon his sight along with Moriah and Zion. It has three eminences or summits, one of which stretches away to a sabbath day's journey from Jerusalem. The engraving which we present in this number gives its appearance from the city. It was up this elevation that King David, three thousand years ago went weeping when Absalom's rebellion forced him to abdicate his throne for a season; and from its elevation Jesus beheld and wept over the devoted city.

We close this article with a few extracts from the journal of the lamented missionary to Palestine, Fisk, who with his friends, Parsons, King and Wolff, frequently repaired to Olivet to gaze on Jerusalem, and ponder on the sublime and melancholy associations connected with its scenery. 'We made our first visit to Mount Olivet, and there bowed down before Him, who, from thence ascended to glory, and sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. There we held our first monthly concert of prayer in the holy land. There is no doubt that this is the mount from which the Mediator ascended to his Father and to our Father. On this interesting spot, with Jerusalem before us, and on this interesting day, when thousands of Christians are praying for Zion, it was delightful to mingle our petitions with theirs, and pray for our friends, for ministers, for churches, for missionaries and the world. From this Mount we have a view of the Dead Sea where Sodom and Gomorrah stood, and the mountains beyond Jordan from which Moses beheld, in distant prospect, the promised land.

'With some olive branches from Olivet, and some flowers from the mansion house of Lazarus in our hands, we returned by a winding way around the south of Mount Olivet, till we came to the brook Cedron, where it enters the valley of Jehoshaphat. This valley seems like a frightful chasm in the earth, and when you stand in it, and see Mount Zion and Moriah towering above it with steep hills and precipices, on your right hand and left, you can easily feel the force of those sublime passages in the prophet Joel, in which

the heathen are represented as being gathered together to be judged. The prophet seems to represent the Almighty as sitting in his holy temple, or on the summit of Zion, to judge the multitudes in the valley beneath him; and their executing his judgments, while the sun and moon are darkened, and the stars withdraw their shining, and Jehovah roars out of Zion, and utters his voice from Jerusalem, and the heavens and the earth shake; and it is thus made manifest to the confusion of idolaters, and to the joy of the true Israel that God dwells in Zion, his holy mountain, and is the hope of his people, and the strength of his children of Israel.

For the Ladies' Garland.

WRITTEN ON THE LAST PAGE OF A LADY'S ALBUM.

The cheering smiles of spring are o'er,
The summer days are past;
And autumn's leaves has plainly told
Approaching winter's blast.

Spring called to life the tender germ,
It bloomed midst summer's day;
Anon—'twas pressed by autumn's frost,
Into a wintry grave.

'Tis even so with mortal man,
In passing to the tomb;
Alas! life's brittle thread may break,
Its sun may set at noon.

But let thy thoughts with faith ascend,
Above these gloomy shades;
Thou'lt reach at last the blissful shore,
Where beauty never fades.

Nor autumn's frost, nor winter's blast,
Can nip one gentle flower;
But fresh they thrive and sweetly bloom,
Amid the heavenly bower.

E'en should thy days be lengthened out,
To three score years and ten,—
Soon will thy friends of thee have said,
Alas!—*she once has been.*

Learn from the thoughts true friendship drops,
Here on the closing page;
To sow in youth those seeds of joy,
Whose fruits are joy in age.

Soon will thy spring of life be o'er,
Thy summer days be past,
And autumn's leaves will shortly tell
Approaching winter's blast.

N. S. W.

Bridgeport, November, 1838.

None are more loath to take a jest, than those who are the most forward to bestow it.

For the Ladies' Garland.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

On Bethlehem's fertile plains, as humble shepherds lay
Watching their fleecy care, before the dawning day,

When lo, they heard celestial strains
Floating along the distant plains,
While on the air all heavenly fair
They saw a shining band descend,
Who sang of peace, of man the friend,
And pointed to a Saviour given.
The humble shepherds heard the voice,
And greatly at the news rejoiced.

And sought and found the noblest gift of heaven.

Like them let's haste in lowly plight,
(While yet beneath the gloom of night,
The day will dawn when we arrive.)
To Him who died that we might live.
Hail precious day! forever dear,
We ask a Saviour's presence here;
No costly fare, no noisy mirth,
Attended on his natal day;
How meek, how lowly was his birth
Who came to wash our sins away;
Then let our hearts with love o'erflow,
In memory of the debt we owe.

BEAUTIES OF SALATHIEL.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

No. XII.

The cavern so splendidly decorated into which they penetrated, proved to be the resort of a band of pirates, who shortly returned; and our adventurers hardly escaped with their lives; and were indebted for their safety to the commander. As the retreat of the pirates had been discovered by the Romans, they anticipated an immediate attack, as soon as the storm, which at that time raged with unparalleled fury, should subside. With the first hush of the elements the marauders put to sea. But to our author.

We stretched far out to sea for the double purpose of falling by surprise upon the Roman squadron, and avoiding the shoals. The wind lulled at intervals so much, that we had recourse to our oars; it would then burst down with a violence, that all but hurled us out of the water. I now saw more of the captain, and was witness of the extraordinary energy, activity, and skill of this singular young man. Never was there a more expert seaman. For every change of sea or wind, he had a new expedient: and when the hearts of the stoutest sank, he took the helm into his hands, and carried us through the chaos of waters, foam, whirlwind, and lightning, with the vigor and daring of one born to sport with the storm.

As I was gazing over the vessel's side, on the phosphoric gleams that danced along the ridge of the billows, he came up to me.

"I am sorry," said he, "that we have been compelled to give you so rough a specimen of our hospitality; and this is not altogether a summer sea; but you saw how the matter stood. The enemy would have been upon us; and the whole advantage of our staying at home, would be, to have our throats cut in company."

Odd and rambling as his style was, there was something in his manner and voice that had struck me before, even in the boisterousness of the convivial crowd. But now in the solitary ocean, there was a melancholy sweetness in his tones, that made me start with sad recollection. Yet, when by the lightning I attempted to discover in his features any clue to memory, and saw but the tall figure wrapped in the sailor's cloak, the hair streaming over his face in the spray, and every line of his powerful physiognomy at its full stretch in the agitation of the time, the thought vanished again.

"I hinted," said he, after an interval of silence, "at your taking chance with us.—If you will, you may. But the hint was thrown out merely to draw off the fellows about me, and you are at full liberty to forget it."

"It is impossible to join you," was my answer; "my life is due to my country."

"Oh! for that matter, so is mine; and due a long time ago: my only wonder is, how I have evaded payment till now. But I am a man of few words. I have taken a sort of liking to you, and would wish to have a few such at hand. But let this pass. The point between us is, will you take service?"

"No!—I feel the strongest gratitude for the manliness and generosity of your protection. You saved our lives; and our only hope of revisiting Judea in freedom is through you. But, young man, I have a great cause in hand. I have risked every thing for it.—Family, wealth, rank, life, are at stake; and I look upon every hour given to other things as so far a fraud upon my country."

I heard him sigh. There was silence on both sides for a while, and he paced the deck; then suddenly returning, laid his hand on my shoulder. "I am convinced of your honor," said he, "and far be it from me to betray a man who has indeed a purpose worthy of manhood, into our broken and unhappy—aye, let the word come out, infamous career. But you tell me that I have been of some use to you; I now demand the return. You have refused to take service with me. Let me take service with you."

I stared at him. He smiled sadly, and said, "You will not associate with one stained like me. Aye; for the robber there is no repentance. Yet why shall the world," and his voice was full of anguish, "why shall the ungen-

ous and misjudging world be suffered to expel and keep for ever at a distance those whom it has first betrayed?" His emotion got the better of him and his voice sank. He again approached me. "I am weary of this kind of life. Not that I have reason to complain of the men about me; nor that I dislike the roaming and chances of the sea; but, that I feel a desire to be something better—to redeem myself but of the number of the dishonoured; to do something which, whether I live or die, will satisfy me that I was not meant to be—the outcast that I am."

"Then join us if you will," said I. Our cause demands the bold; and the noblest spirit that ever dwelt in man, would find its finest field in the deliverance of our land of holiness and glory. But, can you leave all that you have round you here?"

"Not without a struggle. I have an infinite delight in this wild kind of existence. I love the strong excitement of hazard; I love the perpetual bustle of our career; I love even the capriciousness of wind and wave. I have wealth in return for its perils; and no man knows what enjoyment is, but he who knows it through the fatigue of a sailor's life. All the banquets of epicurism are not half so delicious, as even the simplest meal, to his hunger; nor the softest bed of luxury, half so refreshing as the bare deck to his weariness. But I must break up those habits; and, whether beggar and slave, or soldier and obtaining the distinction of a soldier's success, I am determined on trying my chance among mankind."

A sheet of lightning covered the whole horizon with blue flame; and a huge ball of fire springing from the cloud, after a long flight over the waters, split upon the shore.

The keenness of the sailor's eye saw what had escaped mine. "This was a lucky sea-light for us," said he. "The Romans are lying under yonder promontory; driven to take shelter by the gale, of course;—but for that fire-ball, they would have escaped me."

All hands were summoned upon deck; signals made to the other galleys; the little fleet brought into close order; pikes, torches, and combustibles of all kinds gathered upon the poop; the sails furled; and with muffled oars we glided down upon the enemy.

The Roman squadron, with that precaution which was the essential principle of their matchless discipline, were drawn up in order of battle, though they could have had no expectation of being attacked on such a night. But the roar of the wind buried every other sound, and we stole round the promontory unheard.

The short period of this silent navigation was one of the keenest anxiety. All but those necessary for the working of the vessel were lying on their faces; we feared lest the

very drawing of our breath might give the alarm; not a limb was moved, and, like a galley of the dead, we floated on, filled with destruction. We were yet at some distance from the twinkling lights that showed the prefect's trireme; when, on glancing round, I perceived a dark object on the water, and pointed it out to the captain. He looked, but looked in vain.

"Some lurking spy," said he, "that was born to pay for his knowledge." With a sailor's promptitude, he caught up a lamp, and swung it overboard. It fell beside the object, a small boat as black as the waves themselves.

"Now for the sentinel," were his words, as he plunged into the sea. The act was rapid as thought. I heard a struggle, a groan, and the boat floated empty beside me on the next billow.

But there was no time for search. We were within an oar's length of the anchorage. To communicate the loss of their captain, (and what could human struggle do among the mountain waves of that sea?) might be to dispirit the crew, and ruin the enterprise. I took the command upon myself, and gave the word to fall on.

A storm of fire, as strange to the enemy as if it had risen from the bottom of the sea, was instantly poured on the advanced ships. The surprise was total. The crews, exhausted by the night, were chiefly asleep. The troops on board were helpless, on decks covered with the spray, and among shrouds and sails falling down in burning fragments on their heads.—Our shouts gave them the idea of being attacked by overwhelming numbers; and after a short dispute, we cleared the whole outer line of every sailor and soldier. The whole was soon a pile of flame, a sea volcano, that lighted sky, sea, and shore.

Yet only half our work was done. The enemy were now fully awake, and no man could despise Roman preparation. I ordered a fire-galley to be run in between the leading ships; but she was caught half way by a chain, and turned round, scattering flame among ourselves. The boats were then lowered, and our most desperate fellows sent to cut out, or board. But the crowded decks drove them back, and the Roman pike was an overmatch for our short falchions. For a while we were forced to content ourselves with the distant exchange of lances and arrows. The affair became critical; the enemy were still three times our force; they were unmooring; and our only chance of destroying them was at anchor. I called the crew forward, and proposed that we should run the galley close on the prefect's ship, set them both on fire, and in the confusion, carry the remaining vessels. But sailors, if bold, are

as capricious as their element. Our partial repulse had already disheartened them. I was met by murmurs and clamors for the captain. The clamors rose into open charges that I had, to get the command, thrown him overboard.

I was alone. Jubal, worn out with fatigue and illness, was lying at my feet, more requiring defence than able to afford it. The crowd were growing furious against the stranger. I felt that all depended on the moment, and leaped from the poop into the midst of the mutineers.

"Fools," I exclaimed, "what could I get by making away with your captain? I have no wish for your command. I have no want of your help. I disdain you:—bold as lions, over the table; tame as sheep, on the deck; I leave you to be butchered by the Romans.—Let the brave follow me, if such there be among you."

A shallop, that had returned with the defeated boarders, lay by the galley's side. I seized a torch. Eight or ten, roused by my taunts, followed me into the boat. We pulled right for the Roman centre. Every man had a torch in one hand, and an oar in the other. We shot along the waters, a flying mass of flame; and while both fleets were gazing off us in astonishment, rushed under the poop of the commander's trireme. The fire soon rolled up her tarry sides, and ran along the cordage. But the defence was desperate, and lances rained upon us. Half of us were disabled in the first discharge; the shallop was battered with huge stones; and I felt that she was sinking.

"One trial more, brave comrades, one glorious attempt more! The boat must go down; and unless we would go along with it, we must board."

I leaped forward, and clung to the chains. My example was followed. The boat went down; and this sight, which was just discoverable by the vivid flame of the vessel, raised a roar of triumph among the enemy. But to climb up the tall sides of the trireme was beyond our skill, and we remained dashed by the heavy waves as she rose and fell. Our only alternatives now were, to be piked, drowned, or burned. The flame was rapidly advancing. Showers of sparkles fell upon our heads; the clamps and iron work were growing hot to the touch; the smoke was rolling over us in suffocating volumes. I was giving up all for lost; when a mountainous billow swept the vessel, stern round, and I saw a blaze burst out from the shore. The Roman tents were on flame!

Consternation seized the crews thus attacked on all sides, and uncertain of the number of the assailants; they began to desert the ships, and, by boats or swimming, make for various parts of the land. The sight reani-

mated me. I climbed up the side of the trireme, torch in hand, and with my haggard countenance, made still wilder by the wild work of the night, looked a formidable apparition to men already harassed out of all courage. They plunged, overboard, and I was monarch of the finest war galley on the coast of Syria.

But my kingdom was without subjects.—None of my own crew had followed me. I saw the pirate vessels bearing down to complete the destruction of the fleet; and hailed them, but they all swept far wide of the trireme. The fire had taken too fast hold of her to make approach safe: I now began to feel my situation. The first triumph was past, and I found myself deserted. The deed of devastation was in the mean while rapidly going on. I saw the Roman ships successively boarded, almost without resistance, and in a blaze. The conflagration rose in sheets and spires to the heavens, and colored the waters to an immeasurable extent with the deepest dye of gore.

I heard the victorious shouts, and mine rose spontaneously along with them. In every vessel burned, in every torch flung, I rejoiced in a new blow to the tyrants of Judea. But my thoughts were soon fearfully brought home. The fire reached the cables: the trireme, plunging and tossing like a living creature in its last agony, burst away from her anchors: the wind was off the shore; a gust, strong as the blow of a battering-ram, struck her; and on the back of a huge refluxent wave, she shot out to sea, a flying pyramid of fire.

Never was a man more indifferent to the result than the solitary voyager of the burning trireme. What had life for me? I looked at pain with instinctive dread; but the waves offered a ready refuge from the more hideous suffering, and a single plunge in the whirling foam at my side would be the complete and instant cure of all the pangs that besiege the flesh. I gazed round me. The element of fire reigned supreme. The shore—mountain, vale, and sand—was bright as day, from the blaze of the tents, and floating fragments of the galleys. The heavens were an arch of angry splendor—every stooping cloud that swept along, reddened with the various dyes of the conflagration below. The sea was a rolling abyss of the fiercest color of slaughter. The blazing vessels, loosened from the shore, rushed madly before the storm, sheet and shroud shaking loose abroad, like vast wings of flame.

At length all disappeared; the shore faded far into a dim line of light; the galleys sank or were consumed; the sea grew dark again; the lightnings were the only blaze of heaven. But the trireme, strongly built, and of immense size, still fed the flame, and still shot

on through the tempest, that fell on her more furiously as she lost the cover of the land.—The waves rose to a height that often baffled the wind, and left me floating in a strange calm between two black walls of water, reaching to the clouds, and on whose smooth sides the image of the burning vessel was reflected as strongly as in a mirror. But the ascent to the summit of those fearful barriers again let in the storm in its rage; the tops of the billows were whirled off in sheets of foam; the wind tore mast and sail away; and the vessel was dashed forward like a stone discharged from an engine. I stood on the poop, which the spray and the wind kept clear of flame, and contemplated, with some feeling of the fierce grandeur of the spectacle, the fire rolling over the forward part of the vessel in a thousand shapes and folds.

While I was thus careering along, like the genius of fire upon his throne, I caught a glimpse of sails scattering in every direction before me—I had rushed into the middle of one of those small trading fleets that coasted annually between the Euxine and the Nile.—They flew as if pursued by a fiend. But the same wind that bore them, bore me; and their screams, as the trireme bounced from billow to billow in their track, were audible even through the roarings of the storm.

They gradually succeeded in spreading themselves so far, that the contact with the flame must be partial. But, on one, the largest and most crowded, the triremes bore inevitably down. The huge ship tried every mode of escape in vain, and manoeuvred with extraordinary skill: but the pursuer, lightened of every burden, rushed on like a messenger of vengeance.

I could distinctly see the confusion and misery of the crowd that covered the deck; men and women kneeling, weeping, dying; or in the fierce riot of despair, struggling for some wretched spoil, or equally wretched indulgence, that a few moments more must tear from all alike. But among the fearful mingling of sounds, one voice I heard that struck to my soul. It alone roused me from my stern scorn of human suffering. I no longer looked upon those beings as upon insects that must be crushed in the revolution of the great wheel of fate. The heart, the living human heart, palpitated within me. I rushed to the side of the trireme, and with voice and hand made signals to the crew to take me on board.

But at my call a cry of agony echoed through the vessel. All fled to its farther part, but a few, who, unable to move, were seen dropt on their knees, and in the attitudes of preternatural fear, imploring every power of heaven. Shocked by the consciousness that, even in the hour when mutual hazard softens the heart of man, I was an object of horror, I shrank

back. I heard the voice once more; and once more resolved to make an effort for life; flung a burning fragment over the side, to help me through the waves.

But the time was past. The fragment had scarcely touched the foam, when a sheet of lightning wrapped sea and sky; the flying vessel was gone. My eye looked but upon the wilderness of waters. The flash was fatal to both. It had struck the hold of the trireme, in which was stowed a large freightage of the bitumen and nitre of the desert. A column of flame, white as silver, rose straight and steadily up to the clouds; and the huge ship, disparting timber by timber, reeled, heaved, and plunged headlong into the bosom of the ocean.

I rose to the surface from a prodigious depth. I was nearly breathless. My limbs were wasted with famine and fatigue; but the tossing of the surges sustained and swept me on. The chill at last benumbed me, and my limbs were heavy as iron; when a broken mast rolling by, entangled me in its cordage. It drove towards a point of land round which the current swept. Strongly netted in the wreck, I was dragged along, sometimes above the water, sometimes below. But a violent shock released me, and, with a new terror of the death that I had so long resisted, I felt myself go down. I was engulfed in the whirlpool!

Every sensation was horribly vivid. I had the full consciousness of life, and of the unfathomable depth into which I was descending. I heard the roar and rushing of the waters round me; the holding of my breath was torture; I strained, struggled, tossed out my arms, grasped madly around, as if to catch something that might retard my hideous descent. My eyes were open. I never was less stunned by shock or fear. The solid darkness, the suffocation, the furious whirl of the eddy that spun me round its huge circle like an atom of sand, every sense of drowning, passed through my shattered frame with an individual and successive pang.

I at last touched something, whether living or dead, fish or stone, I know not; but the impulse changed my direction, and I was darted up to the surface.

The storm had gone with the rapidity of the south. The stars burned brightly blue above my head. The pleasant breath of groves and flowery perfumes came on the waters. A distant sound of sweet voices lingered on the air. Like one roused from a frightful dream, I could scarcely believe that this was reality. But the rolling waters behind gave me sudden evidence. A billow, the last messenger of the storm, burst into the little bay, filled it to the brim with foam, and tossed me far forward. It rolled back, dragging with it the sedge and pebbles of the beach, with an encycious noise. I grasped

the trunk of an olive, rough and firm as the rock itself. The retiring wave left me; I felt my way some paces among the trees; cast myself down, and worn out with fatigue, had scarcely touched the earth, when I fell into that profound sleep, which is the twin brother of death.

(To be continued.)

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

HOME.

When in a foreign land,
Amid strange scenes we roam;
Tho' blessed with health and friends;
Our hearts still sigh for home.
Fortune may kindly smile;
And golden prospects rise;
Not all the hopes of gain,
Can sever those sweet ties.
But when disease and pain,
And wasting cares appear,
No friends at hand to sooth,
Then home is doubly dear.
Amid the visions wild
By burning fever wrought;
Or incoherent ravings,
How pure of home each thought.

'Tis home in the desert bare,
Where the hot simoom blows:
'Tis home in Greenland wilds;
Where dwell eternal snows.
And not a wretch so poor,
How low soe'er his doom;
But has some spot he loves;
And calls that spot his home.

Georgetown, Dec., 1838.

P. R. Goss.

For the Ladies' Garland.

THE DESOLATED WIDOW.

Many days and nights, full dreary,
In this humble cot I've spent,
Often lonesome, sad and weary,
None to hear my sore lament.
Once my days were filled with pleasures,
Nor could night a sorrow bring:—
Friends and home, my fond heart's treasures,
Then to hope and joy gave spring:

Then a Husband's warm affection
Sweetened every passing hour,
But, O, saddest recollection!
He has withered like a flower:
Then a Son, in youthful vigor,
Heightened expectation's glow,
But disease, with awful rigor,
Bade him from his parent go.

Other friends, who then delighted
To frequent our happy home,
With whose hearts mine was united,
Now, to cheer me, cannot come.
Oft I stroll, in silent sadness,
Through that lone, sepulchral ground,

Where those hearts, once filled with gladness,
Now, by gloom are circled round.

Now, no words of love are spoken;
Now, my hopes dissolve in tears;
Not, of bliss, a single token
Can I find, in rolling years.

Every flower has lost its sweetness;
Home, to grief, no solace lends;
Days and months, increase your fleetness;
Bear—O! bear me to my friends.

J. V. A.

LIFE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

We are born; we laugh; we weep,
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh, or weep?
Why do we live, or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas! not I!

Why doth the violets spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil through pain and wrong
We fight—and fly;
We love; we loose; and then, ere long
Stone dead we lie.
Oh, Life! is *all* thy song
"Endure—and die."

For the Ladies' Garland.

LINES ADDRESSED TO TWO BROTHERS.

Nature has been profuse in gifts,
Of rich and rare, to you;
Has formed you both of kindred souls,
And made you friends—most true.
Oh, cherish long this heavenly tie,
This golden link of love—
It will all other charms supply—
'Tis far all price above.

Friendship is not an airy name,
My heart has found it true;
It knows no grave—it seeks no fame,
Its joys are ever new.
Love is a false bewildering light,
That often leads astray,
That chills the heart with sorrow's blight,
And dims the brightest day.

Oh for His sake, whose path on earth,
Beamed with a light from heaven,
May every joy around you wait,
May every bliss be given.
And when life's transient scene is o'er,
And earth recedes in gloom;
May bliss immortal, joys divine,
Be yours, beyond the tomb.

Baltimore, August 20th, 1838.

THE LADIES' GARLAND

Vol. II.

A WREATH OF MANY FLOWERS.

No. 8.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

If wealth is full of pleasure, it is also full of danger. I should wish my son to possess riches, but not until after he had suffered poverty. A man can best examine human nature from a low hovel, or beneath an humble dress. He will then make a thousand discoveries, which are secrets to those bred up in luxury. He will detect the worthlessness of much that is showy, and find greatness of soul and beautiful displays of virtue and talent where he least expected. The flatterer pulls off his mask when he comes into his presence. The virtues of the good and the meek shine out to his eyes with their true lustre. The deceptions, the hollow show, and all the artificial appearances kept up before the powerful, are laid aside for the humble, who see them in their real shapes and color. Wealth exercises several bad influences upon young men. It deprives them of the stimulus to severe application, and crowds their path with temptations to pleasure. How many strong intellects must have lain idle thus, like laborers in the sunshine, their work undone because their wants were supplied! How many noble characters, now seen through past history, would have gone down to obscurity undistinguished, but that want urged them to exertions, in the course of which their talents were developed, and their integrity brought to the test! Plutarch relates that when Mark Antony was in adversity, he voluntarily yielded to the severest toils and privations to which the meanest of his troops were subjected, and discovered so many noble qualities, that had we seen no more of his life, we might justly set him down as a great and virtuous hero; but when the tide of fortune again turned in his favor, he became enervated, licentious and

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cruel, so that now he appears one of the most degraded of men.

To the conclusion which we naturally draw from this occurrence, there are doubtless many exceptions. The rich are not necessarily bad, nor the poor great, but we speak only of the influences of the two circumstances of being.

George and Thomas were friends at school. Both were young, clear-headed, and good-humored, neither being remarkable for any quality of person or mind. They were just like other boys, having nothing in their bearing to indicate whether they were to turn out corsairs, poets, or orators. If there was observable any thing worthy of remark, it was the general similarity of their tastes, minds and dispositions. They were both satisfied to beat the hoop, fly the kite, and spin the top, without wearing out their school books by any useless application, for both would rather have their ears boxed than study a lesson. The two boys at school were, however, early handed over to the different influences which colored their future career, and these were not long in becoming perceptible in their conduct and character. George and Thomas were placed at school by their parent at about the same period. Thomas was brought by his mother. The carriage door was opened by a footman, who helped the young master down the steps with particular care, paying him at the same time the most respectful deference.

"I have brought you my boy Master Thomas, Mr. Robertson," said the fond parent to the conductor of the academy, while her eyes glistened with maternal affection. "I have brought you my boy, and I shall leave him in your care, I hope, for several years."

"We will do all we can to repay your confidence, Mrs. Green. What are your partic-

ular wishes respecting his studies? Will you have them selected with a view to any particular profession?"

"Why, my dear sir, it has pleased Providence to endow us with an ample fortune, and he is our only hope; of course we wish him to receive the education of a gentleman; but it is not probable he will ever have to work for his living."

"Then I suppose a thorough English course of lessons. Let him be well grounded in rhetoric, mathematics, and —"

"Oh, my dear sir, no. There is no use of his straining his tender mind with hard studies, make a gentleman of him, but not a pedagogue." Mr. Robertson smiled and bowed.

"If there was the slightest possibility of his ever having to earn his own bread, it would alter the case; but you know, my dear sir, there must be a difference between poor people and rich." "He must learn music, then, I suppose," said Mr. Robertson. "Oh, music, certainly, divine music. I wish him to read it at sight. You will find a guitar among his things; and I wish you to see particularly that he practises. You know that keeps him busy, and does not hurt his eyes. See," she added, affectionately placing her hand, glittering with jewels, beneath the youngster's chin, and pushing back the hair from his forehead, "dear little fellow, his eyes are already very weak." "Do you wish him to study any of the classical languages, madam?" "Who? what?" said Mrs. Green, looking up. "Latin and Greek, madam. Or, should you prefer Spanish and French?" "Should you like to study Latin, and Greek, and Spanish and French, my dear Tom, or any of the other classical languages?"

The boy sulked a little, put his finger in his mouth, and looked down on the floor; the mother kissed him again. "Oh do just as you like with him, Mr. Robertson; only be sure that you never punish him, if you please; he is ~~is~~ very tender dispositioned, and can't bear to be whipped; and of all things make him attend to his music and dancing; and I wish very much to have him study Italian, it is so useful in singing. Pray my dear, stand up straight and be a good boy, and behave like a gentleman; and here's some money for you, my dear, and you shall often come home and see us."

So saying, although tears were in her eyes, for mothers are still mothers, whether learned or not, she smiled graciously on Mr. Robertson; kissed little Tom again and again; went away a few steps, came back, exclaiming,—"my dear, dear little dear;" kissed him again and disappeared. The boy was conducted among his companions in due form, and soon became interested in their sports.

A short time afterwards, a man, dressed in

a plain grey suit, with a cane, and feet dusty from an apparently long walk, stopped before the door of the academy. He held by the hand a little boy. The new comers entered and the elder addressed himself to Mr. Robertson, with whom he had been previously acquainted, with the brevity of a man of business.

"My son, Master George Steele, sir. I wish to place him at your school. His trunk will be here immediately from the neighboring town, where the stage left us." The conversation usual on such occasions then ensued.—Inquiries into the boy's age, tastes, capacities, &c. were made and satisfied, and the directions of the parent given respecting the course of studies to be pursued.

"Above all things," said Mr. Steele, "let him form habits of strictly moral conduct and of severe industry, and subject himself to the discipline of the school, without a murmur. If he does not like the place, he may quit it; but while in it, he must make no disturbance of any kind, but treat every one with respect. He will have to make his own way through the world. I have been unfortunate, and have nothing whatever to leave him but a good education. If he is worth any thing, this will be sufficient; if he is idle and irresolute, he will sink into poverty and neglect. Remember, George, what you learn here, will be your only fortune. At an expense which I can scarcely maintain, I furnish you with this opportunity of obtaining credit in the world. All else that makes man respectable and happy, you must depend upon yourself. They shook hands and parted, and so the two boys commenced their education.

The next important era in the lives of these young gentlemen, was the period of their quitting school. It was five years after the preceding circumstances; and they were both about sixteen years of age. It happened that at the same time there was a general examination in the academy, and the various attainments of George and Thomas were thereby disclosed. The latter showed to advantage in nothing except a declamation, recited with a considerable flourish of theatrical elegance, and a translation from the Italian, for which he received a medal. George, on the contrary, discovered a pervading knowledge of all necessary branches. He excited some astonishment by the rapidity and ease with which he replied to the casual interrogatories of several men of science, in arithmetic, algebra and the mathematics. Two essays from his pen, on law and political economy, were listened to with attention and interest; and in geography, and the various other ordinary departments of learning he appeared perfectly at home.

The parents of both boys attended this ex-

hibition, and both were pleased. "Come, Tom," said the mamma, kissing her darling, "good bye to books and school for ever, and now for pleasure." "Come, George," said Mr. Steele, shaking the modest boy by the hand, while a quiet smile of pride and pleasure stole over his features; "come, my boy; so far you have done well. I am satisfied with you. I am more than satisfied: I am proud of you. But," he added, checking himself, "my dear boy, you must not fall into the error of supposing that your education is completed. You have things yet to learn of which you have no idea. Do not be vain of what you have acquired. Although I am praising your past exertions, I praise you more for what I expect you to do than for what you have done."

"I know, father," replied George, "it would be foolish in me to be proud, for I recollect having read the other day that Sir Isaac Newton said even of all his knowledge, that it seemed no more than a pebble is to the ocean." "Right, George, my son, perfectly right; so now let us return home, and teach you business and the world. All that you have learned here is but a weapon, which must now be used." "But, father, Tom says he has finished his education." "No man's education is finished until he is in his grave," said the father. And so the boys started in life.

We will imagine, if the reader pleases, that another period of five years has elapsed. The schoolboys have now grown up to manhood, both inspired in all their actions with the precepts of their parents. The one, that he would "never have to work for his living," the other, that "for all that makes a man respectable and happy, he must depend upon himself."

At the age of twenty one, George was taken into partnership with the house which for five years he had served with the purest integrity and the most unremitting care.—While he devoted an ample portion of his time to the necessities of his avocation, he still found leisure occasionally to run through a book, keeping alive his taste, and amusing his fancy. He had reviewed his school studies with great profit. His more matured understanding and experience let in light upon many passages which were before dark to him. Sometimes, indeed, he sighed as he beheld the fine equipages around him, and wished heaven had blessed him with a fortune; but again he felt that he was exempted from many temptations which surround the path of the more prosperous. His necessities had drilled him into a severe system of economy and habits of abstemiousness, by which his health remained firm and his mind cheerful, so that, when the reward of his unceasing labors flowed in upon him, he was prepared to avail himself of it to the best advantage.

While this gradual but steady improvement was working in the mind of George, Thomas was leading a life of pleasure. He had grown up an elegant looking young man, of great taste in points of fashion. His will was law respecting the cut of a coat or the shape of a beaver; and a woman might fall in love with him desperately until he had opened his mouth, when his first sentiment would break the spell. How had he spent his life? What had he studied? What had he thought? What did he know? What could he do? He was a proficient in horse-flesh. He could drive a tandem superbly. You could not touch him at billiards, and his dress was always exact and perfect; but his mind was uncultivated and so was his heart. He was prodigal, not generous; and he had never known friendship, because he had never felt want.

He was once trying a pair of splendid bays before a gig, on a pleasant summer afternoon. The long train of gay promenaders on either side of the way, looked, admired, envied.—No one ever appeared better while driving.

A foot passenger, plainly but neatly dressed, paused in the middle of the street to give him passage. It was George. They had seldom met since their school-days, but nevertheless recognized each other and bowed. George was carrying a large book under his arm.—"What a fool is that plodding fellow!" said Tom, as he quickened the pace of his horses with a resounding crack of the whip. How I hate a bookworm! Steep, you rascals!"—"How finely Tom looks!" thought George. "I almost envy him those superb horses; but no matter."

They both passed on; one to spend the afternoon and evening in smoking, drinking and carousing! the other to his humble home, to drink in with secret delight draughts of instruction from a work of genius.

At this period I happened to be well acquainted with them, and had an opportunity of observing the different degrees of happiness produced on the one hand by industry, intelligent study, and moderation in all life's pleasures, and on the other by luxury and idleness. I caught Thomas one day alone.—He seemed sad, and even thoughtful—a strange thing for him.

"Well, Tom, what's the matter?" He yawned, and stretched his limbs. "Really, I don't know, but I am wretchedly dull and stupid."

"How can you be dull with every thing that is delightful at your command?"

"Well," he yawned again, "what you say is true. I don't know how it is, but I am fairly tired out. I can't contrive to get rid of my time."

"Have you nothing to do?"

"Nothing: positively nothing."

"It's a fine day, why not walk?"

"I'm tired of walking. I hate walking. I never enjoyed a walk in my life. Riding has grown tedious, and sailing is horrid."

"Suppose you try reading."

"Oh, dreadful! I could no more sit down and read a book than I could fly. I did drag through Waverly, but I was asleep, fast asleep, when I got to *finis*. I can't read—I've lost the *relish*. My mind wanders away over a thousand objects. I must have excitement, or I am miserable. The day to me is like a long and unpleasant journey; I am always tired to death before I get to the end. Oh, if some one would invent a method of passing away the time!" I bade him good bye, and left him again yawning and stretching his limbs.

Sometime afterwards I had occasion to spend an evening with George. I reproved him for not having visited me. "I blame myself," he said, "but I have scarcely leisure to visit any one. My time is occupied continually. I never get through business until late in the afternoon, and sometimes in the evening; and as every prospect of my prosperity in the world depends upon my care and attention at the counting room, I am very industrious, I assure you."

"Are you not afraid," I asked, "that a too severe application will warp your mind, and injure your health?" "Oh, no, I am prudent enough to avoid that. I have a most cheerful succession of employments, each in some way uniting pleasure with utility. The only difficulty I have is to get time for them all. The more I apply myself in this way, the more pleasure I take in applying myself. The most melancholy reflection I have, is, that, knowing as I do how short life is, the weakness of my body compels me to devote so much of it to sleep, or I regret that fortune has not placed in my hands the means to study with less interruption, to educate myself according to a higher standard, to travel, and thus obtain a wider field of observation."

About a year had elapsed when the elegant Mr. Tom Green suddenly abandoned all his old haunts about town, left off smoking, drinking, and swearing, cut off his mustachios and whiskers, and made the following soliloquy to the moon one night as he was returning from an evening visit to Henrietta Barton:

"She is poor, but I have money. I love her, and it will be a noble action to choose such a creature, from no motive more selfish than admiration. How surprised and delighted she will be when she receives my offer—when she is raised from her humble and quiet sphere to my splendor and fashion. I think I ought to marry. I think I will marry her—I will marry her.

Having settled the matter thus to his satisfaction, he entered his home, and went to bed. The next day he wrote her and her father a letter. "The old gentleman will be out of his wits with joy," said he, as he pressed down the seal upon the yielding wax. The next morning the servant brought a letter. He reached out his hand, with the most self-complacent feeling imaginable. "Poor little thing! Let us see how passion looks in the pretty periods of the charming Henrietta."

He read with a start, and sudden change of countenance—"Deepest regret—highest estimation—valuable as a friend—painful necessity of declining." He loudly exclaimed with astonishment at an event so totally unexpected. How a man with such a fortune, and such a person, could be refused by a quiet, modest little girl like Henrietta Barton, was beyond his conception. But he was not a man to die of love. "There are others as good as she, and not quite so particular."

A few weeks afterwards, Mr. George Steele's marriage with Henrietta Barton was announced in the daily prints. "Saddle Surry, John; quick, you rascal," said Mr. Tom Green, when he read the paragraph.

I have one more picture to show of each. Years passed on. One day a gentleman stepped from a gig, which had stopped before the door of an elegant mansion, and inquired for Mr. Green. "How is he to-day?" asked the doctor of the nurse. "Worse, sir, much worse; his pains are excessive. He is peevish and disagreeable to his best friends." "Ay, ay," observed the physician, "the gout is a dreadful complaint." As he spoke, he entered the chamber where the poor invalid sat, writhing with the anguish of his excruciating disease, which had been brought on by inaction and high living. His face was bloated and flushed, and exhibited symptoms of excessive agony.

We break abruptly from so unpleasant a scene, and stand for a moment within the halls of Congress. A deeply interesting question engages their attention, and a speaker rises. It is George. His words carry conviction to every heart. The murmur of acquiescence and approbation runs round among the crowd. He obtains the object for which he has exerted himself, and his name is full of honor.

This is but a simple sketch, but it is founded on real life; and if I have attempted to introduce no startling incident or marvellous character, more strongly to arrest the reader's attention, it is because I have adhered closely to the true career of two of my friends, one of whom has been ruined by affluence, the other elevated by poverty.

The love that increases by degrees is so like friendship, that it can never be violent.

For the Ladies' Garland.

TO A FRIEND.

Blest are these days; proud, happy days,
Now blessings round thee brood;
While thou canst meet the admiring gaze
Of lovely, fair, and good.

But passing are those joyous hours,
Which mark the young and gay,
While time rolls on 'midst sweetest flowers,
To deck thy passing day.

Ah! cank'ring care thou soon may'st know,
Grief's tears thy cheek may wet;
All,—all thy happy days may flow,
These days thou must regret.

Then, as thy memory backward turns,
To these,—thy happiest years,—
Then will thy brain with anguish burn,
And call forth bitter tears.

But soon that heart will be at rest,
Beneath the cold, green sod;
And oh! may'st thou be richly bless'd,
To meet thy maker God.

N. S. W.

Bridgeport.

THE FIRST ERROR.

Mary Conway was the flower of her father's family. She was young, and well do I remember, she was beautiful—most beautiful. There is no object beneath the sun—nothing in the wide world, full as it is of allurements, rich as it is in glorious promises, and golden hopes, and spirit-stirring dreams, that burns into the heart like the fresh vision of female loveliness in the heyday of the passions. There is something so pure and innocent, and holy, in the mild lustre of her eye; something so heavenly in the soft and gentle smile that plays upon the cheek and lips; so many attractions around her, that it seems to me a beholding intelligence from the courts above, would bend a moment to contemplate and consider, before he flew to the eternal throne to enter the crime of idolatry against her youthful worshipper, in the moment he had lost the recollection of his Creator in gazing upon her. I look back through a mist of years, but I see no object beyond it more distinctly than Mary Conway.

She married early in youth, advantageously and happy; in age and fortune her partner was entirely suitable for her; their minds too, were similar, above the ordinary cast, firmly moulded, full of sensibility, delicacy and spirit. And the morning of their matrimonial life wore every prospect of a long and delightful, and quiet day of joy. It seemed

bright to others—it seemed doubly so to them—and lost in the plenitude of their happiness, they forgot, if it ever entertained their minds, how much care and caution, what watchfulness and forbearance, what kindness and prudence, were necessary to secure the peace and tranquility they now enjoyed. Love does not always burn with the brightness of the first light; but it often grows more and more deep, sincere, and unchanging as time rolls away. The feelings remain as tender and susceptible, after the shield that protects them from every kind word or act has been broken.

The business in which they were engaged was a prosperous one, and Henry was a man of business—industrious, attentive, and intelligent. Every one of them prophesied that they would speedily realize a splendid independence. They were the pride of the village. But how small a matter sometimes gives an unexpected direction to the fortunes of kingdoms, cities and individuals. It happened one afternoon, several months after her marriage, Mary had a little tea-party, at which several matrons of the village were present; and, as is often the case, a long and learned dissertation on the manner of managing husbands, had been given alternately by one and another; husbands and prudent wives know what such things amount to, and of how much value they are to young house keepers. Unfortunately, Henry returned in the evening, fatigued and weary, in both body and mind, with the labors of the day, and took his seat at the table. His favorite dish was not there. He inquired for it in a style that, perhaps, savored a little of reproach; it was unintentional. Mary was in the presence of her self-constituted preceptors; she was ashamed to appear submissive before them, and besides, her feelings were wounded by her husband's manner; she replied, as she thought, spiritedly; but it was really harsh! Henry cast a single glance across the table, pushed back his plate, and rising, left the room. It was the first error. They were both sensible of it in a moment; but who should make a first concession, where they were both very plainly wrong?

As Henry walked down the street engaged in unpleasant meditations, and enveloping himself in gloom, a bright light from the upper window of the village inn attracted his notice; he stepped over; a party of gay young men were about setting down to supper; they urged him to join in the club; the temptation under such circumstances of the case was all powerful. Supper being over he delayed a little longer taking his leave; liquor was introduced, music came next, and cards followed; though he did not join in the last, he looked on the games without abhor-

rence,—the dread he had been brought up in of evil had been broken.

Returning late at night, his spirits heated with wine, and the recollection of his wife's behaviour before him, he found her retired, and passed the night in another room. The morning brought a cool meeting; the formal interchange of a few words, and a parting without explanation or complaint. The seed of discontent was sown—it bore the fruit which might have been expected. His home was no longer the centre of attraction to Henry. His tavern companions were gay, good humored, and attentive, and he left the fireside of his own mansion—which no longer wooed him as zealously and comparatively as the ale house club, of which he was very soon the centre and the life. The second error was committed.

Though unseen by their friends, a dark cloud brooded over the fortunes of our young couple. It gathered blackness until perceptible to every eye; and when it burst, it carried ruin and desolation with it. Driven to the dangerous company of dissipated and fashionable men, Henry contracted all their habits; he became a drunkard and a gambler, the domestic circle was deserted, and its obligations forgotten. Mary met her husband's harshness and faithlessness with reproaches and bitterness; they both began in error and continued so. By these occasional, long, and loud, and violent collisions, a fearful example was set before their children, who grew up disobedient, violent and passionate. And though for many years the impending bolt of ruin was stayed, just above their heads, at last it sped.

Henry died a lingering and awful death. His estate was found insolvent; his children grew up in ruin; and Mary—the once beautiful and enchanting Mary Conway—ended her life in poverty and obscurity. Thus fatal, in its direct and natural consequences, was an error; the offspring rather of accident than intention. I leave the moral for others to trace out and apply.

APPROACHING DISSOLUTION.

BY MISS M. M. DAVISON.

Oh mother, would the power were mine
To wake the strain thou lov'st to hear,
And breathe each trembling new-born thought
Within thy fondly listening ear,
As when in days of health and glee,
My hopes and fancies wandered free.

But, mother, now a shade hath passed
Athwart my brightest visions here;
A cloud of darkest gloom hath wrapt
The remnant of my brief career!
No song, no echo, can I win,
The sparkling fount hath dried within.

The torch of earthly hope burns dim,
And fancy spreads her wings no more,
And oh, how vain and trivial seem
The pleasure that I prized before;
My soul, with trembling steps and slow,
Is struggling on through doubt and strife:
Oh, may it prove as time rolls on,
The pathway to eternal life!
Then, when my cares and fears are o'er,
I'll sing thee, ay in "days of yore."

I said that hope had passed from earth,
'Twas but to fold her wings in Heaven,
To whisper of the soul's new birth,
Of sinners saved and sins forgiven;
When mine are washed in tears away,
Then shall my spirit swell my lay.

When God shall guide my soul above,
By the soft chords of heavenly love—
When the vain cares of earth depart,
And tuneful voices swell my heart—
Then shall each word, each note I raise,
Burst forth in pealing hymns of praise,
And all not offered at his shrine,
Dear mother, I will place on thine.

Saratoga Springs, November, 1838.

For the Ladies' Garland.

MIDNIGHT MEDITATIONS.

Night with her sable pall is around me.
Hushed in grim repose, man dreams away his
existence in thoughtlessness and sleep. The
monarch that has ruled the day with his
lovely beams, resigns his dominion to the pearly
queen of night. Chill and dark is the air,
but the flower drinks vigor from the freshen-
ing dews. A flood of silvery light bathes
wood, hill, valley and brooklet, and from a dis-
tant brake the plaintive whippoorwill echoes
his tiny song. Save this, and the gurgling
melody of the stream beside me, all is still-
ness. Yet it is enough to break the mono-
tony of the scene; and the two organs of
Nature's choir give a rich, full, swelling
diapason to the voiceless solitude.

From the earliest ages to the present time,
poets, philosophers, sages, and others deeply
learned in wisdom and classic lore, have
poured forth their language of inspiration at
the twilight hour; and it seems to me the
most fitting time for reflection. All of whom I
have read, seemed to feel the "divinity stir-
ring within them." They soared on the
wings of Fancy through the trackless ether,
and read their history in the stars. They
seemed to look still higher; and the manner
in which they breathed forth the most touch-
ing pathos and smoothness of expression, in-
vests me with the belief that the very portals
of Paradise were thrown open to their vision,
and they revelled in all the pleasures of a

never-ending eternity. It is too pure and holy an hour for worldly communion. Our schemes of selfish enjoyment—our dreams of ambition, love, honor and fame, are alike forgotten. Diviner and more soul stirring are the thoughts that generate in our bosoms. Could the spirit but take its departure from the clayey tenement while gazing upon the wonders of the starry spheres, Death would be robbed of half its horrors, and the soul would soar without a pang. Yon star seems to shed a more radiant light upon me than its fellows, and seems to vie in lustre with the moon herself. Keep the eye fixed upon a certain spot, and myriads of gems that crown the brow of heaven, and before unknown, are discovered. How sublime the reflection of the omnipotence and power of Him who set these emblems of his greatness in the sky. Can these last forever? I ask myself, have they the elements of perpetuity within them? "The heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat." These, then, must fade!—yes, *all* must fade. Every thing around us betokens decay—all of man's creation droop and wither, giving signs of eventual dissolution; but these stars are the same as they always were, shining with a brighter lustre, if possible, than ever; and these, whose summits man never reached, nor defined their extent, shall fade at the fiat of the Almighty! But not till the work of redemption shall be finished, will this take place. When the dead shall arise from their tombs, clothed in the garments of immortality—when the wicked receive their sentence, and the righteous their reward—then shall these "lesser lights" but leave their resting places to shine forever in the presence of the Holy One.

CELEA.

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

Let man regard this world inerey as a preparatory stage, to a future and eternal state of existence. Let him consider his misfortunes, sufferings and miseries, as intended to prepare him the better for a world of undying glory and happiness, and let him persevere in a course of virtue and usefulness, in contempt of the malignity of his enemies and the storms of adversity that beat around him, and he will infallibly attain to that perfection and happiness hereafter, which should constitute the true end and aim of all human exertion and pursuit.

Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch high the grave above, 'that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude; we gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplored:
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot."

For the Ladies' Garland.

STANZAS.

I saw thee in the morn of life,
With eye of radiant beam,
And all the loveliness that decks
An angel's dream—
Basking in the sunny smile
Of hope's young natal day,
And wreathing flowers from every bed
That strewed the way.

I saw thee—years had passed away,
But still the look was there
That in the morn of life I saw;
Save lines of care;
Which had their furrows traced
Around thy lofty brow,
The smile that lit thy glowing cheek,
Lovelier than now!

I saw thee—but thy beauty gone!
Around thy bier
Stood mourning friends, that shed
The falling tear.
They laid thee in the silent grave—
Heavily the sod
Closed over thee—then left thee
To thy God!

HOMER.

Not a ray of pure spiritual lumination shines through the sweet visions of the father of poetry. The light of his genius, like that of the moon as he describes it in the eighth Iliad, is serene, transparent, and heavenly fair; it streams into the deepest glades, and settles on the mountain tops of the material and social world; but for all that concerns the spiritual nature, it is cold, watery, and unquickening. The great test of the elevation of the poet's mind, and of the refinement of the age in which he lived, is the distinctness, power, and purity with which he conceives the spiritual world. In all else he may be the observer and the painter; but in this dread sphere he must assume the province which his name imports: he must be the maker—creating his own spiritual world by the highest action of his mind, upon all the external and internal materials of thought. If ever there was a poetical vision, calculated not to purify and to exalt, but to abase and to sadden, it is the visit of Ulysses to the lower regions. The ghosts of the illustrious departed are drawn before him by the reeking fumes of the recent sacrifice; and the hero stands guard with his drawn sword, to drive away the shade of his own mother from the gory trench, over which she hovers, hankering after the raw blood. Does it require an essay on the laws of the human mind to show that the intellect which contemplates

the great mystery of our being, under this ghastly and frivolous imagery, has never been born to a spiritual life, nor caught a glimpse of the highest heaven of nature.

THE SNOW STORM.

The cold wind swept the mountain's height
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child.
As through the drifted snow she press'd—
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone.
O God! she cried, in accents wild,
If I must perish, save my child.

She stript her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm.
As round the child she wrapp'd the vest,
She smiled to think that it was warm.
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon a snowy bed.

At dawn, a trav'ler passed by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil—
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard and pale—
He moved the robe from off the child;
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled.

FEMALES—COMFORT

We are often surprised at the heroic contempt which our fair women seem to entertain for comfort. In the arrangement of their attire, elegance and fashion seem to be the only points consulted—and with heroism and fortitude which would do honor to a Brahmin, they resolutely refuse to ease their frail bodies in attire fit to resist the inclemency of the season. Shoes with soles as light as paper are worn by the women for their neatness, while men more wisely put on boots with soles half an inch thick. Every other part of the apparel of men and women seems to present the same contrast, as if the ladies were the stronger, instead of the weaker, as we are in the habit of considering them.

That consumption, and the whole dreadful class of bronchial diseases spring from it, is evident. We pity the poor woman to whom poverty denies articles of clothing essential to comfort—but even in their rags the poor are generally better protected against the weather than the fashionables “in all their glory.” If corporeal suffering is indeed an inconvenience, one would naturally fancy that the first wish of those possessed of compe-

tence of wealth would be to secure themselves against the rude visitings of the elements. Perhaps the very wealthy do. Actual wants and luxuries supplied, there is abundance left for the purchase of elegancies. The latter class of commodities are from their very character most prominent, as they are intended to be.

Imitation suggests to the less wealthy a desire to ape their richer neighbors. With the imitators the order of purchase is reversed. They look first to the preservation of such appearances as shall make them assimilate in externals to the pecuniary rank of their models. Hence come cheerless drawing rooms, abundant in ornament and deficient in comfort. Hence come lean harders, half-furnished kitchens, poorly filled or empty fuel repositories. Hence the disposition to

—defraud the daily cheer
To boast one splendid banquet, once a year.

Thousands whose property will just enable them to support a splendid misery, thus immolate comfort, and deny themselves necessities, and all to weave a veil over their actual penury—which veil after all is so transparent that the veriest child may see through it.

So goes the march of vanity from the inhabitants of the neutral ground between rich and poor, down to the very poorest. Each class is engaged in a continual struggle to appear of a wealthier grade than that which it occupies. In dress, upon which topic we started, the same foolish feeling is manifested—the same sacrifice of health and enjoyment to display and discomfort. The money that properly expended with reference to one's own actual needs, might make him or her happy, so far as money is capable of producing happiness, is wasted in foolish endeavors to support a state beyond the reach of the vain mortal who struggles for it. And not only the evils of such a course are present, but future. Many a one who might have saved a competence, has wasted the opportunity on the shrine of vanity; and when the need of the neglected provision arrives, the poor devotees fall from the unequal race in pursuit of fashion, into abject penury and ungilded poverty. Then, they see the folly of their previous course, when no possibility is left to them to undo it; and their distress is cheered by the malicious taunts of former rivals who rejoice at their downfall.

Kings are always something of a Dalai Lama; honored and revered outlaws; sacrifices to society, whose welfare often requires one visible being above the law, just to fill a place, that no continual quarrel for it shall disturb the peace.

For the Ladies' Garland.

THOUGHTS ON VIEWING THE PICTURE OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

Amazing sight! how touching, how sublime!

Dear Lord, and shall we crucify thee still?

We shudder at the Jews' inhuman crime,

And weep our dying Lord on Calvary's sacred hill.

While in the distance we behold the scenes

That oft were witness of thy nightly prayers;

The brook of Cedron sweetly intervenes

Among the distant hills and prospects fair.

The Mount of Olives next attracts our view,

Dear sacred spot, where Thou did'st oft retire;

We view thee in Gethsemane's garden too,

And the dread scenes that on that night transpire.

The spacious city of thy chosen race,

In all its grandeur rises to our view,

How fall'n into dishonor and disgrace,

How soon it witnessed thy prediction true!

Ye spacious palaces, ye gardens fair,

Where faithful Abraham's sons were wont to dwell;

How soon your glory vanished into air,

And your proud temple into ruins fell.

Deluded race! O Thou who reign'st above,

Accept the prayer of Him they basely slew,

"Father," he breathed in strains of dying love,

"Father, forgive! they know not what they do."

Mysterious love, oh grant thy fallen race

May be restored by thy almighty grace.

E.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

DUTY OF MOTHERS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Mothers best discharge their duty to the community, by training up those who shall give it strength and beauty. Their unwearyed labors should coincide with the aspirations of the Psalmist, that their "sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; their daughters as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." They would not wish to leave to society, where they had themselves found protection and solace, a bequest that would dishonor their memory.

We, who are mothers, ought to feel peculiar solicitude with regard to the manner in which our daughters are reared. Being more constantly with us, and more entirely under our control than sons, they will be naturally considered as our representatives, the trustee tests of our system, the strongest witnesses to a future generation of our fidelity or neglect.

"Unless women," said the venerable Fellenberg, "are brought up with industrious and religious habits it is vain that we educate the

men; for they are the ones who keep the character of men in its proper elevation."—Our duty to the community, which must be discharged by the education of a whole race, comprises many unobtrusive, almost invisible points, which in detail may seem trivial, or at least desultory, but which are still as important as the rain-drop to the cistern, or the rill to the broad stream.

A long period allotted to study; a thorough implantation of domestic tastes, and a vigilant guardianship over simplicity of character, are essential to the daughters of a republic. That it is wise to give the greatest possible extent to the season of tutelage, for those who have much to learn, is a self-evident proposition.—If they are to teach others it is doubly important. And there is no country on earth, where so many females are employed in teaching, as in our own. Indeed, from the position that educated women here maintain, it might not be difficult to establish the point, that they are all teachers, all forming other beings upon the model of their own example, however unconscious of the fact. To abridge the education of the educator, is to stint the culture of a plant, whose "leaves are for the healing of the nations."

I was delighted to hear a young lady say, at the age of nineteen, "I cannot bear to think yet of leaving school; I have scarcely begun to learn." With propriety might she express this sentiment, though she was eminent both in studies and accomplishments,—if the great Michael Angelo could adopt for his motto, in his nineteenth year,—"ancora imparo,"—and "yet I am learning."

It has unfortunately been too much the custom in our country, not only to shorten the period allotted to the education of our sex, but to fritter away even that brief period, in contradictory pursuits and pleasures. Parents have blindly lent their influence to this usage. To reform it, they must oppose the tide of fashion and of opinion. Let them instruct their daughters to resist the principle of conforming in any respect to the example of those around them, unless it is rational in itself, and correctly applicable to them as individuals.—A proper expenditure for one, would be ruinous extravagance in another. So, if some indiscreet mothers permit their young daughters to waste in elaborate dress and fashionable parties the attention which should be devoted to study, need their example be quoted as a precedent? *To do as others do*, which is the rule of the unthinking, is often to copy bad taste and erring judgment. We use more discrimination in points of trifling import.—We pause and compare patterns ere we purchase a garment, which, perchance, lasts but for a single season. Why should we adopt with little inquiry,—or on the strength of

doubtful precedent,—a habit, which may stamp the character of our children forever!

When circumstances require, the youngest girl should be taught not to fear to differ from her companions, either in costume, manners, or opinion. Singularity for its own sake, and every approach to eccentricity, should be deprecated and discouraged. Even necessary variations from those around, must be managed with delicacy, so as not to wound feelings, or exasperate prejudice. But she who dares not to be independent, when reason or duty dictate, will be in danger of forfeiting decision of character, perhaps integrity of principle.

Simple attire, and simple manner, are the natural ornaments of those who are obtaining their school education. They have the beauty of fitness, and the policy of leaving the mind free for its precious pursuits. Love of display, every step towards affectation, are destructive of the charms of that sweet season of life.—Ceremonious visiting, where showy apparel, and late hours prevail, must be avoided. I feel painful sympathy for those mothers, who expose their young daughters to such excitements, yet expect them to return unimpaired and docile, to the restraints of school discipline. "Those who forsake useful studies," said an ancient philosopher, "for useless speculations, are like the Olympic gamesters, who abstained from necessary labors, that they might be fit for such as were not so."

Shall I allude to the want of expediency, in exhibiting very young ladies in mixed society? Their faces become familiar to the public eye. The shrinking delicacy of their privileged period of life escapes. The dews of the morning are too suddenly exhaled.—They get to be accounted old, ere they are mature,—more is expected of them than their unformed characters can yield,—and if their discretion does not surpass their years, they may encounter severe criticism, perhaps calumny. When they should be just emerging as a fresh opened blossom, they are hackneyed to the common gaze, as the last year's Souvenir, which by courtesy or sufferance, maintains a place on the centre-table, though its value has deteriorated. Is not the alternative either a premature marriage, or an obsolete continuance in the arena of fashion, with a somewhat mortifying adherence to the fortunes of new candidates, as grade after grade, they assert their claims to fleeting admiration, or vapid flattery?

How much more faithfully does the mother perform her duty, who brings forth to society, no crude or superficial semblance of goodness, but the well ripened fruit of thorough, prayerful culture. Her daughter associated with herself, in domestic cares, at the same time that she gathered the wealth of intellec-

tual knowledge, is now qualified to take an active part in the sphere which she embellishes. Adorned with that simplicity which attracts every eye, when combined with good breeding, and a right education, she is arrayed in a better panoply than the armor of Semiramis, or the wit and beauty of Cleopatra, for whom the Roman lost a world.

Simplicity of language, as well as of garb and manner, is a powerful ingredient in that art of pleasing, which the young and lovely of our sex are supposed to study. The conversation of children is rich in this charm.—Books intended for their instruction or amusement, should consult their idiom. Ought not females to excel in the composition of elementary works for the juvenile intellect, associated as they are with it, in its earliest and least constrained developments? The talented and learned man is prone to find himself embarrassed by such a labor. The more profound his researches in science, and the knowledge of the world, the farther must he retrace his steps, to reach the level of infantine simplicity. Possibly, he might ascend among the stars, and feel at home; but to search for honey dew in the bells of flowers, and among the moss cups, needs the touch of the humming-bird, or the wing of the butterfly. He must recall with a painful effort the far-off days, when he "thought as a child, spake as a child, understood as a child." Fortunate will he be, if the "strong meats," on which he has so long fed, have not wholly indisposed him to relish the "milk of babes." If he is able to arrest the thoughts and feelings, which charmed him when life was new, he will still be obliged to transfuse them into the dialect of childhood. He must write in a foreign idiom, where, not to be ungrammatical is praise, and not utterly to fail is victory.—Perhaps in the attempt he may be induced to exclaim with the conscious majesty of Milton, "my mother bore me a speaker of that which God made my own, and not a translator."

It has been somewhere asserted, that he who would agreeably instruct children, must become the pupil of children. They are not, indeed, qualified to act as guides among the steep cliffs of knowledge which they have never traversed; but they are most skilful conductors to the green plats of turf, and the wild flowers that encircle its base. They best know where the violets and king cups grow, which they have themselves gathered, and where the clear brook makes mirthful music in its pebbly bed.

Have you ever listened to a little girl telling a story to her younger brother or sister? What adaptation of subject, circumstance, and epithet? If she repeats what she has heard, how naturally does she simplify every part of thought. If she enters the region of im-

vention, how wisely does she keep in view the taste and comprehension of her auditor. Ah, how powerful is that simplicity, which so readily unlocks and rules the heart, and which, "seeming to have nothing, possesseth all things."

Those who are conversant with little children, are not always disposed sufficiently to estimate them, or to allow them the high rank which they really hold in the scale of being. In regarding the acorn, we forget that it comprises within its tiny round the future oak.—It is this want of prospective wisdom, which occasions ignorant persons often to despise childhood, and renders some portions of its early training seasons of bitter bondage.—*"Knowledge is an impression of pleasure,"* said Lord Bacon. They who impart it to the young, ought not to interfere with its original nature, or divide the toil from the reward.—Educated females ought especially to keep bright the links between knowledge and happiness. This is one mode of evincing gratitude to the age in which they live, for the generosity with which it has renounced these prejudices, which in past times circumscribed the intellectual culture of their sex.

I be excused for repeatedly urging to convince the community that it has lost nothing by this liberality! Let not the other sex be authorized in complaining that the firebrands of their fathers were better regulated than their own. Give them no chance to throw odium upon knowledge, from the faults of its allies and disciples. Rather let them see, that by a participation in the blessings of education, you are made better in every domestic department, in every relative duty—more ardent in every hallowed effort of benevolence and piety.

I cannot believe that the distaste for household industry, which some young ladies evince, is the necessary effect of a more expanded system of education. Is it not rather the abuse of that system? or may it not radically be the fault of the mother, in neglecting to mingle day by day, domestic knowledge with intellectual culture?—in forgetting that the warp needs a woof, ere the rich tapestry can be perfect? I am not prepared to assert that our daughters have too much learning, though I may be compelled to concede that it is not always well balanced, or judiciously used.

Education is not indeed confined to any one point of our existence, yet it assumes peculiar importance at that period when the mind is most ductile to every impression. Just at the dawn of that time, we see the mother watching for the first faint tinge of intellect, "more than they who watch for the morning." At her feet a whole generation sit as pupils.—Let her learn her own value, as the first educator, that, in proportion to the measure of

her influence, she may acquit herself of her immense responsibilities.

Her debt to the community must be paid through her children, or through others whom she may rear up, to dignify and adorn it. Aristotle said, "the fate of empires depended on education." But that in woman dwelt any particle of that conservative power, escaped the scrutinizing eye of the philosopher of Greece. The far sighted statesmen of our times have discovered it. A Prussian legislator, at the beginning of the present century, promulgated the principle, that "to the safety and regeneration of a people, a correct state of religious opinion and practice was essential, which could only be effected by proper attention to the early nurture of the mind." He foresaw the influence which the training of infancy would have, upon the welfare of a nation.

Let our country go still farther, and recognize in the nursery, and at the fireside, that hallowed agency, which, more than the pomp of armies, shall guard her welfare, and preserve her liberty. Trying as she is, in her own isolated sphere, the mighty experiment, whether a republic can ever be permanent—standing in need as she does, of all the checks which she can command, to curb faction, cupidity and reckless competition—rich in resources, and therefore in danger from her own power—in danger from the very excess of her own happiness, from that knowledge which is the birth-right of her people, unless there go forth with it a moral purity, guarding the unsheathed weapon—let not this our dear country, slight the humblest instrument that may advance her safety, nor forget that the mother kneeling by the cradle bed, hath her hand upon the ark of a nation.

Hartford, Conn., 1838.

For the Ladies' Garland.

DISAPPOINTED FRIENDSHIP.

I thought when young Flora around her was flinging
The flowers in the morning so dewy and gay,
And the birds all around were so merrily singing,
I'd have sunshine and music and flowers all the way.

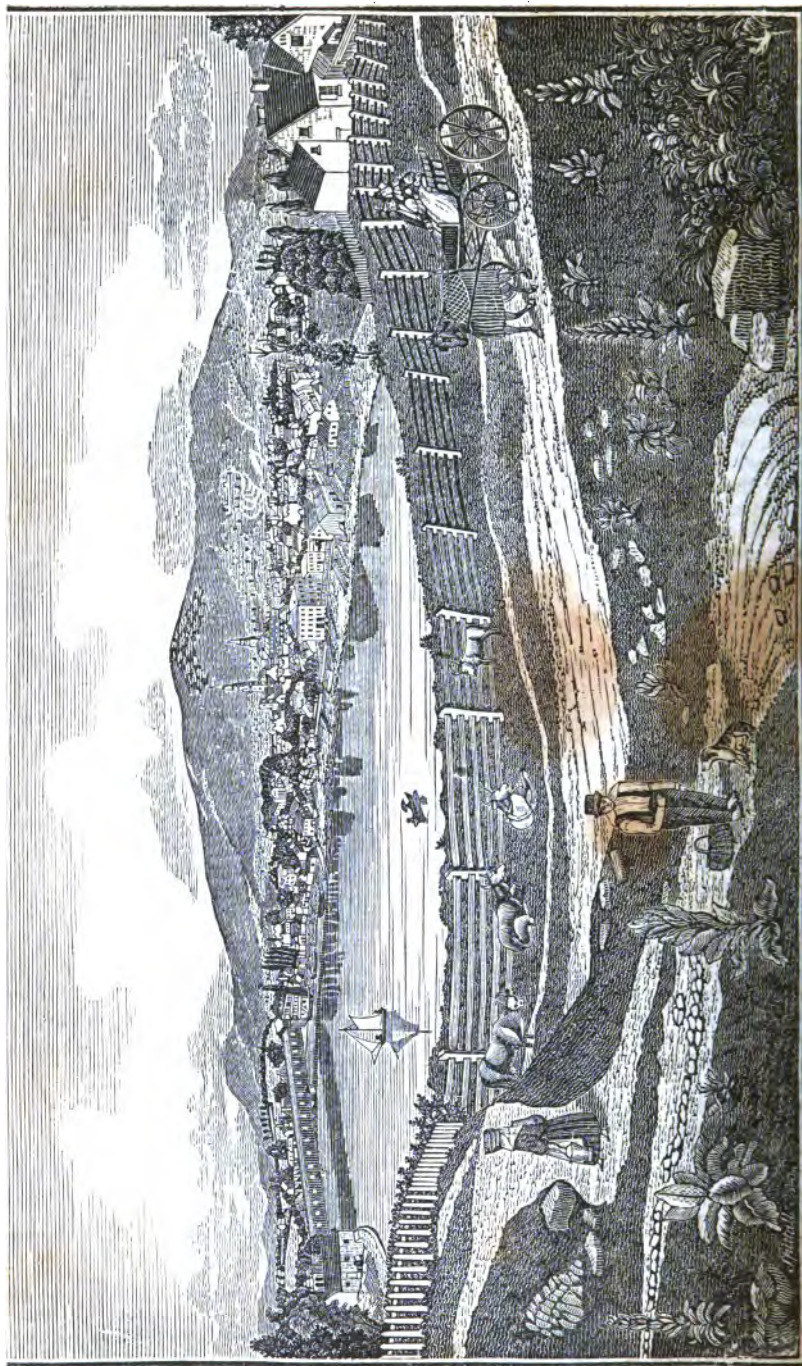
Ah! how vain was the thought! now the sun is declining,

The birds are all fled, and the flowers are all gone;
They have all passed away, when the sun ceased his shining,

And a thorn pierced the hand where a rose once shone.

'Twas to me a fair rose that with fondness I cherish'd,
And bright was the promise it gave in the morn;
But its charms are all dead, and its fragrance hath perish'd,

And has left me at evening the wounds of a thorn.



VIEW OF READING, BERKS COUNTY, PENNA.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

READING.

Can any one who has ever seen, fail to recognize the accompanying sketch? The artist has so elaborately preserved the most minute objects within the boundaries of his view, that at this interval memory can easily recognise the fidelity of his pencil.

The mountain seems to give an agreeable relief to the extended clusters of dwellings before it, whilst the peculiar proximity of its two most prominent churches and their rival steeples, serves at once to identify the ancient and goodly borough of Reading.

In designating it as ancient, we are fully aware that we must use the term simply in its *relative* sense, as there are but few European villages of equal extent that cannot retrace their history to a period long anterior to the discovery and consequent settlement of this portion of the country.

Secured by "deeds of peace," a blessing appeared particularly to throw its happy influence over the prosperity of the state—the interminable forests bowed before the hand of the hardy settler; smiling fields greeted his appearance every where, and busy villages soon marked the denser points of population.

As early as 1733, warrants were taken out by *John and Samuel Finney*, and 450 acres of land surveyed under their sanction, which are now entirely embraced within the limits of Reading. Whether the inducements to this selection were other than its general beauty and fertility, it is now difficult to say; though it is asserted that when the proprietories *John and Richard Penn* became aware of its advantages, and proposed its repurchase for the location of a town, the Messrs. Finney long and firmly resisted all the efforts of negotiation. This produced a momentary change in the design of the proprietories, as they employed *Richard Hockley* to survey and lay out the plan of a town on the margin of the Schuylkill opposite its confluence with the Tulpehocken. This survey is still to be found on record, though divested of any data or name by which the precise period in which it was made can be ascertained. It is now only known as an appended portion to Reading, under the designation of the "Hockley Out Lots."

The importance as well as reality of the design now appears to have subdued the objections of the Finneys to the sale of their claim, as they immediately relaxed in their demands and finally yielded them to the proprietories, who at once caused the "Hockley Plot" to be abandoned, and in the fall of the year 1743, that of Reading to be laid out.

The difficulty in obtaining water even at

great depths through the limestone, was the specious reason generally assigned for the sudden vacation of the former site, as the new one was remarkable for the numerous large and copious springs existing within its limits.

Thus *Thomas and Richard Penn*, proprietories and governors in chief of the province of Pennsylvania, became private owners of the ground plot of Reading, the lots of which they carefully subjected in their titles to an annual quit or ground rent. Singular as it may seem, this claim became almost forgotten through neglect, and the circumstances that resulted from the change in the *old order* of things, produced by the Revolution; indeed, when recurred to at all, was generally believed to have become forfeit to the State, by the nature of that event. But a few years ago it was however renewed by the heirs, and its collection attempted under the authority of the law; but so excited were the populace, and averse to the payment of its accumulated amount, that it was generally, and in cases violently, resisted, till the deliberations of a town meeting had suggested measures leading to a more direct, amicable, and permanent compromise.

Like most of the primitive towns of the state, Reading is indebted for its name and that of the county in which it is situated, to the native soil of the Penns'.

Its area comprises about 2194 acres of a rich calcareous soil, sloping gently from Penn's Mount, an elevation on its eastern side, to the river Schuylkill, thus presenting natural facilities for its drainage, and the prevention of accumulated filth, and adding a decided feature to its well established character for health.

The streets intersect each other at right angles, and form in their direction almost correct indices to the cardinal points of the compass. Their original names were retained to a very recent date (Aug. 6, 1833) and were characteristic of the loyalty of the proprietary feeling, as well as family attachment and regard.

King, Queen, Prince, Duke, Earl and Lord streets, sufficiently evidence the strength of the former, whilst the main or central streets, Penn and Callowhill are as distinctly indicative of filial regard.

Hannah Callowhill, their mother, was the second wife of William Penn, and had issue beside *Thomas and Richard*, of John, Margaret and Dennis, whence also had originated the names of *Thomas, Margaret, and Richard* streets. Hamilton street, from *James Hamilton, Esq.*, who was Deputy Governor of the Province at that period.

The names now substituted "as more compatible with the Republican simplicity of our present form of government," are similar to

those of Philadelphia, as the streets running north and south commence at Water street on the Schuylkill, and extend to 11th St.; while those running east and west are called Penn, Franklin, Washington, Chestnut and Walnut streets.

In 1751 Reading contained 130 dwelling houses, besides stables, and other buildings—106 families, 378 inhabitants, though about two years before it had not above one house in it.

By the census of 1830, the population had increased to 5376, and it now may be safely estimated at about 8,000.

The original population was principally Germans, who emigrated from Wertemberg and the Palatinates, though the administration of public affairs was chiefly in the hands of the Friends.

The former, by their preponderance of numbers, gave the decided character in habits and language to the place, as the German was almost exclusively used in the ordinary transactions of life and business, and is yet retained to a very great extent.

The public buildings are a Court house, erected in 1762, which is shortly to be superceded by another, more correspondent with the increased demands of business.—A jail, erected in 1755, and county offices in 1793.

The churches are numerous and suit themselves to the most fastidious in modes of faith or varieties of creed. The largest congregations are the German Lutheran, and the German Reformed; though the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Universalist, Methodist, Baptist, and Quaker, have severally many members attached.

Enterprise within a few years has been directed to the establishment of manufactories, almost exclusively confined, however, to some branch involving the iron trade. The extensive rolling mill and nail works of Keim, Whitaker & Co., ranks among the largest of their kind in the State. The foundry of Darling & Co.—engine shop of James Jones, Esq., and various minor concerns are all objects of equal interest and importance to the place.

Several of the public improvements now converge at or near Reading. The *Union* canal which unites the Schuylkill with the Susquehanna, enters a dam across the former, opposite the town. The *Schuylkill* canal occupies its river front, and the *Philadelphia & Reading* rail road have a single track completed of their road and now in use, for travel from Norristown to Reading.

These facilities, blended with the successful career of the manufacturing interest, must contribute to the rapid growth and permanent interests of the town.

As a place of residence, it is now not exceeded by any other inland situation, that we

know. Its society is of a superior and useful character. The elegancies of life are largely enjoyed by them, whilst the *comforts* are equally extended to all.

The surrounding scenery is proverbially bold and romantic to a great degree. The mountains and river—the high state of fertility of the adjacent country, all serve to convey to the observer the loftiest conceptions of the sublime and beautiful.

Our space will not now permit us to dilate upon the subject: either as minutely or elaborately as we could wish. We must therefore close our remarks by requesting those of our readers who may have the inclination and opportunity for the enjoyment of one of the most delightful journeys this country probably affords, to avail themselves of the rail-road, and a few hours ride will place them within the hospitable precincts of the goodly borough of Reading.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

TO ANNA.

Anna, while hope is smiling o'er thee,
And pleasures clustering round thy way,
Life like a picture held before thee,
With varied scenes and prospects gay:

Remember hopes that now seem brightest,
In beauty budding, ripe with bloom;
And pleasures that in youth delightest,
In age a difference will assume.

And life's rich colors, fair as fleeting,
May catch thy fascinated eye;
And thy young heart now warmly beating,
May burn with expectations high.

Remember joy's a glittering bubble,
Borne gaily on life's rapid stream;
When e'er it meets a wave of trouble,
It bursts, and all is but a dream.

Whilst in thy pathway flowers are springing,
And blushing 'neath thy ardent gaze;
Thy balmy fragrance round thee flinging,
And sweet'ning all life's dreary ways.

The flowers of life soon fade and perish,
So short lived is their vernal bloom,
The very buds we mostly cherish,
Are earliest gathered to the tomb.

The very things we deem the rarest,
Are transient as a zephyr's breath;
The dearest loved, the brightest, fairest,
Must meet the cold embrace of death.

Then let our prayers like incense rise,
That we may meet above;
And there resume our severed ties,
Earth's kindred ties of love. ANNEA.

THE CHARITY OF WAGES.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Among the forms of benevolence, which, in our age of the world, are both multiplied and various, perhaps few of us sufficiently keep in mind the *charity of wages*. To assist the poor, through their own industry, ennobles them. It keeps alive that love of independence, which is so priceless in a free country. To grudge, or stint the wages of female labor, is false economy. It is to swell the ranks of degradation and vice. In our sex, it is unpardonable cruelty; for the avenues in which they can gain an honest subsistence, are neither so numerous or so flowery, that we may close them at pleasure, and be innocent. We ought not to consider ourselves as doing the duty of christians, though we subscribe liberally to the foreign and popular charities—while we withhold the helping hand, or the word of sympathy, from the female laborer within our own gates.

I know not that I narrate an uncommon, or peculiar circumstance, when I mention a young girl, brought up in apparent affluence, who, at the sudden death of her father, was left without resources. The mother's health failed, through grief and misfortune, yet she nobly resolved to earn a subsistence for both. She turned to the needle, with which she had been dexterious for amusement, or the decoration of her own apparel. A little instruction enabled her to pursue from house to house, the occupation of a dress-maker.

At first some of the delicate feelings of early culture clung around her. She dared scarcely to raise her eyes, at the table of strangers, and when at night money was given her, she felt half ashamed to take it. But want soon extinguished those lingerings of timidity and refinement. Before her pittance was earned, it was mentally devoted to the purchase of some comfort for her enfeebled mother. It soon became evident that her common earnings were insufficient. She took home extra work, and abridged her intervals of rest. Her candle went not out by night, and sometimes when her mother had retired, she almost extinguished the fire, continuing to work with chilled hands and feet, lest the stock of fuel should not suffice until her slender earnings would allow her to purchase more.

Her nervous system became over-wrought and diseased. Those for whom she worked were often querulous and hard to please. She felt an insuperable longing for a kind word, an encouraging look, for some form of sympathy to sustain the sensitive spirit. Those who hired her, had not put these in the contract. Work on her part, and money on theirs, was all the stipulation. They did not per-

ceive that her step grew feeble, as day by day she passed through the crowded streets to her task, or night after night returned to nurse her infirm mother. A sudden flush came upon her cheek, and she sank into the grave before the parent, for whom she had toiled.

The wife of a sailor, during his periods of absence, did all in her power to aid him in diminishing their expenses. He was not of that class who spend their wages on their arrival in port, and forget their family! But as that family increased, his earnings, without rigid economy on her part, would have been insufficient for their support.

At length the bitter news came that her husband was lost at sea. When the first shock had subsided, she summoned her resolution, and determined to do that for her children, which their father had so often expressed a wish to have done, that they should be kept together, and not be dependent on charity.—She meditated what mode of livelihood would best enable her to comply with a wish, to her so sacred. She had great personal strength, and a good constitution. She made choice of the hardest work, which is performed by females, because it promised the most immediate reward. Often, after her hard task of washing, did she forget her weariness, while in the dusky twilight, she hastened toward her lowly home, as the mother bird nerves her wing when she draws nearer to her nest.

But she found her sickly babe a sufferer from these absences, and sometimes accidents befell the other little ones, from her having no person with whom to leave them. The sum she earned, would not always pay for the injury they had sustained by the want of her sheltering care. It occasionally happened, that if the lady for whom she worked, was out, or engaged with company, she returned without her payment, for which either to wait, or to go again, were inconveniences, which those in the abodes of plenty cannot estimate.

Was there not some labor which she could perform at home, and thus protect the nurslings for whose subsistence she toiled? The spinning-wheel and loom, first presented them to her thought, for she had been skillful in their use, in the far off agricultural village where her youth was spent. But domestic manufactures had become unfashionable, and she could obtain no employment. Coarse needle-work seemed her only resource. At this, she wrought incessantly, scarcely allowing herself time to get, or partake of a scanty meal. But after all was done, the remuneration was inadequate to their necessities. She could scarcely supply a sufficiency of the coarsest food. Her children shivered as the winter drew on. Their garments, though constantly mended, were thin, and their poor, little feet, bare and blue. She drew back from the mis-

erable fire, that they might be warmed, and shuddered as she saw the means of sustaining this comfort wasting away.

Still, the injunction of her departed husband lay deep and warm in her heart. She asked no charity. She remitted no exertion, and her whole life, was as one prayer to God.

At this crisis, a society, formed on the true principle of benevolence, to aid poverty through its own efforts, arose to save her from destruction. Its express object was to improve the condition of the tempest-tost mariner, and his suffering household. It comprised an establishment where garments were made for seamen; and here she obtained a constant supply of needle-work, with liberal and prompt payment. One of its most beautiful features, was a school, where the elementary branches of a good education were gratuitously taught.—Here, instructions in the use of the needle was thoroughly imparted, and as soon as the pupils were able to finish a garment for the clothing-store, they were encouraged by receiving a just payment.

Now, the small, lowly room of the widow, was brightened with comfort, and her heart was too full for words, when her little girls came running from school, with a shout of joy, the eldest one exclaiming,

"See, mother, see, here are twenty cents. Take them and buy a frock for the baby.—They gave them to me, for making a sailor's gingham shirt, strong and good. My teacher says I shall soon sew well enough to make one of a nicer kind, for which I am to receive seventy-five cents. Then I will help pay your house-rent. O, I never was so happy in my life, and yet I could not help crying when I worked, for I remembered that you used to make exactly such shirts for dear father, and I did not know but the man for whom I made this might be lost at sea, and never come back to his home any more."

"Here is a book," said the little sister, "which my teacher let me take from the school library, to bring home and read to you, while you sit at work. And she is so good, and kind to me, mother, she takes as much pains to have me learn, as if we were ever so rich, and I love her dearly."

"Blessings on her," said the widow, through her grateful tears. "Heaven's blessings on the society, and on every lady into whose heart God has put it to help the desolate poor, through their own industry." And night and morning she taught her kneeling babes the prayer of gratitude for their benefactresses.

Let us encourage every variety of effort, by which our sex can gain a subsistence, and foster in the young that spirit which prefers the happy consciousness of being useful, to any form of indolent, and helpless independence. In our bounty to the poor, let us keep

in mind the principle of aiding them as far as possible, through their own exertions, for she who thus studies their moral benefits elevates them in the scale of being, and performs an acceptable service to her country, and to her God.

Mothers, speak often to your daughters on these subjects. Instruct them in the economy of charity. Your responsibility comprises both earth and heaven.

There are many works from writers of the present day, which afford valuable hints for conversation, on the subject of being respectable and happy, without the possession of wealth. Pre-eminent among them is Miss Sedgwick's "Rich Poor Man, and Poor Rich Man." From your own observation you can illustrate the truths of such sentiments. You can convince them from the page of history that virtue, and talent, and the heart's true felicity, may exist without the tinsel of gold. You can impress them from a Book divine, that to "gain the whole world" would not balance one sigh of a lost soul.

For the Ladies' Garland.

A FAREWELL TO THE YEAR 1838.

Year of my deepest griefs—farewell, farewell,
Haste down oblivion's stream, and there forever dwell
Temper'd with mercy, recent strokes were given,
And calmly suffer'd as the will of heaven.

But does high heaven design that human power
Should add new sorrows to affliction's hour,
That friends should turn perfidious and unjust,
And crush a new shorn victim in the dust?
Forbid it, righteous heaven—and let this year
In dark oblivion quickly disappear.

But O! thou rising year, upon thy wing,
Back to my view some happier object bring;
Expel the ill surmises that destroy
Each opening bud of kind and social joy,
Which have of late their withering influence spread;
May the young year a warming radiance shed.

Adieu, old year! I wish thee gone forever,
'Twas thine full many a kindred tie to sever;
Let me be thankful that thy end is near,
Though thou hast taught a lesson most severe;
But heaven is just, and for its aid I call
On friendship, that can make amends for all.

Learning, if rightly applied, makes young man thinking, attentive, and industrious, confident and wary, an old man cheerful and reserved. 'Tis an ornament in prosperity, a refuge in adversity, an entertainer at all times; it cheers in solitude, and mediates upon a throne.

THE OCEAN.

I had intended to descant a little upon this inexhaustible theme, and had actually put down two or three sentences, somewhat after this manner. *Now*, the ocean appears to you like a boundless battle-field of the Titans, of the deepest and blackest soil, ploughed up by their huge ordnance; and *then*, as the wind rises, it is the same field, still more deeply furrowed, but partially covered with snow. In the clear sunshine, you love to sit for hours together, upon the quarter railing, watching the shifting hues of emerald waters, as they sparkle beneath the purest frostwork; and in the evening, how is your soul wrapt, as from the same station, you watch those phosphoric fires, which leap and flash from the crest of every wave! At other times, when the surges come foaming and rushing by, you cannot help thinking how momentary would be the ripple, were a thousand mighty navies to founder at once, before the blast of the tempest. What a vast solitude! On and on you are driven, over the trackless waste, as if besides your own little company, there was not another human being in the universe.

But I forget myself. Wide ocean—stormy ocean—angry ocean—mighty ocean! These and such as these are the epithets which are every day employed, to describe the world of waters, which rolls between us and the land of our fathers. But you have only to cross this ocean once, to feel how poor, how inadequate every description of it is. There it lies—deep, dark, boundless: always and equally indescribable, whether in its wrath, or repose; and always ready to lift up its solemn voice, as if in scorn of the pen and the pencil. To form anything like an adequate conception of it, you must venture out into its fathomless domain, and see it sleeping, and waking, in storm and in sunshine, and listen to it, as in the dark night, it “lifts up its waves” on high. How vast, how infinite! And yet there is one, who “measurcth the waters in the hollow of his hand, and taketh up the isles as a very little thing. He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap: He layeth up the depth in store houses: He gave the sea his decree that the water should not pass his commandment: He shut up the sea with doors and made the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band for it, and brake up for it his decreed place, and set bars and doors.” O Lord how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. So is the great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There are the ships; there is that leviathan which thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon Thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

One thing, both in going out and in returning, made a deep, and I hope a profitable impression upon my mind. I seemed to myself, as it were, no longer in time, but in eternity. I knew we were borne rapidly onward, for the impetuous waters over the sides of the ship, and the log line, and the chronometer, and the quadrant, all told me so; and yet, we seemed all the while to stand still, in the centre of a great circle. Night and morning came and went, but there we were, apparently without the least change of position. I lay down and rose up in the same place. When at early dawn, I went upon deck there were the same objects and it was the same great circle, and the same vault over our heads, which I left the night before. So from day to day, when I looked abroad, it was from the same deck, from the centre of the same circle, and up to the same silent, and solemn vault of heaven. No shore—no island—no light house—no change!

Eternity—fathomless—shoreless—mysterious eternity! We shall all soon be in the centre of that awful, illimitable circle, never, never to change our position, with no finite duration to measure, and nothing to measure with! Will it be, to look out on that “sea of glass, clear as crystal,” and up to the glorious throne of God and the Lamb, or will it be, to buffet the billows of Almighty wrath, without hope and without end?

Another thing which made a very deep impression upon my mind was that the extremes of long and short duration seemed to be brought mysteriously together. Each waking hour, (as I never was entirely free from sea sickness,) passed slowly and heavily away. Every day, taken by itself, seemed much longer than upon land! and yet the weeks were a great deal shorter. They flew away, I could not tell how. The Sabbath came and went: and when it was succeeded by another, I could not realize that half a week had elapsed. Our twenty-four days' passage—O they were long enough for *fifty*, as we slowly counted them off upon the calendar; but when they were past, it was but an ‘inch or two of time!’

In our outward bound passage, we were three Sabbaths at sea; and although in the recollection of past opportunities, I could not help exclaiming, “How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts.—Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they will be still praising thee”—there was something so new and so impressive, in opening my eyes upon the Lord's day, on the bosom of the trackless ocean, that I could not regret my temporary separation from these, with whom I had so often taken sweet counsel, and gone to the house of God in company! Our Sabbaths were remarkably fine. Every thing seemed

to harmonize with the sacredness of the day. The air was soft and delightful. The winds slept—the waves slept—the heavens were bright, and the blue waters were spread out around us, like a molten looking glass. How sacred this universal stillness and repose—how delightfully emblematical of that "rest" which remaineth for the people of God."

"ONE IS NOT."

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months, where he
has gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles
were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live
in Heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth
now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph
brow.
The thoughts that fill the sinless soul, the bliss which
he doth feel,
Are number'd with the secret things which God will
not reveal.
But I know (for God has told me this) that he is now
at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's lov-
ing breast.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never
cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain
peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss
may sever,
But if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours for
ever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we
still must be;
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss and this
world's misery;
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel his
grief and pain,
O! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here
again.

WINTER.

Cold blows the wind from east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.—Burns

How swiftly our days and months roll on!
But yesterday, as it were, spring was with
us: we saw her advance from the south, and
smile upon the withered form of nature;—
yes, we saw her walking forth over our land,
and spreading her green mantle along the
borders of the murmuring brook, upon hill
and dale, while the zephyrs sporting among
her flowing robes were stealing the perfume
of her rosy wreaths, and bearing it away to

refresh and animate every living creature;
we saw her listen a little while to the music
of the birds, to the sighs and songs of lovers,
till summer, like an experienced matron,
plucked the rosy chaplet from her brow, and
whispered her "retire." Summer too is
gone; we have seen her rich luxuriance of
waving verdure wither at the touch of au-
tumn, and we have heard her glory pass away
in the rustling of falling leaves. Autumn
has likewise fled and all its golden fruits are
gathered in. Winter, "pale concluding win-
ter has come at last." We hear his hoarse
voice moaning in the forest—we see nature
stript of her beautiful apparel and wrapt in
winter's winding sheet. The little birds
which sang so sweetly in the spring time
have left us, and their songs are borne upon
the breezes of a milder clime:—the brooks
and rivulets which mingled their liquid mel-
ody with that of the feathered tribe are voice-
less, and all their sprightliness is cramped in
winter's icy hands: the chrystal lake, that
embosomed all the beauties of a summer sky,
and danced the shallop on its waters, is mo-
tionless, and the tremulous tones that swelled
from the flow of its waves are hushed, like
the soft breathings of an unstrung lute.

But winter with all its ruggedness is pleas-
ant; and we joyfully welcome his return. It
is true, the forest waves not with verdure,
and our fields and gardens are stript of all
their beauty; but the same wind which has
withered them, has caused the rose to bloom
more freshly on our cheeks, and has given vig-
or to all our powers.

But O, the pleasures of a winter's evening!
All enjoy them. When the north wind is
raging without, and the cheering fire is blaz-
ing high in the drawing room, then is the
time for youth to delight their hearts, and
spend a happier hour than spring can boast
of. Then how gracefully they float along
with the melody of instrumental music,
through the thousand windings of the dance,
or join their voices in the animating song,
while the cares and troubles of life flee from
them. Then

Youth, grace and love attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van.

Then the female form appears in all its ele-
gance—the eye bespeaks a heart within of
the kindest affections, and her every move-
ment is doubly graceful,

Her e'en sae bright, like stars of night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae simply laced her gemy waist,
That sweetly you might span.

The aged too grow young and merry around
their firesides during the long winter even-
ings, and there live all the noblest part of

their lives a thousand times over. In imagination they seat themselves upon the green and flowery sod of youth and early manhood—relate their deeds of youth and gallantry—their feats of bravery and the thousand stories of olden time. In these fond recollections they rejoice; and glory in relating them to their children's children, as if they were the deeds of yesterday. Nor is the pleasure arising from the narration confined to the aged. The child, who listens with silence to their stories, glories in the idea that his grandfathers were once the noblest, bravest men in all the world.

O! Winter, thou hast joys for all, and thou teachest all the decay of earthly things. We will hail thee then with pleasure; and thankfully embrace all the joys thou offerest us, since,

There comes a time, or soon or late,
Of serious thought and sad debate;

and we will learn the lesson which thou dost teach, the decay of human nature, and the chilling touch of age.

SKETCHES OF HISTORY.

INTERESTING INCIDENT

IN KENTUCKY HISTORY.

At the first meeting of the Kentucky Historical Society the following anecdote of Indian generosity and magnanimity was related by a gentleman distinguished in the annals of Kentucky, with whose permission we give it to the public through our paper:

About the year of 1784 or 1785, Mr. Andrew Rowan* embarked in a barge at the Falls of the Ohio, (where Louisville now stands) with a party to descend the river.—The boat having stopped at the Yellow Banks on the Indian side, some distance below, Mr. Rowan, borrowing a rifle of one of the company, stepped on shore and strolled into the bottom, probably rather in pursuit of amusement than game; for from always being of a feeble constitution and adverse to action, he knew not how to use a rifle, and besides had with him but the single charge of ammunition which was in the gun. He unconsciously protracted his stay beyond what he intended; and returning to the spot where he had landed, saw nothing of the boat nor the company he had left. It being a time of hostility with the Indians, and suspicions of their approach having alarmed the party, they had put off, and made down the river with all possible haste, not daring to linger for their companion on shore. Mr. R. now found himself alone on the banks of the Ohio, a vast and trackless forest stretching around him, with

but one charge of powder, and himself too unskilled in the use of the rifle to profit even by that, and liable at any moment to fall into the hands of the savages. The nearest settlement of the whites was Vincennes, (now in Indiana,) distant probably about one hundred miles. Shaping his course as nearly as he could calculate for this, he commenced his perilous and hopeless journey.

Unaccustomed to traveling in the forest, he soon lost all reckoning of his way, and wandered about at venture. Impelled by the gnawings of hunger, he discharged his gun at a deer that happened to pass near him, but missed it. The third day found him still wandering, whether towards Vincennes or from it he knew not—exhausted, famished and despairing. Several times he laid down, as he thought, to die. Roused by the sound of a gun not far distant, betokening, as he well knew, the presence of the Indians, he proceeded to the spot whence the report had proceeded, resolving, as a last hope of life, to surrender himself to those whose tender mercies he knew to be cruel. Advancing a short distance he saw an Indian approaching, who on discovering him—as the first impulse was on any alarm with both the whites and Indians on the frontiers in time of hostilities—drew up his rifle to his shoulder, in readiness to fire. Mr. R. turned the butt of his, and the Indian, with a French politeness, turned the butt of his also. They approached each other. The Indian seeing his pale and emaciated appearance, and understanding the cause, took him to his wigwam a few miles distant, where he cooked for him several days, and treated him with the greatest hospitality.—Then learning of him by signs that he wished to go to Vincennes, the Indian immediately left his hunting, took his rifle and a small stock of provisions, and conducted him in safety to that settlement, a distance from his cabin of about eighty miles. Having arrived there and wishing to reward well the generous Indian to whom he owed his life, Mr. R. made an arrangement with a merchant of the settlement, to whom he made himself known, to give him three hundred dollars. But the Indian would not receive a farthing. When made to understand by Mr. R. through an interpreter, that he could not be happy unless he would accept something, he replied, pointing to a new blanket near him, that he would take that; and added, wrapping his own blanket around his shoulders, “when I wrap myself in it I will think of you.”

Where was there ever a white man, that even in a time of peace, would have so befriended an Indian?

“Love keeps man the longest awake—
gain drives him the earliest out of bed.”

* Uncle of the Hon. John Rowan, of Louisville.

AN IRRELIGIOUS HOME.

If there be one curse more bitter than another to man, it is to be the offspring of an irreligious home—of a home, where the voice of prayer and praise ascends not to God, and where the ties of human affection are not purified and elevated by the refining influences of religious feeling—of a home, if the cares and sorrows of life shall bring religion to the heart in after days, that heart cannot turn without bitterness of feeling; without anguish and vexation of spirit. If there be a curse to any country where the truths of religion are known, the deepest and bitterest curse which can be inflicted on it, is a multitude of homes like that which I have supposed!—Such homes send forth their sons unchecked in evil thoughts, unhallowed in their habits, and untaught in love to God—the name and cross of Jesus Christ stamped perhaps on their foreheads, but not written in their hearts—and they send them forth to prey upon the land, and to become its curse and its destruction. But on the other hand, there is a blessing to the religious home, which no tongue can speak, no language can describe! The home, where in early years the heart trained to a love of God, and to take pleasure in his worship and service, interweaves with the existence of man's holy affections, which die not with the circumstances which gave them birth; which, last long, even though they may be forgotten and neglected—and which exercise at least some check on the evil of the human heart, and often, nay, commonly, recall it to hear again the voice of God; and to return to the paths of holiness and peace.

THE DECLINE OF LIFE.

There is an eventide in human life—a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the autumn is most analogous, and which it becomes, and much it would profit you, my elder readers, to mark the instruction which it brings. The spring and summer of our days are gone, and with them not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm temperament of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and solicitude which the beneficence of heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past, and prepare yourself for the mighty change which you may soon undergo.

It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven—it mingles its voice with that of Revelation; it summons

you in these hours when the leaves of the fall and the winter is gathering to the evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation. And while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that love which can comfort and save, and which can conduct to those green pastures, and those still waters where there is an eternal Spring for the children of God.—*Allison.*

LIVING AND DYING.

Content.—If thy coarse robe trouble thee, remember the swaddling clothes of Jesus; if thy bed be uneasy, yet it is not worse than his manger, and it is no sadness to have a thin table, if thou callest to mind that the King of heaven and earth was fed with a little breast milk, and yet besides this, he suffered all the sorrows which ye deserved. We therefore have reason to sit down upon our own hearths and warm ourselves at our own fires, and feed upon content at home: for it were a strange pride to expect to be more gently treated by divine providence, than the best and wisest men, than apostles and saints, nay, the Son of the eternal God, the heir of both the worlds.

For the Ladies' Garland.

FAREWELL.

How heavy fall upon the ear,
The words that sever friends most dear,
'Tis to their peace the funeral knell,
That pleasure-crushing sound, farewell.

It melts proud manhood's heart of stone,
When he must wander forth alone,
And twines around his path a spell,
That pleasure-crushing sound, farewell.

Blanch'd is the rosy lip of youth,
When o'er its soul it bursts in truth;
It thrills the brain with horror fell,
That pleasure-crushing sound, farewell.

It pales the cheek, it dims the eye,
It makes the bosom heave and sigh,
It chills the heart's blood in its cell,
That pleasure-crushing sound, farewell.

It may despoil, it may uproot,
Each happy thought when it doth shoot,
All this, and more, it may do well,
That pleasure-crushing sound, farewell.

But yet, it cannot hope destroy,
Which is to grief a sure alloy,
And to the mourning heart doth tell,
We'll meet;—no more to say farewell!

Jan. 1839.

E. P. B.

MILTON.

The memory of Milton was one of rare tenacity, retaining, even in declining age, all its pristine vigor. Alas! not always so clear are the evenings of the poet. How affecting is the brief passage of autobiography which Bert Johnson has given us, in his *Discoveries*. "Memory, of all the powers of the mind, is the most delicate and frail; it is the first of our faculties that age invades. Seneca, the rhetorician, confessed of himself he had a miraculous one; not only to receive but to hold. I myself could, in my youth, have repeated all that I ever made, and so continued till I was past forty; since, it is much decayed in me. Yet I can repeat whole books which I have read, and poems of some selected friends which I had liked to charge my memory with. It was wont to be faithful to me; but, shaken with age now, and sloth, which weakens the strongest abilities, it may perform somewhat, but cannot promise much. By exercise it is to be made better and serviceable. Whatever I pawned with it while I was young and a boy, it offers me readily, and without stops." So it was with the blind singer of the fall of man; the splendor of the grass, the glory of the flower, the beauty of the elements were around him and upon him, as vividly and as sensibly as in his early days, ere his vision had been 'blasted by excess of light.' Flora came to cheer him in that chamber, hung with rustic green, where she was visited by Dr. Wright, as brightly as under the elms of Horton, purpling

—"all the ground with vernal flowers,"

The "primrose that forsaken dies"——

"The musk rose and the well-attired woodbine,

With cowslips wan that hung the pensive head."

Still from the "smooth shaven green," or the "arched walks of twilight groves," he beheld

—"the wandering moon,

Riding in her highest noon,

Like one that has been led astray

Through the heaven's wide pathless way."

Milton realized the canon of Johnson; what he borrowed he made his own by the art with which he adorned and heightened it; if he found a pearl, he set it in gold. Even the flowers he transplanted from the bowers of the Italian Muses bloomed into more luxuriant brightness than in their native beds.—His style and diction corresponded with the majesty of his theme; in his early poems he had delighted the ear with a facility, a richness, and a dance of numbers, that might have smoothed the "raven wing of darkness, till it smiled." The festivity of *Comus*, the merriment of *L'Allegro*, the contemplative sadness of the *Penseroso*, were all represented with a truth and beauty that must have charmed the

ear of Spenser or of Fletcher. But he had another language for *Paradise*, not less peculiar and original than the former, but better suited to that high argument; for the liquid harmony and long-drawn-out sweetness of the Elizabethan poets, he substituted the stateliness of the Grecian muse, recommended by a strain of music, deep, clear and solemn as the roll of an organ in a cathedral. Elaborate and complicated as the construction of his versification appears to the uninitiated reader, he more than once exults in the ease and freedom with which it flowed from him:—

"If answerable style I can obtain
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
Her mighty visitations unimplored,
And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires,
Easy, my unpremeditated verse."

And again we find him meditating on the

—"thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers."

Voltaire is related to have inquired of Pope why Milton did no rhyme *Paradise Lost*; *Paradise* would have been lost a second time if he had. He left Dryden to "tag his rhymes." Thus have we with devout hand hung our garland upon the Poet's tomb; after all, a vain attempt; "for eloquence," to borrow the words of Coleridge, "has already exhausted its treasures in his praise, and men of genius have rivalled each other in the splendor of their offerings at the shrine of the bard. He has long ago taken his seat with Homer and Shakspeare, one of the Poets of the world.—Into the remotest seclusions of the civilized globe the voice of the old man's eloquence has penetrated. Even the lone Icelander, placed 'far amid the melancholy main,' has listened in his own tongue to the story of *Paradise*. He has left us models of excellence in every branch of his art. In the sublime epic, the noble drama, the picturesque masque, the graceful elegy, the vigorous sonnet—in all he is equally great, equally beyond the reach of rivalry. His genius ripened with his years, and every poem he wrote was a step of purer gold to his Temple of Fame. His element was sublimity, but he possessed in an eminent degree the opposite qualities of tenderness and grace. He who with the power of heroic song could stir the soul as with the sound of a trumpet, knew also 'the tender stops' of the pastoral flute; and the same hand that armed the rebellious legions and built up the radiant domes of Pandemonium, mingled also the cup of enchantment in *Comus*, and strewed the flowers on the hearth of *Lycidas*." Such is the enthusiastic eulogy which has been pronounced upon his poetry; but the Christian reader will remember, with even deeper delight, that in all his

verses we behold the flow of a graver inspiration than ever kindled the heart in the greenest haunts of Parnassus; that his

—“Genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna.”

For the Ladies' Garland.

HOME!

A TEMPERANCE HYMN.

From scenes of confusion, and folly's mad reign,
From the shrieks of the dying, the blood of the slain,
From the grave of pollution, have dread voices come,
And call'd its blind victims to infamy's home.

Beneath the bright beaming of virtue's glad ray,
This stain of pollution is passing away;—
Its curses and horrors, aye, soon will have flown,
From the land of the bless'd to Oblivion their home.

With joys never ceasing and praise let us sing,
All honor ascribing to Jesus our King,
Who caus'd the dread monster no longer to roam,
But pointed the captive to freedom's blest home.

Then hasten with Wisdom, O hasten and give
Thy signet to Temperance and with her to live,
Till life shall have ended and God bids thee come,
To dwell in his presence forever at home.

Bridgeport.

N. S. W.

THE WIFE.

Feel'st thou not my joy, no quiet happiness,
No soothing sense of satisfaction, in
Loving and being loved? Is there no weight
Removed from the heart in knowing there is one
To share all, to bear all, with thee? To soothe grief,
Yea, to soften away its human pain
By a superior love, the cup to temper,
With words of consolation and sweet hope
That even its very bitterness shall seem sweet—
Forgotten in the love that offers it!

Woman's love, like the rose blooming in the arid desert, spreads its rays over the barren plain of the human heart, and while all around it is blank and desolate, it rises more strengthened from the absence of every other charm. In no situation does the love of woman appear more beautiful than in that of wife—parents, brethren and friends, have claims upon the affections, but the love of a wife is of a different nature. A daughter may yield her life to the preservation of a parent, a sister may devote herself to a suffering brother, but the feelings which induce her to this conduct, are not such as those which lead a wife to follow the husband of her choice through every pain and peril that can befall him, to watch over him in danger, to cheer him in adversity, and even remain unaltered at his side in the depths of ignominy and shame. It is an heroic devotion which

a woman displays in her adherence to the fortune of a hopeless husband—when we behold her domestic scenes, a mere passive creature of enjoyment, an intellectual toy, brightening the family circle with her endearments, and prized for the extreme joy which that presence and those endearments are calculated to impart, we can scarcely credit that the fragile being, who seems to hold existence by a thread, is capable of supporting the extreme of human suffering—nay, when the heart of man sinks beneath the weight of agony, that she should retain her pristine powers of delight, and by her words of comfort and patience, lead the distracted murmurer to peace and resignation.

Man profits by connexion with the world—but woman never—their constituents of mind are different,—the principles of thought and action are moulded variously, and where the character of man is dignified and ennobled, that of woman becomes reduced and degraded.* The one is raised and exalted by mingled associations, the purity of the other is maintained in silence and seclusion. Woman was created by the Great Giver of all good, as the help mate of man—formed in a superior though more fragile and delicate mould—endowed with purer and better feelings—stronger and more exalted affections to play a distinct character in the great drama of the created world—in fact to reward the toils and labors of man. God made her not man's slave, neither to buffet the billows of the troubled sea of life, the jarring elements of public duties—but to share his pleasures, to console his troubled thoughts—to join with him in his joy, and exalt him in his happiness, by her participation, and to meliorate his griefs by kindness and endearments. Connection with the world destroys those other traits of feeling. She beholds man in all his aspects stalking abroad—the creature of evil,—the slave of debased thoughts,—the destroyer of innocence, the despoiler of all that is bright and beautiful, and the scenes of guile, of fraud, and villianry that meet the eyes, the glances at every turn, gradually stifle the kindly feelings of woman, and at length destroy that unsophisticated purity of soul, or if you will, those feelings of romance, which are all best, and the most productive of happiness in the sex, which

“Heaven made to temper men.”

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty. On the contrary, one good action, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for conscience sake, will prove a cordial for weak or low spirits, beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company can do for them.

The following is a pretty thing, and well worth reading by husbands who are in the habit of staying away from home and discussing the affairs of the nation.

THE POOR WOMAN'S APPEAL TO HER HUSBAND.

You took me, Collin, when a girl,
Unto your home and heart,
To bear in all your after fate,
A fond and faithful part:
And tell me, have I ever tried,
That duty to forego—
Or pined there was not joy for me,
When you was sunk in woe.

No, I would rather share your grief,
Than any other's glee.
For though you're nothing to the world,
You're all the world to me.
You make a palace of my shed—
This rough hewn bench a throne,
There's sunlight for me in your smile,
And music in your tone.

I look upon you when you sleep,
My eyes with tears grow dim,
I cry "O Parent of the poor,
Look down from heaven on him;
Behold him toil from day to day,
Exhausting strength and soul—
Look down in mercy on him, Lord,
For thou canst make him whole."

And when at last relieving sleep
Has on thy eyelids smil'd,
How oft are they forbid to close
In slumber, by my child?
I take the little murmurer
That spoils my span of rest,
I feel it is a part of thee,
I lull upon my breast.

There's only one return I crave—
I may not crave it long—
And it may soothe thee when I'm where
The wretched feel no wrong:
I ask not for a kinder tone
For thou wert ever kind,
I ask not for less frugal fare,
My fare, I do not mind.

I ask not for more gay attire,
If such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee,
For more, I murmur not.
But I would ask a share of hours
That you at clubs bestow—
Of knowledge that you prize so much,
May I not something know?

Subtract from meetings among men
Each eve an hour for me—
Make me companion of your soul
As I may surely be.

If you will read, I'll sit and work;
Then think when you're away.
Less tedious I shall find the time,
Dear Collin, of your stay.

A meet companion soon I'll be,
E'en for your studious hours,
And teacher of those little ones
You call your cottage flowers—
And if we be not rich and great,
We may be wise and kind,
And as my heart can warm your heart,
So may your mind my mind.

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN.

AN AFFECTING STORY OF MATERNAL LOVE.

In the village of Carreggi, whether it were that due precaution had not been taken, or that the disease was of a particular malignant nature, one after the other, first the young and then the old of a whole family dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a laborer, and mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumour appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night; bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for the family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighboring family—moved by the fondest love for her children, and determining not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Locking them into a room, and sacrificing to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, off she ran, down stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door with a sigh, and went away; but the largest hearing the door shut, went to the window, and seeing her running in that manner, cried out, "Good bye, mother," in a voice so tender that she involuntarily stopped. "Good bye, mother," repeated the other child, stretching his little hand out of the window; and thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled for a time to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on; at length the latter conquered, and amid a flood of tears and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her. She recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more. Surely nothing can equal the heart of a mother. How pathetic the ex-

pressions of a poor woman on hearing her parish priest relate the story of Abraham's offering his son Isaac as a sacrifice. Ah! God would certainly never have required such a sacrifice of a mother.

From the New Haven Register.

TO — — —

Farewell, sweet bride, my sister dear,
Farewell, farewell to thee—
'Tis over now, and thou art his,
May he prove kind to thee—
While at the altar thou didst stand
In all thy beauty shined,
I thought, how strong thy love for him,
To leave us all behind.

A placid smile dwelt on thy face,
A look of happiness;
It told of confidence in him,
And hopes of earthly bliss.
Save once—thy mother sobb'd aloud—
Methought thou trembled then,
But scarce a moment pass'd, ere came
The happy smile again.

O may that smile ne'er be effaced
And may that placid brow
Ne'er bear the marks of anxious care,
But ever be as now.
I wish thee all the happiness
That mortal can enjoy;
Sweet sister bride, may happiness
Be thine without alloy

But O! my sister sometimes think
Of those thou leav'st behind;
Thy father, mother, brothers, and
Thy sisters, not less kind:
'Tis true, the chosen of thy heart
May prove all these to thee,
But who can fill thy place, or be
A sister such as thee? ADA.

Jan. 8, 1839.

MORNING.

God of the heavens, how beautiful thy works!
On the horizon's utmost verge a gleam
Of light is breaking, 'tis the morn's first beam:
Misty and faint it seems—but O, there lurks
A world of beauty there; behold it now!
Is the Eternal City's pavement seen,
Inlaid with gems, like colors from the bow
Of promise?—sapphire, and emerald green,
Ruby and amethyst, their radiance spread.
Night's queen is lost, and Phosphor fades from sight,
Drown'd in the splendor of Morn's glorious light,
This beauty, Father, which thy love has shed,
Seems like the shadowing of thine angels wings,
A blessed foretaste of eternal things!

For the Ladies' Garland.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MY DAUGHTER ON HER LEAVING SWITZERLAND.

The tearful eye, the visage sad, the melancholy pace,
Too plainly tell the parting hour is come,
And while thou lingerest in my fond embrace,
The farewell trembles on thy faltering tongue.
One thought alone pervades thy gloomy brow,
Which gushing tears so sad and plainly tell:
That those loved features, which you gaze on now,
Thou'lt never see again—it is thy last farewell
That loved and venerated one, whose furrow'd cheek
Grows still more pale at separation's blight,
Now turns to God, with resignation meek,
And prays for strength, which He alone can plight.
She says the evening of her days is come,
The struggles of this life will soon be o'er,
Her morning sun is set, her pilgrimage is done:
In realms of bliss you'll meet to part no more.
Around thee stand the good and happy few,
Whose virtuous guidance led thy infant way,
They mix their blessings with the sad adieu,
And ask of God to be thy guide and stay.
Now turn thy feet from scenes of social bliss,
Flushed with fond hopes of happiness to come,
The long expected greeting, and paternal kiss,
That bids thee welcome once again at home.
New scenes now open to thy youthful mind,
The listless stranger and the din of life,
The graceful barque, and ocean wide combined,
All form to thee a strange and novel strife.
Now the proud waves of broad Atlantic bears
The barque which brings thee to thy destined home,
Now smiling peace, devoid of worldly cares,
Will join our hearts, make us a happy one.
Now He, who rules the earth and sky,
Who calms the tempest drear and wild;
O! be Thou near when danger's nigh,
Save and protect my only child. M. L.

For the Ladies' Garland.

A FAREWELL SONG.

Adieu ye green hills and ye prospects so fair,
Too soon from your view I must journey away,
But time will e'er long all those beauties repair,
That are lovely as yet, but will shortly decay.
Thou green fertile vale on the sides of the stream,
As it winds through the valley of pastures so green,
How oft shall remembrance enjoy the sweet theme,
Of the kind social friends in this visit I've seen.
May the blessings of heaven on your valley descend,
And the sun-beams still glow on your mountains
around,
From all dangers and ills may its goodness defend,
And may peace in your borders forever be found.
Adieu ye green hills of the forest adieu,
To scenes of commotion and bustle I'll stray,
But my friends in the shade of the forest I'll view,
And shall think of you often when far, far away.
Carnarvon, Berks co., 11th mo., 1838. E.

THE LADIES' GARLAND.

Vol. II.

A WREATH OF MANY FLOWERS.

No. 9.

LIFT UP THINE EYES AFFLICTED SOUL!
BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LIFT up thine eyes afflicted soul!
From earth lift up thine eyes,
Though dark the evening shadows roll,
And daylight beauty dies;
One sun is set—a thousand more
Their rounds of glory run,
Where science leads thee to explore,
In every star a sun.

Thus, when some long loved comfort ends,
And nature would despair,
Faith to the heaven of heaven ascends,
And meets ten thousand there;
First faint and small, then clear and bright,
They gladden all the gloom,
And stars, that seem but points of light,
The rank of suns assume.

ON THE VALUE OF TIME TO THE YOUNG.
BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

As nothing truly valuable can be obtained without industry, so there can be no persevering industry without a sense of the value of time. The Psalmist makes the *numbering of our days*, antecedent to the application of the heart to wisdom. And well does it become us to adopt his prayer, "teach us to number our days."

As the nature of many bodies is best discovered by the examination of their smallest portions, so a just estimate of time is most correctly formed, by weighing its hours and moments. Dr. Franklin urges upon those who would be adepts in economy the care of *half-pence*: those who would make the most of life, must not despise its *half hours*. The Italian philosopher was wise, who affixed to his study-door, the inscription, "*Time is my estate*. If I lose an hour, I shall incur a debt

which I can never pay." Bishop Taylor, in his "Holy Living," recommends that at the striking of every clock we should recall the manner in which the past hour was spent, and by an aspiration of the heart, invoke divine aid for the right use of the one on which we enter.

Useful and regular employment of time, should be cultivated, for the sake of the happiness which it imparts. Industry is the alimment of health, cheerfulness, and contentment. "Idle persons," says Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, "whatever be their age, sex, or condition, however rich, well-allied, or fortunate, can never be well, either in body or mind." The disuse of our faculties, creates an inability to command them. Indolence, like rust, adheres to and corrodes all the mental machinery. Health, quiet repose, and a tranquil spirit, depend essentially upon a proper improvement of time. "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet," said an inspired observer of human nature.

Whatever overcomes our native sloth, and confirms a habit of regular industry, is a blessing. Thus, the loss of property, by arousing the young to effort, and teaching them the necessity of self-dependence, often discovers energies which they were ignorant of possessing, and instead of being deplored as a misfortune, opens new avenues to respectability and happiness.

Next to entire indolence, is that lassitude of character, which inertly and carelessly performs just so much as cannot be escaped from, and thus loses all the comfort which springs from a cheerful and faithful discharge of duty. "*Do a thing well*," is the maxim of Robert Hall, "whatever it may be, and then *learn to do it in the least possible time*. The persevering use of short intervals of time,

has sometimes accomplished much. Madame de Genlis mentions, that the Chancellor d'Agnesseau was an example of turning every moment, as far as possible, to some account. "Observing that Madame de Agnesseau was in the habit of delaying ten or twelve minutes, before she came down to dinner, he composed a work in that period, that he might not lose an instant: and the result was, at the end of fifteen years, a book, in three large volumes, quarto, which has gone through several editions, and is much esteemed." Erasmus imputed many of his attainments in science, to the diligent improvement of the interstices of time. The habit of early-rising naturally connects itself with this branch of our subject. None who realize the importance of this brief existence, can yield their morning hours to slothful waste. Those hours, so free from interruption, so full of the freshness of renovated life, should be sacred to devotion, to mental application, to cheerful industry. There is a sweet and innocent satisfaction, in finding ourselves prepared for rational pursuits, with the early light, beginning our course of utility and happiness, ere others have risen from their lethargy of sleep. Almost all females who have been distinguished for domestic industry, and men who have attained eminence by scientific or literary research, have, in the words of the wise king, "risen while it was yet night." Dr. Paley, commenced, while in college, the custom of rising at five, in which he persisted through life. Dr. Parkhurst, the philologist, rose at the same hour, and in winter made his own fire. For many of the valuable works of Dr. Doddridge, the world is indebted to his perseverance in rising at four. The indefatigable John Wesley pursued the same habit; so also did Bishop Jewell, Bishop Burnet, and Sir Thomas More. The latter, in the preface to his "Utopia," mentions that the time devoted to its composition, had been deducted from sleep and from his meals. Buffon overcame the obstacles of habit, and an almost irresistible desire for sleep, in order to become an early riser. Finding himself unable to wake at the hour he had designated, he promised a reward to his servant, for arousing and forcing him to leave his bed. The servant persisted with great resolution, until his master had conquered his love of morning slumbers, and Buffon, with an interesting frankness, says, "to his unwearied perseverance, is the world indebted for my work on *Natural History*." Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, the learned translator of Epictetus, evinced great firmness and determination in subduing an almost lethargic disposition for sleep, and succeeded in rescuing the morning hours for her studies. But the time would fail me to enumerate those who have rendered them-

selves eminent, and have found a diligent improvement of the morning hours conducive to that eminence.

It will usually be found necessary, that early rising be sustained by regularity in the hour of retiring. It may be accurately ascertained what portion of sleep is requisite for the constitution, and this point should be so arranged, that the morning hours may be left free. It is the opinion of physicians, that most people indulge themselves in more sleep than nature demands. Mrs. Martha Laurens Ramsay, whose performances in every department of domestic and intellectual effort were so astonishingly great, supposed five hours, a sufficient allotment for repose. It is probable that no rule of universal application can be given, though it would be well to keep always in mind, that late hours are destructive of the bloom and spirits of the young. So convinced were our ancestors of this, and that early rising with all its benefits, and all its bearings upon thrift and industry, was closely connected with early retiring, that they established the custom of dismissing, at the hour of nine, their households to repose. Even in the most aristocratic families in New England, the guests departed, and the young gathered to their homes, at the striking of the bell for nine, with almost as much precision as our Saxon progenitors displayed, in extinguishing their lights at the sound of the curfew. At the *first* New Year's Levee, given by our *first* President, when these United States, with their newly organized government, *first* took their place among nations, amid all the courtliness which graced the festival, and all the heart thrilling associations which clustered around it, exactly at the hour of nine, Madam Washington rose, and said, with perfect dignity—"The General retires at nine, and I usually precede him." The splendid assembly immediately dispersed, nor was it deemed indecorous in the simplicity of our primitive republic, not to throw wide the flood-gates of fashion, and to turn night into day. This anecdote is given on the authority of Mr. John Pintard, of New York, whose memory is rich in historical and antiquarian wealth.

But it will be to little purpose that you rise and retire with regularity, unless you observe order in the distribution of your time. Have as far as possible an allotted period in the day, for reading, for needle work, and for social duties. It will be proper that you consult your parents, and older members of the family, respecting this system, and that by discretion you prevent its interference with the convenience of others: but having once established it, let nothing lightly turn you from its observance. "Order is heaven's first law," said a celebrated poet. It ought surely to be the adopted precept of woman. I hope that you

are in the habit of seeing that every article of your own, is in good condition, and in its proper place. This is comparatively easy, while your department of care is limited, and should the charge of a family devolve upon you, will be found a profitable preparation for more complicated duties. It is an authorized mode of reasoning, that she who is "faithful over a few things," will not disappoint her friends, when "made ruler over many things."

The late President Dwight, used to assure his students, that they could not study well in a disordered room. It might be well for females to inquire if their minds do not sometimes take a coloring, from the confusion of articles by which they are surrounded. "A place for every thing, and every thing in its place," is the first letter in the alphabet of a housekeeper. I trust no young lady will despise it for its quaintness and homeliness. It has affinity with comfort and respectability. It is a branch of a well regulated character. It is an antidote to that desultoriness of mind, for which our sex are so often reproached.—The maxim of the Duke of Newcastle, "Do one thing at a time," would be a good motto for a female. It is somewhat expanded by Cecil, "Every person should aim to do one thing well. If he dissipate his attention on several objects, he may have excellent talents entrusted to him; but they will turn to no good end. By neglecting this rule, I have seen frivolity and futility written on minds of great power; and, by regarding it, very limited minds may be found acting in the first rank of their profession."

Permit me to caution you against *being in a hurry*. It is always ungraceful, usually uncomfortable to others, and frequently destructive of its own plans. It has passed into an aphorism, that those who are most in a hurry perform least. Order, punctuality, and not burdening one's self with impossibilities, are the best preventives of hurried intellect, and wasted spirits. The mind has lost its balance when it is in a hurry, and like a planet out of its sphere, is very apt to disconcert the orbits of others.

"Method," says Mrs. Moore, is the very hinge of business, and there can be no method without punctuality." These precepts cannot be taught too early in life, or impressed so strongly. Punctuality in the slightest matter, in every engagement to others, in every promise to a child, should be strictly regarded. "Every child," says Dwight in his *Theology*, "should be taught to pay all his debts, to fulfil all his contracts exactly in the manner, completely in the value, punctually at the time. Every thing which he has borrowed, he should be obliged to return unimpaired, at the time specified; and every thing belonging to others which he has lost, he

should be required to replace." Were these rules strictly enforced in education there would be less of suffering in society from disregard of obligations.

Want of punctuality is injustice; we have no right to intrench upon the time of others by our negligence. It is like taking their purse, because our own is empty. "Time is money," said a sage, already quoted; ladies are often deficient in punctuality, from not taking note of the passage of time. "I forgot to look at the clock," or, "My watch is out of order," are reasons often carelessly given to a friend, who may have been waiting with her hat on, for half an hour or more, and hindered from business of importance, by this engagement with a thoughtless companion.—The habit of excuse is thus formed, and it is a dangerous habit, for it sometimes deals in exaggeration, and even taxes invention.—"He who is good at making excuses," says a sententious writer, "is seldom good at any thing else."

Establish a habit of always knowing the day of the month, and the hour of the day.—it is less of a trifle than it may appear to be. I have known some young people often ignorant of the day of the week, and have considered it a bad indication.

I would recommend as a useful custom, attention to anniversaries. The recurrence of your own birth-day, and the opening of the New-Year, are the simplest links in this chain. These are naturally suggested as seasons for reviewing the past, and adopting good resolutions for the future. A list of the birthdays of your relatives and particular friends, might be the means of enlivening your kind affections, and affording you pleasing and useful opportunities of expressing them. To recollect, and mention of your own accord, the birthday of any person, with those kind wishes which such an occasion prompts, is always felt to be a delicate and grateful attention.

To treasure up the anniversaries of events in history and biography, subversions of government, changes of empire, eras in the progress of literature, science and the arts, inventions and discoveries of importance to mankind, periods of the birth and death of distinguished individuals, serve both to strengthen the memory, and to supply interesting themes for conversation. I was once acquainted with a young lady, who, while at school, prepared a book for containing these dates, allotting several pages to each month, and a space of ten lines, for every day in the year. So persevering was she in this gleaming process, that but few days were left in her calendar unsignalized, and round some of them, many events clustered. It appeared to me a custom worthy of imitation, for it supplied objects of profitable discourse with her

associates, and served to deepen their knowledge both of history and chronology.

There is still another practice which turns attention to the passage of time, and also conveys a moral lesson to the heart. This is to record the days on which any dispensation of Providence, either joyous or afflictive, has marked your own history, or that of any who are dear to you; and on the return of those days, to retrace their attendant circumstances, the effects they have produced, and the change of feeling, or improvement of character, which may have occurred in the interval. Distinctness of recollection is thus promoted; the visitations of the Almighty, which might otherwise be lost in a monotonous blank, lift up their warning heads on the pathway of life, and the heart is softened and instructed by this record of the discipline of heaven.

The principal advantage of all these regulations is to fix the eye of the mind steadily on the never staying flight of time, that from its fleetness we may learn its value, and from its value fear its loss. Let us listen to the wisdom of "Dr. Johnson, on this deeply interesting subject. "The certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be much shorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every one to the active prosecution of whatever he is desirous to perform. It is true that no diligence can ensure success; death may intercept the swiftest career, but he who is cut off in the execution of a good undertaking has at least the honor of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle though he missed the victory."

Suffer me, dear young friends, to admonish you, by the dangers of indolence both to body and soul, by the duties and blessings of industry, and by the dread accountabilities of this brief existence, to improve well your fleeting hours, and now in the morning and seed-time of that life whose harvest is eternity, to "for-sake the foolish and live, and go in the way of understanding."

Guard against those invaders who would rob you of your time, and leave no equivalent for its loss. It is no excuse for you, that others devote their days to unprofitable pursuits, or trifle them away in light amusements.

If you would know the value of an hour, stand by the death-bed of one suddenly smitten, but with whom the great intent of life is still unfulfilled. Broken plans, unfinished designs, are strewn around in fragments of distressful thought. Hopes, desires, delights, are as water spilled upon the ground, not to be gathered up again. There might have been a sufferer whom he intended to relieve, an ignorant and erring child whom he would have educated, a friend, from whose heart the impression of unkindness is not wiped away,

a benefactor, whose favors he has been too careless to acknowledge, too ungrateful to repay. Gladly would he perform these duties, and supply these omissions. *But there is no time.* He is pursued by that pale enemy who never gave his victim an hour. Out of the great mass of squandered time, which like a mountain frowns on the parting soul, might he but rescue *one day*, how sedulously would every moment be devoted. *But he must needs die;* the work of life cannot be performed, when the sable wings of the messenger of death overshadow us. When that half hour shall come to us, may we not have the sorrow of mispent time, to sharpen the pang of the breaking heart-strings, and the agony of the last farewell, but may the memories of our departed years throng around our dying pillow with an angel's smile.

Though we may sometimes attempt to justify ourselves for the waste of time by the example of our companions, each one of us, at the bar of the Judge, must give strict account of the gifts he has lent us, and of our own stewardship. So, "he that is wise, shall be wise for himself, but he that scorneth, he alone shall bear it."

That I might, if possible, enforce the importance of a just estimate, and diligent use of time, I have alluded to the opinions and examples of some who have been distinguished for these virtues. I might easily have multiplied such instances. But I would not fatigue the patience of those whom it is my heart's desire to serve. Let me therefore conclude in the words of that Sacred Book which we love: "*The time is short: and the grave approacheth, in which there is neither wisdom, nor knowledge, nor device.*"

For the Ladies' Garland.

WINTER.

Dreary Winter, cold and cheerless,
Hast thou brought no charms for me;
Once I thought thy evenings peerless,
Then my heart was light and free.

Then kind faces smiled around me,
Then soft accents soothed each woe;
Adverse gales, alas, have found me,
Laid the friends that lov'd me low.

Dreary storms around are raging,
Dreary sights around are seen;
Still the past my thoughts engaging,
Some bright moments intervene.

Recollections warm and holy,
Of the dear ones gone to rest,
Sooth and cheer the melancholy
That would else invade my breast.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

THE SOUL.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

Say, wouldst thou know the human soul ?

That deep unfathomable wonder ?

There's but one power its thoughts can know,

And drive its inmost depths asunder.

That its destined for joy or woe,

Its every thought, its longings, show

For it will soar when nature dies,

Far through unknown immensities.

It is a spark of heavenly flame,

Struck by God's hand, himself the same ;

When freed by the decree of death,

Where goes it with the parting breath ?

When first it bursts its prison bars,

Say, does it start beyond the stars ?

Or pause a moment to survey

The wonders of that new found way ?

Vast thought ! vast prospect ! which to scan,

Is far beyond the reach of man ;

When first it leaves this suffering clay,

It onward flies, it cannot stay.

It drops its cumbrous shackles free,

Uxulting in new liberty,

It leaves this body far behind,

Death cannot chain "the immortal mind."

LANCASTER COUNTY, 1838.

THE EARLY DEAD.

"Leaves have their time to fall,

And flowers to wither in the north wind's breath,

And stars to set—but all,

Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death !"

I never shun a grave-yard. To my mind there is something inexpressibly soothing in its solemn walks and silent tombs. Side by side there sleeps friend and foe ; ambition is stilled ; genius has lost its sway ; beauty has passed to nothingness ; the earth is no longer their abiding place, for they have out-soared its clouds, and we remain awhile to mourn over their tombs, and to embalm their memory in the purest sanctuary of the heart. This is the fit place for contemplation. Let those who have seen,

"The bark so richly freighted with their love,"

sink slowly beneath the wave—let those who have seen the sick bed changed to the death-bier, and followed the lost one to the silent mansions of the departed, go there and meditate. It is there that the dim hosts of Hope and Joy and Love raise up at the same bidding of memory ; it is there that the stricken heart goes down into the sweet hours of the past, and the beings who had lent a sunlight to our youth, the love that had fal-

len upon our hearts, the dew from the bright urn of heaven, the smiles that had brightened the solitary paths of manhood, come back from the land of dreams, re-open the ivory gates of life, and hold out to us the garden of earth—the anticipation of an eternity of happiness and peace.

During the summer that has just passed, I visited a school-mate, residing some twenty miles in the country. A few days after my arrival, I strolled out into the woods. It was a clear summer's evening. The last rays of the setting sun shone upon the calm and waveless waters of a small stream that dashed through the thick woods, and wandered on through one of the loveliest landscapes that ever met the eye of man. By the side of the stream I walked until the shades of night were gathering over the earth, and was about to return, when I came in sight of a cottage—a strange place for so neat a dwelling, I thought. It was situated on a gentle rise of ground, and clustering around its door and windows, were many vines and bushes, the honey-suckle, sweet-briar, lilach and laburnum. Every thing around it bespoke rest and happiness. Near the door was a rustic bench, on which were seated an aged couple ; and a young and very beautiful girl, completed in this scene the very poetry of cottage life.

Full of many pleasant thoughts I returned to my present home, and that night attended a little party with my friend. We had scarcely entered the room before I recognised in one of the dancers the beautiful cottage girl whom I had seen in my ramble. I was soon introduced to her. She seemed about seventeen, and never had I beheld such fascinating beauty. Her's was indeed a countenance

"Too fair for worship, too divine for love."

The blood could almost be seen coursing beneath her cheeks. Her dark lustrous eyes seemed the home of some mischievous fay, and every glance a wave of its magic wand. Her hair clustered in natural ringlets around a forehead like ivory, and was entwined with the summer's fairest flower. Her voice was like the glad gay notes of a bird singing merrily from the evening skies, and as she moved in the dance she seemed a wandering Peri, which the spell-bound gazer expected every moment to float away to its paradise. Have you seen a butterfly waving its wings against the breeze ? Have you seen a rose leaf ere the lip of morn had kissed away its sparkling dew ? Have you seen the fleet antelope wildly bounding over its native hills. She was lighter, fresher, wilder than them all. The hours winged by, and I was still listening to the full rich voice, the sweet words,

and the touching sentiments of my fair companion. Her mind was a spring of crystal waters; and her thoughts were like the element which, borne above the earth, partakes not of its mists and impurities. There was something so rare and beautiful in them, that long after she had ceased, and her voice had been hushed forever, they thrilled upon my heart "like the remembered tones of a mute lyre."

I called at the cottage next morning, but could not see her, as she was confined with a slight cold. Day after day I called, and she had not recovered. The sixth day came, and I again walked towards the house. As I approached it the physician whom I had seen in attendance, passed out, and I could see that his face was stained with tears. The aged mother stood in the door, and the traces of tears were also visible on her withered cheeks. I enquired after the daughter, and without a word she led me into the sick chamber. With a gentle hand she drew the curtain of the bed aside, and I beheld the bright girl whom I had met but a few days before in the flush of health, but ah! how wasted? The voice with which she welcomed me was faint and indistinct; her eyes were dull, her cheek was pale and hollow, and moist with death dew. It was a fearful and sickening sight. Day succeeded day until another week had gone, and I was often at her side. At length, all hope of recovery passed away. I shall never forget her appearance when this was told her. The recollection of that despairing look is forever treasured in memory. In a short time, however, she spoke of death calmly. "I know that I am dying," she said one evening, "but I am prepared. I feel my breath growing fainter, and I must say that mine is not a bitter fate. Perhaps my life would be a long fellowship of pain and sorrow, to which the grave is preferable. Yet I cannot die without a murmur. The valley where I have so often wandered, the tree under whose branches I have set, the flowers that I have tended, the star that I have watched, the mother that I have loved, the father whose eye has brightened at my approach, ah! it is a bitter thing to part with them, to bid adieu to all I love on earth, and sink into the grave with none to gladden me: but it must be so."

The next day was the sabbath. I arrived at the cottage early. The stars had faded one by one from the sky, and the sun was just rising over the dim and distant mountains. The dew covered scythe lay untouched on the grass; the laboring bee had not yet left its golden hive. All was silent; not a breath stirred the slumbering leaves, or the drooping

flowers. The old forest and the rushing stream were

"Quiet as a nun,
Breathless with adoration."

I stole softly into the room. There lay the cottage girl with her head buried in the pillow, and her hair falling in careless clusters upon her bosom. Alas! the breath was stilled; the eye had looked its last upon earth. The garlands of life had been sundered, and her gentle spirit had passed to its far home in heaven. They buried her in a green and pleasant place. The stream on whose grassy banks she had spent the April of her life, passes by her grave, and the old trees beneath which rang her merry laugh, overshadow it like a temple. And often have I left the noise and strife of the living world around me, and sought that quiet grave, from which has arisen a whisper of something dearer than all this wide and teeming earth, the whisper of an immortality beyond the tomb.

I have beheld woman in many a scene. I have seen her when she first treads the paths of pleasure, as her eye trembled and her cheek was flushed with hope; I have seen her versed in all the pageantry of fashion, in the halls of mirth, panting for conquest, and eager for praise; in the still night, through glade and by waterfall, I have wandered with beauty at my side, and by the curtained bed I have viewed her ministering to the sick, and to the dying breathing words which fall upon the ear like choicest music. I have seen loveliness in all its angel forms, yet never did it awaken such a thrill as when I first beheld the fair girl of whom I have spoken. But in her young years, with her affections still unwithered, she had been stricken down. And such is life; a flower springs up, gives out its fragrance for a moment, and then passes away, leaving no trace of its beauty on the dead waste of years.

Alas! it is nature to yearn, from our birth, after a congenial spirit—a heart to cling to through the dreary day, and a breast to rest upon in the still watches of the night. We sicken for an echo of the heart, until the tomb has closed our pilgrimage upon earth. Beauty! at thy shrine we breathe the purest worship of the heart; awhile the great ocean of life is calm, the tempest comes, the bark is shattered, the hopes that dawned upon the soul disappear in the sable gloom of Death.

P.

As the face of the sunflower follows the life-imparting beams of the heavens from east to west, and when it cannot longer imbibe the rays of the glorious orb, droops its head, so follows the eye of an exile the light of his country.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

AIR.—“*The Soldier’s Tear.*”

Upon the world he turns
 A careless, scornful eye,
 And weeps to think, though frail its joys,
 How many for them sigh.
 Fair Pleasure’s syren sounds
 Charm not his pious ear,
 With sin he strives,—for friends that fall
 He meekly drops a tear.

His banner is the cross,
 His lance a holy prayer,
 His shield true faith,—the only arms
 The Saviour deigned to bear.
 And should he e’er prove weak,
 Corruption seem too dear,
 To God he lifts his sorrowing heart,
 And dries the bitter tear.

Go, view the foremost seat
 In the realms of bliss above,
 Where the saints proclaim eternal praise,
 To the Prince of peace and love.
 Behold! those angels bright,
 Receive the soldier there—
 His work fulfilled,—his perils past,—
 He sheds no more a tear.

THE COUSINS.

It was an early hour of a clear, cold evening in December, that two—whom we wish to introduce to you gentle reader—were seated in an elegantly furnished room of a handsome mansion in Broadway. The shaded lamps and bright coal fire in a polished grate, sent out their steady light over the glowing colors of the thick, soft Turkey carpet, which yielded noiselessly to the footstep—the marble tables and ornaments—the rich mirrors—the tea equipage of gilt china, and the heavy curtains of satin damask, which falling over tightly closed shutters, kept from the favored inmates all sight or sense of the piercing air without. The youngest of these favored ones reclined in a careless attitude upon an ottoman of cut velvet, with one arm resting upon a table loaded with annals and bijouterie, and one hand supporting her head, while the other held a volume which had been opened at chapter first long enough to show that the author’s commencement was not so interesting as soon to fix her wandering thoughts upon the creation of his fancy. She was in dishabille, but beautiful, though looking pale and weary—a belle unadorned and tired of a day spent in listless doing-nothingness. Her companion was a lady also; but not young, and apparently not in rude health, though still good looking, and her delicate fingers were

busily employed with her silken net work. Mrs. Howard was the widow of a millionaire, and the fair Catherine was her only child.

The door opened and another claiming our notice joined the group. She was younger than Catherine, and more slightly formed, and her beauty was not so striking—still she was lovely; but it was the loveliness of expression more than of feature, for you knew not whether her eyes were blue or grey, when meeting their soft intelligent glance, and thought not of the pretty mouth and chiselled lips while listening to the liquid melancholy which flowed from them. Her dress was a white merino richly embroidered. An ermine pelerine had slipped off the right shoulder, displaying a white throat, round which was a string of pearls, and her brown hair was smoothly braided, entwining a bunch of lily of the valley. The sweet girl looked fresh and happy, and her name was Viola.

“Tea waits for you, cousin,” said Catherine, lifting her eyes from the book which she was not reading, “but I did not think that you were at the toilet. This is a most ungenteel hour to be arrayed for the ball, and I fear your dress will hardly pass muster with the ton; why did you not ask my advice? though I must confess the whole effect is fine, and you really look well, Viola, and not at all like a country girl.”

“A compliment from cousin Kate!” said she, clapping her hands and dropping a graceful courtesy. “But I shall dance like a country girl, I do so love the exercise. It truly troubled me to see the young ladies who were here last night, after a cotillion was got up to amuse, lounging through the figure as if they thought themselves to dance. — Any objection to this dress will be useless, for my thoughtful father prescribed it in case of a ball. You know he is a physician, and unless I had promised faithfully to follow all prescriptions while away from his vigilant care, I should not have been permitted to make you this short visit at the season of dissipation. I suppose it matters little how soon we are ready, so we join not the gay circle till an orthodox hour, and I am thus early that I may read to my dear aunt while you are dressing; but come take a look from the window. The moon is full, and as Willis says, ‘there seems nothing between her and the earth but palpable glittering cold.’ If I was home now, what a grand night for a sleigh-ride.”

While seated at the tea-table, Viola suddenly exclaimed, “Why, what is the matter, cousin Catherine, you look very pale!” Her mother replied that she seemed attacked with a serious cold, and that she had been urging her to give up the dance.

“Do not go, Kate, I beg of you! Let us

stay here, and Edward shall spend the evening with us, and we will all be social and happy. Then you will not get sick; my dear aunt will be saved many hours of watching, and Viola will escape being laughed at by the fashionable."

But Kate was wistful; and ringing the bell ordered Nancy to bring her fur-lined cloak, that she might not freeze in going to her room, and attend her thither, and when the process of dressing was completed she dismissed the girl, forbidding any one to disturb her till the carriage came, and gave the waiting moments to vain and bitter fancies. She was decked in the usual quantity of lace and satin, which goes to make a gala dress; the ruby and diamond upon her snowy fingers flashed back the changing light, and gems glittered in her dark redundant tresses. She had taken wine to raise her spirits, the paleness of her cheek had given place to the flush of fever, and her large flashing eyes were full of lustre. She drew the costly cashmere more closely around her, as the cold chill which accompanies fever shook her frame, and admonished her of the rashness which heeded not its warnings.—There was one powerful motive of action which led to this thoughtless trifling with health. The brilliant Catherine was a careless coquette; but she whose wealth and beauty had led so many captives in her train, was now herself enslaved. Edward Gordon, of the navy, had been in port but a few days, after a three year's cruise, and no little share of his time was given to the fair cousins. Left an orphan in boyhood to the guardianship of the father of Viola, he had resided under the same roof till the world called him forth to seek name and fortune among his fellows; and now he was rejoiced to find the playmate of his childhood in the city to gladly welcome his return, and more than realizing in her improved mind, and expanded charms, all that his dreams or hopes had pictured.

The proud Catherine's heart had been won unsought by her handsome and gallant cousin, though she soon saw with pain his partiality for Viola; but trusting to the power of charms which had hitherto been exerted only from a love of conquest, and believing now her heart was interested they could not fail: she determined—as he was to leave for the country on the morrow and join his vessel at another port—to-night to put forth all her witchery, and show herself the star of the ascendant.

Meanwhile the gentle Viola had read an interesting tale to her aunt, conversed upon its beauties, and meditated upon its moral, till her head sunk upon the table, even at the risk of disarranging her brown hair's smoothness, and she slept. Her dreams were not of feathers, or diamonds, or conquest; but of father, mother, and home.

The door opened, and Edward entered unannounced. Casting a smiling look at his aunt, and putting his finger to his lips in token of silence, he stood for a moment contemplating the sleeper ere his musical voice pronounced the name of 'Viola.' She started, exclaiming, "I am ready, dear father!" at first unconscious of her situation, but Edward's gay greeting soon brought her senses and blushes in requisition.

"Ah coz! you are the first lady I ever caught dreaming other than waking dreams before the ball. I congratulate you upon your composure; it is the more remarkable as this is to be your first appearance on any public stage; but here comes our cousin Kate the peerless.

'The rose in her tresses her bright cheek defies,
The diamonds she wears are dark to her eyes!'"

"Undoubtly! if you keep in their wake, though the course may be erratic. They have been trying to persuade me to stay moping at home this evening, and humor a slight cold, but I am obstinate. Viola shall prescribe for me on our return; you know she professes to be a proficient in the preparation of simples."

"Yes, and I can testify from experience that she practises as well as professes, for never in my boyish days did I bump my head, or scratch my finger, but she was ready with opodeldoc and balsam. Ah Viol! how many times have I vexed you by gallantly kissing the careful fingers that bound up my wounds!"

"Yes," she answered with an arch smile, "you were ever an impertinent youth; but my motto is 'forget and forgive.'"

"Forgive my many faults, dear cousin, but forget not those golden days which will never return; but come my fair lily and the rose, 'the glorious rose,' the swift-sliding sleigh waits your pleasure, and it is late, fashionably late. Muffle your face for the air is sharp as a knife, and 'the rays of moonlight are almost visibly splintering with the keenness of the frost.' It chills even me who have experienced the changes of many climates—who have felt the hottest air of the desert, and been ice-bound for months amid the gloomy solitudes of the polar seas."

"O, Edward! I shudder to think of it, did you not suffer extremely?"

"Nay Viola! not much—though I occasionally wished myself any where else, but I had my comforts.

'In the desert a fountain was springing,
In the wide waste there still was a tree;
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which spoke to my spirit of thee.'"

They soon joined the gay group already collected—gay did I say? They were not all

they, though they might have seemed so to a superficial observer; but there was the languid step and weary look of satiety, roses wreathed the brow of care, jewels and glittering bands oppressed the aching head, and disappointed hearts beat beneath the satin bodice. Among the shining galaxy moved the peerless Catherine, the centre of attraction, thus observed of all observers. Her lavish smiles and flashing wit were merciless in their execution, and even Edward's head was almost turned by her fascinations. Viola, too, escaped not without a share of admiration; there was something so lovely and new in her manners, and simplicity in her dress, and grace in her gliding step, that many eyes followed her, while she remained totally unconscious of observation. Her spirits, naturally joyous, were raised by the excitement of the scene, and she moved and looked the embodied genius of happiness.

There was a pause, and Viola requested Edward to look for Catherine's shawl. He brought it, and she permitted him to wrap it around her, but soon threw it off, saying she could not endure it for the heat. They passed to the supper room, and the table was loaded with tempting viands. The temperate Viola took only a sandwich and drank nothing, but she saw with anxiety that her cousin ate of the rich cake and preserved fruit; and was raising a glass of cold lemonade to her lips, when she lightly touched her arm, whispering, "taste it not Catherine, I beseech you!" "It will not offend me," she replied, "I am used to it," and quenched her feverish thirst with a copious draught. But a cloud was even then dimming the eye of the thoughtless beauty, the red roses forsook her cheek and lip, and her head bowed upon the shoulder of Viola. The messenger of death had visited that gala-throng, and to her only had he spoken, even there mid that scene of triumph marking her for his own.

They carried her home to her weeping mother, and laid her upon the couch which she left not till borne to the grave; though she awoke from the death-like fainting fit and lingered several days, during which the mind of the death-stricken girl was led to the contemplation of holy things, and she sought and obtained that peace which the world cannot give. She requested to see Edward; and taking his hand joined it with Viola's, saying, may you be happy together—I know you love him my cousin, though you have not yet acknowledged it, even in your own heart. I sought to win his love from thee, and become a thorn in thy pathway. O, forgive me the sin, and may heaven bless you with all needed blessings; and amid your happiness banish not wholly the memory of the erring but penitent Catherine. Mother! dear mother! rest my head upon your bosom, and let me hold the

hand which would have led me in the right path, but I refused to follow. I have not been all that a daughter should, but I know you love me, and when I am gone your heart will be desolate; but there is balm in Gilead for the deepest affliction, and He, who calls me hence will be your comforter. It is hard for one so young to think of death with composure; to leave the pleasant earth and all who love us, for the still and narrow tomb.—But heaven has ordered it, and I pray for resignation; we must part here that we may meet hereafter. I see you no longer my friends, mine eyes are darkened; Viola! Edward! dear mother, farewell! Viola's tears fell fast, and she bent to kiss the wan lips already cold in death. A slight convulsion passed over the features, but it was so quickly succeeded by an expression so soft and sweet, you would have thought "she is not dead but sleepeth."

"Like one who folds the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Come hither, ye seekers after pleasure! ye who are chasing the deceitful phantom which recedes before you—come to the grave of Catherine Howard, and learn to trifle not with health which is more precious than beauty; and that she, whose eye lights up with the smile of contentment at home, is far happier than the idol of fashion, or the brilliant coquette with her countless conquests.

For the Ladies' Garland.

AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION.

All nature now has sunk to rest,
The wearied world lies still;
The wild bird seeks her early nest,
High on some distant hill.

There's not a cloud or breeze disturbs
Sweet nature's calm repose,
The Zephyr's closed his weary wing,
And sleeps beneath the rose.

Methinks 'twas on a night like this,
When first the high command,
That form'd the everlasting hills,
And placed them where they stand.

Superior beings saw and gazed
On that transcendent scene;
The mountains and the mighty floods,
The fields in living green.

No earthly sound as yet was heard,
To break that silence deep;
For scarce were called the morning stars,
From their eternal sleep.

But soon a distant sound was heard,
Of holy, heavenly mirth;
Celestial creatures walk'd and sang,
The anthem of its birth.

Since then six thousand tedious years,
 Their weary course have ran;
 Creation's charms are still as fair,
 As when they first began.

And ever thus it still shall be,
 Till nature's awful wane;
 But then the blest millennium year,
 Shall make all fair again.

Sorrow and suffering then shall cease,
 And sighs be heard no more;
 Sweet spirits then shall whisper peace,
 And all the Lord adore.

Oh! glorious year! oh, haste away
 Ye tardy moments of delay;
 Bring near, bring near that joyful day,
 When heaven alone shall reign.

Lancaster county, 11th mo. 1838.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

BY DR. HUMPHREY.

In the government of a family every thing depends upon a good beginning. If you fail here, very faint is the prospect that you will ever succeed. If your first child is not well trained, and brought under entire subjection to your authority, you will find it extremely difficult to rule your household well afterwards. What can you do with the younger children, how can you expect they will reverence and obey you, when they have the example of headiness and insubordination in an elder brother constantly before their eyes? As 'one sinner destroyeth much good' in a community, so does one ungoverned child in a family; and above all if he be the *eldest*. It would be next to a miracle, if his example did not prove a permanent source of contagion.

On the other hand, if you succeed happily in the management of your first born; if he is docile, obedient, and affectionate from the cradle, he will help you exceedingly, by the influence of his example upon the minds, tempers and habits of his younger brothers and sisters. The principle or instinct of imitation, as every one knows, is much stronger in early childhood than at any other period of life: and no where is it so strong as in the domestic circle. It is the electrical wire, which the eldest holds in his hand, and by which he communicates the spark to all the rest at pleasure. If, by the blessing of God, you succeed well in your first endeavors; if the early establishment of your authority is unquestionable and unquestioned by your own fire side, the prospect is fair, that with comparatively little trouble, you will secure the cheerful obedience of all your children; but

if you stumble at the threshold, you can scarcely expect ever to recover from the shock. If you cannot mould the temper and habits of *one* child to your wishes, how can you manage *several* under all your disadvantages, arising from his bad example?

But perhaps your first born is your *only* child; and if so, you will need to be especially on your guard against the undue ascendancy of those parental yearnings, which bind it so closely to your hearts. It is a common remark, founded on observation and experience, that an only son or daughter is in great danger of suffering by too much indulgence, if not of being spoiled; and quite certain am I, that it requires more self-denial to thwart the wishes and curb the temper of an only child, than it would be if he were but one of a numerous family. If you do not watch and pray without ceasing, the dear little creature, upon whom your fondest hopes and affections are concentrated, will take undue liberties; and in one way or other, make dangerous encroachments upon that authority with which God has clothed you, and for the proper exercise of which He holds you accountable. Depend upon it, if you yield to the importunities of your son, or spare him when he does wrong, because you have but *one* and cannot bear to deny or chastise him, he is getting the master of you, to your certain retribution for unfaithfulness, and probably to his own undoing.—Say not then, he is my *all*, and therefore I cannot deny him, I cannot be severe in marking his faults; but rather say, that, as he is my *all*, it becomes me to be the more exact and faithful in the discharge of all my parental duties.

The rights and duties of parents in this regard, extend through the whole period of the child's minority. It is not enough for parents to bring their children early under proper subjection, and then leave their authority to take care of itself. There is no such executive energy in any domestic code, however wise or reasonable. The work is only commenced, when you have subdued the refractory spirit of your child. It is indeed an auspicious beginning; and if you keep the advantage which you have gained, the task will ever be comparatively easy. But you must never let go the reins. If you relax, if you leave the child after it has once yielded, to follow its own depraved inclinations, it will soon become as headstrong as ever; and if it does not get entirely beyond your reach, it may cost you infinite trouble to regain the ground which you have lost. All the natural tendencies in the minds of our children are downward; and there is no overcoming this gravitating power, but by constant effort.—"Line must be upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little."

A judicious parent will not use exactly the same means to govern a boy of eight years old, as he does to govern a child of two; nor will he deal with a grown up son of fifteen, just as he does with a lad of ten. But though the *means* will be different, the *end* is the same. The young man of twenty in his father's house, has no more right to say that he will use his own discretion, in regard to observing the rules and regulations of the family, than a child of ten; and that parent sins against God, against the community in which he lives, and against his own family, who throws up his authority before his children can safely be left to govern and take care of themselves. What a heavenly example has Jesus Christ left, for the imitation of all children, down to the end of the world. When, after three days anxious search, his parents "found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions," what did he do? Did he decline going home and being any longer under their control? No. "He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was *subject* unto them." Let every son of twelve years old, who begins to feel restive under parental authority, and, most undutifully to hanker after independence in his father's house, turn to Luke *second*, and read from the *forty-first* verse to the end of the chapter, and blush to think of the contrast between his undutifulness, and the filial obedience of the Saviour of the world.

Family government, to be well and successfully administered, must be absolute.—Gentle reader, startle not at this proposition, as some autocratical ukase in the empire of education. Pronounce it not false and dangerous, till you have taken time to think of it, and candidly to weigh the few thoughts which I have to suggest in its defence. I am sensible that nothing in the English vocabulary grates so harshly upon republican ears, as the word *absolute*. To talk of an absolute government any where, within the protection of our stars and stripes, is calculated to stir up the spirit of *seventy-six* from ocean to ocean; and to call forth a voice of denunciation louder than "seven thunders." But hear me patiently, and then judge.

Is an absolute government *necessarily* despotic and oppressive? What will you then say of the highest and most perfect government in the universe? Does not the great Father of the whole human family govern it with a perfect sway? Can any one stay his hand, or resist his will? The objection, therefore, lies not against this *form* of government, but against the almost certain *mal-administration* of it, in the hands of any earthly ruler. In an absolute monarchy, the will of the sovereign is the supreme law of the land. All

power, legislative, judicial and executive, is vested in him. If he abuses it, he is a tyrant. If he wields it to oppress the people, he is a despot. But he is not obliged to be a despot because he is absolute. He might reign in righteousness, and in all his measures have a supreme regard to the happiness of his subjects; and if such a ruler could be found, endowed with wisdom, too, equal to his virtue, we might expect that his reign would be pre-eminently beneficial and prosperous. But this there seems to be no reason to look for, till the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

Any government is absolute, where the will of the head is the supreme law; or in other words, where there is no co-ordinate powers to modify or control it. And this is what I mean, when I say that family government must be absolute:—not *tyrannical*,—not *despotic*—as far from it as possible;—but *supreme*. A patriarchal government cannot be otherwise. The moment you modify it, in any way, it ceases to be patriarchal. Every parent *must* make the laws in his own little empire, and must see that they are obeyed. This is the divine institution. Parents are placed at the head of their respective families, to *govern*, as well as to *teach* their children, and how could they govern according to their best judgment and the dictates of their consciences, if the power was partly in other hands? In what other hands could it be safely placed? Would it do to bring in the children themselves as legislators, and leave it with them to decide, what laws they would or would not sanction, by their co-ordinate vote? Could it be done by a general confederation of heads of families, within certain limits? Could parents make the laws and then refer them for approval, to the legislative authorities of the state? I need not say a word to show, that either of these expedients would be ruinous. And then, if the administration of family government is not absolute and final, how can the authority of parents be sustained for an hour? The right of appeal supposes that there is some higher power to review and reverse their decisions. Where could such a power safely be lodged? What an anomaly would it be in human jurisprudence, to see children bringing their fathers and mothers by regular process before the tribunals! But I will not enlarge. In the very nature of the case, the parental prerogative must be supreme, or family government cannot be maintained. How it ought to be *exercised* is quite another thing; and it is a question of vital importance, which I propose to consider in its proper place. But I feel well assured, that no other form of domestic government can ever succeed. In the wide range of natural rule, supreme power in the

hands of one individual is not necessary—is not safe; but every man must rule his own house, according to his best light and judgment. His children must feel that he has a right to decide in all cases; and that his will is to govern, unless it plainly contravenes some paramount moral obligation, and thus encroaches upon the sacred rights of conscience.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD AT DAY BREAK.

BY THE LATE REV. R. CECIL.

"Let me go, for the day breaketh."

Cease here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother, drown'd in woe;
Now thy kind caresses pain me—
Morn advances—let me go.

See yon orient streak appearing!
Harbinger of endless day:
Hark! a voice the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away.

Lately aunch'd, a trembling stranger,
On the world's wild boisterous flood,
Pierc'd with sorrows, tost with danger,
Gladly I return to God.

Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart find rest:
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillow than thy breast.

Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
Upward turning tow'rd their home:
Raptur'd, they'll forget all anguish,
While they wait to see thee come.

There, my mother, pleasures centre—
Weeping, parting, care, or woe
Ne'er our father's house shall enter,—
Morn advances—let me go.

As through this calm, this holy dawning,
Silent glides my parting breath,
To an everlasting morning,—
Gently close my eyes in death.

Blessings, endless, richest blessings,
Pour their streams upon thy heart!
Though no language yet possessing,
Breathes my spirit ere we part.

Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,
Though again His voice I hear;
Rise! may ev'ry grace attend thee,
Rise! and seek to meet me there.

True love is more frequent than true friendship.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.



MILTON.

While the English language is understood, *PARADISE LOST* will be read and admired; and the enraptured reader of that wonderful poem will feel a desire to know something concerning its author. John Milton was born in London, December 9th, 1608. He was designed by his parents for the clerical office, but as he grew up to manhood he imbibed strong prejudices against the discipline of the established church, and refused to officiate at her altars. In 1632 he took his degree of Master of Arts at the University of Cambridge, where he had greatly distinguished himself by his intimate acquaintance with the classic authors, and by the remarkable elegance of his Latin versifications: so much so that it was remarked by Mr. Hampton, the learned translator of Polybius, that Milton was the first Englishman who, after the revival of letters, wrote Latin verses with classic elegance: on leaving college he repaired to his father's house in the country, where he passed five years in the study of the best Greek and Roman authors, and in the composition of some of his finest miscellaneous poems, including the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, *Comus* and *Lycidas*. That his learning and talents had, at this time, attracted considerable attention, is proved by the production of the masque of *Comus*, which was written at the solicitation of the Bridgewater family, and performed at Ludlow Castle, in 1634, by some of its youthful members; as also by his *Arcades*, part of an entertainment performed before the countess of Derby, in the same manner, at Harefield. On the death of his mother, in 1637, he obtained his father's permission to visit the continent, and proceeded to Paris where he was introduced to Grotius; and thence he visited successively Florence, Rome, and Naples, in which latter capital he was kindly entertained by Manso, Marquis of Villa, the patron of Tasso. After remaining abroad for fifteen months, he returned to England, giving up his intention of visiting Sicily and Greece in consequence of hearing of the

commencement of hostilities between the King of England and the Parliament. "I esteemed it dishonorable," writes he, "for me to linger abroad, even for the improvement of my mind, while my fellow citizens were contending for their liberties at home." He hastened home to render all the assistance in his power to the party which he believed to be in the right. He espoused the side of the Parliament and the Puritans, and employed his pen in their cause with great zeal and effect. He now opened an academy and was also employed as Latin Secretary of State under Cromwell, and at this time was afflicted with blindness; that calamity having been hastened by the time and attention which he devoted to writing in defence of the ruling party in the nation. In a treatise which he published about this time on church government, he promised to undertake something, but yet he knew not what, which "might be of use and honor to his country;" a calm anticipation of great performance, which he amply redeemed by his *Paradise Lost*. This great work was composed after his withdrawal from public life, and was published in 1667. It was sold by the author for an immediate payment of five pounds: but the agreement of the book-

seller entitled him to five pounds more when thirteen hundred copies had been sold of the first edition; of the like sum after the same number of the second; and another five pounds after the same sale of the third. The number of each edition was not to exceed fifteen hundred copies. The first edition was published in ten books. In two years the sale gave the Poet a right to his second payment. The second edition was not given till 1674: and the poem now, by a judicious division of the seventh and tenth, was made to contain twelve books. Milton did not live to receive the payment stipulated for this impression. The third edition was published in 1678: and his widow, to whom the property of *Paradise Lost* then devolved, agreed with the printer to receive eight pounds for her right. After the publication of this great work, Milton wrote his *Samson Agonistes*, *Paradise Regained*, and several prose compositions. He died on Sunday, November 8th, 1674, and his remains were interred beside those of his father, in the chancel of St. Giles' church, London. He was thrice married, and, at his death, left a widow and three children who had been born to him by his first wife.

Milton had a very fine skin and fresh com-



Milton's House.

plexion. His hair was of a light brown; and, parted on the top of his head, hung down in curls upon his shoulders. His features were regular, his stature moderate, and his whole appearance dignified and engaging. His eyes were of a greyish color, full of expression, and when he was deprived of sight they did not betray their loss. At first view, and at a small distance, it was difficult to perceive that he was blind.

The prose writings of Milton are numerous, but as our limits are narrow, and as it is his poetry that constitutes the basis of his fame, we will confine our notice to his poetical productions. He was a poet of the first order, and ranks with Homer and Virgil. Of the

sublimity of his genius and the depth and variety of his learning, there can be no difference of opinion; in respect to the first, he has certainly never been surpassed, and perhaps never equalled. Had he never written *Paradise Lost*, his *Allegro*, *Penseroso*, and *Comus*, must have stamped him a poet, in the most elevated sense of the word. *Paradise Lost* long struggled with bad taste and political prejudices, before it took a secure place among the few productions of the human mind, which continually rise in estimation, and are unlimited by time or place. Addison was among the first to call public attention to its beauties, which he did, in a series of delightful papers in the *Spectator*. Since then, critics and bi-

ographers have vied with each other, in paying homage to the genius of Milton.

In the works of Milton there are many affecting references to the loss of his sight; particularly in *Samson Agonistes*, where he represents Samson as bewailing his condition, after the Philistines had put out his eyes; and in the third book of *Paradise Lost*, which opens with a most sublime apostrophe to light.

In a letter addressed to Leonard Philaris, the Athenian, and written in 1654, he thus described the manner in which he lost the power of sight.

"It is now, I think, about ten years since I perceived my vision to grow weak and dull. In the morning, if I began to read, as was my custom, my eyes instantly ached intensely; but were refreshed after a little corporeal exercise. The candles, which I looked at, seemed as it were, encircled with a rainbow. Not long after, the sight of the left part of the left eye, which I lost some years before the other, became quite obscured, and prevented me from discerning any object on that side. The sight of my other eye has now been gradually and sensibly vanishing away for about three years. Some months before it entirely perished, though I stood motionless, every thing which I looked at, seemed in motion, to and fro. A stiff cloudy vapor seemed to have settled on my forehead and temples, which usually occasions a sort of somnolent pressure on my eyes, and particularly, from dinner till evening. So that I often recollect what is said of the poet Phineus in the *Argonautics*;

A stupor deep his cloudy temples bound,
And when he walked, he seemed as whirling round;
Or in a feeble trance he sleepless lay.

I ought not to omit, that while I had any sight left, as soon as I lay down on my bed, and turned on either side, a flood of light used to gush from my closed eyelids. Then, as my sight became daily more impaired, the colors became more faint; but at present every species of illumination, being as it were extinguished, there is diffused around me nothing but darkness, or darkness mingled and streaked with an ashy brown. Yet the darkness in which I am perpetually immersed, seemed always, both night and day, to approach nearer to white than black; and when the eye is rolling in its socket, it admits a little particle of light, as through a chink, and though your physician may kindle a small ray of hope, yet I make up my mind to the malady as quite incurable; and I often reflect, that, as the wise man admonishes, days of darkness are destined to each of us. The darkness which I experience, less oppressive than that of the tomb, is owing to the goodness of the Deity, passed amid the pursuits

of literature, and the cheering salutations of friendship. And if, as is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God; why may not any one acquiesce in the privation of his sight, when God hath so amply furnished his mind and his conscience with eyes? While he so tenderly provides for me, while he so graciously leads me by the hand, and conducts me on the way, I will, since it is his pleasure, rather rejoice than repine at being blind."

Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which Milton labored, during the composition of this immortal work; encircled as he was by impenetrable darkness, we feel, while reading *Paradise Lost*, that

"———Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic.———
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair."

The Editor of the Garland will oblige by giving a place to the following lines, if found worthy.

"THE BOWER OF PRAYER."

To leave my dear friends, with my neighbors to part,
And go from my home, it affects not my heart
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day
From that blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray.

Sweet bower: where the pine and the poplar have
spread,
And wove with their branches a roof for my head;
How oft have I knelt on the evergreens there,
And pour'd out my soul to my Saviour in prayer!

The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale
Which were heard in my bower, I marked for my bell,
To call me to duty; while birds of the air
Sang anthems of praises as I went to prayer.

How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine;
But sweeter, O sweeter! superlative far,
The joys there I've tasted in answer to prayer.

For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deign'd there to meet,
And bless with his presence my lonely retreat,
Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,
Inditing with heaven's own language my prayer.

Dear bower! I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new—
Well knowing my Saviour resides every where,
And can in all places give an answer to prayer.

Ho! monarch! flushed with Glory's pride!
Thou painted, gilded thing!
Hie to the free-born Farmer's side,
And learn to be a king!

BEAUTIES OF SALATHIEL.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

NO. XIII.

I awoke in the decline of the day, as I could perceive by the yellow and orange hues that colored the thick branches above me. I was lying in a delicious recess, crowded with fruit trees; my bed was the turf, but it was soft as down; a solitary nightingale above my head was sending forth snatches of that melody, which night prolongs into the very voice of sweetness and sorrow; and a balmy air from the wild thyme and blossoms of the rose breathed soothingly even to the mind:

I had been thrown on one of the little isles that lie off Anthedon, a portion of the Philistine territory, before it was won by our hero Maccabeus. The commerce which once filled the arm of the sea near Gaza, perished in the change of masters, and silence and seclusion reigned in a spot formerly echoing with the tumult of merchant and mariner. The little isle, the favorite retreat of the opulent Greek and Syrian traders in the overpowering heats of summer, and cultivated with the lavish expenditure of commercial taste, now gave no proof of its ever having felt the foot of man, but in the spontaneous pouring out of flowers, once brought from every region of the East and West, and the exquisite fruits that still enriched its slopes and dells.

In all things else, nature had resumed her rights; the pavilions, the temples of Parian and Numidian stone, were in ruins, and buried under a carpet of roses and myrtles. The statues left but here and there a remnant of themselves, a sublime relic wreathed over in fantastic spirals by the clematis and other climbing plants. The sculptured fountain let its waters loose over the ground; and the guardian genius that hung in marble beauty over the spring, had long since resigned his charge, and lay mutilated and discolored with the air and the dew. But the spring still gushed, bounding bright between the gray fissures of the cliff, and marking its course through the plain by the richer mazes of green.

To me, who was as weary of existence as ever was galley-slave, this spot of quiet loveliness had a tenfold power. My mind, like my body, longed for rest.

Through life I had walked in a thorny path. I had winged a tempestuous atmosphere. Useless hazards, wild projects, bitter sufferings, were my portion. My affections, those feelings in which alone I could be said to live, had been made inlets of pain. The love which nature and justice won from me to my family, was perpetually thwarted

by a chain of circumstances that made me a wretched, helpless, and solitary man. What then could I do better than abandon the idle hope of finding happiness among mankind, break off the trial which must be prolonged only to my evil, and elude the fate that destined me to be an exile in the world! Yes! I would no longer be a man of suffering in the presence of its happiness; a wretch stripped of an actual purpose or a solid hope in the midst of its activity and triumph; the abhorred example of a career miserable with defeated pursuit, and tantalized with expectations, vain as the bubble on the stream!

In this stern resolve, gathering a courage from despair,—as the criminal standing on the scaffold scoffs at the world that rejects him,—I determined to exclude recollection. The spot round me was to fill up the whole measure of my thoughts. Wife, children, friend, country, to me, must exist no more. I imaged them in the tomb; I talked with them as shadows, as the graceful and lovely existences of ages past; but labored to divest them of the individual features that cling to the soul.

Lest this mystic repose should be disturbed by any of the sights of living man, I withdrew deeper into the shades which first sheltered me. It was enough for me that there was a canopy of leaves above to shield my limbs from the casual visitations of a sky, whose sapphire looked scarcely capable of a stain, and that the turf was soft for my couch. Fruits, sufficient to tempt the most luxurious taste, were falling round, and the waters of the bright rivulet, scooped in the rind of citron and orange, were a draught that the epicure might envy. I was utterly ignorant on what shore of the Mediterranean I was thrown, farther than that the sun rose behind my bower, and threw his western lustre on the waveless expanse of sea that spread before it to the round horizon.

But no man can be a philosopher against nature. With my strength, the desire of exertion returned. My most voluptuous rest became irksome. Memory would not be restrained; the flood-gate of thought opened once more; and to resist the passion for the world, I was driven to the drudgery of the hands. I gathered wood for the winter's fuel in the midst of days when the sun poured fire from the heavens; I attempted to build a hut beside grottoes that a hermit would love; I trained trees, and cultivated flowers, where the soil threw out all that was rich in both with exhaustless prodigality.

But no expedient would appease the passion for the absorbing business of the world. My bower lost its enchantment; the delight of lying on beds of violet, and, with my eyes

fixed on the heavens, wandering away on the wings of fantastic illusion, palled upon me; the colors of the vision grew dim: I no more imaged shapes of beauty winging their way through the celestial azure; I heard no harmonies of spirits on the midnight winds; I followed no longer the sun, rushing on its golden chariot wheels to lands unstained by human step; or plunged with him into the depths, and ranged the secret wonders of ocean.

Labor, in its turn, grew irksome. I reproached myself for the vulgar existence which occupied only the inferior portion of my nature; living only for food, sleep, and shelter, what was I better than the seals that basked on the shore at my feet? Night, too,—that mysterious rest interposed for purposes of such varied beneficence—to cool the brain fevered by the bustle of the day—to soften mutual hostility by a pause, to which all alike must yield—to remind our forgetful nature, by a perpetual semblance, of the time when all things must pass away, and be silent, and change—to sit in judgment on our hearts, and, by a decision which no hypocrisy can disguise, anticipate the punishment of the villain, as it gives the man of virtue the foretaste of his reward,—night began to exert its old influence over me; and, with the strongest determination to think no more of what had been, I closed my eyes but to let in the past. I might have said, that my true sleep was during the labors of the day; and my waking, when I lay with my senses sealed, upon my bed of leaves.

It is impossible to shut up the mind, and I at last abandoned the struggle. The spell of indolence once broken, I became as restless as an eagle in a cage. My first object was to discover on what corner of the land I was thrown. Nothing could be briefer than the circuit of my island, and nothing less explanatory. It was one of those little alluvial spots that grow round the first rock that catches the vegetation swept down by rivers. Ages had gone by, while reed was bound to reed, and one bed of clay laid upon another. The ocean had thrown up its pebbles on the shore, the wind had down tree and herb on the naked sides of the tall rock, the tree had drawn the cloud, and from its roots let loose the spring. Cities and empires perished while this little island was forming into loveliness. Thus nature perpetually builds, while decay does its work with the pomps of man.

From the shore I saw but a long line of yellow sand across a broad belt of blue waters. No sight on earth could less attract the eye, or be less indicative of man and the delights of civilized life.

Yet, within that sandy barrier, what wild and wondrous acts were doing and to be

done! My mind, with a wing that no sorrow or bondage could tame, passed over the desert, and saw the battle, the siege, the bloody sedition, the long and heart-broken banishment, the fierce conflict of passions irrestrainable as the tempest, the melancholy ruin of my country by a judgment powerful as fate, and dreary, and returnless as the grave.

But the waters between me and that shore, were an obstacle that no vigor of imagination could overcome. I was too feeble to attempt the passage by swimming. The opposite coast appeared to be uninhabited, and the few fishing boats that passed lazily along this lifeless coast, evidently shunned the island, as I conceived, from some hidden shoal. I felt myself a prisoner, and the thought irritated me. That ancient disturbance of my mind, which rendered it so keenly excitable, was born again; I felt its coming, and knew that my only resource was to escape from this circumscribing paradise, that was to become my dungeon. Day after day I paced the shore, awaking the echoes with my useless shouts, as each distant sail glided along close to the sandy line that was to me the unattainable path of happiness. I made signals from the hill; but I might as well have summoned the vultures to stop, as they flew screaming above my head to feed on the relics of the Syrian caravans.

What trifles can sometimes stand between man and enjoyment! Wisdom would have thanked Heaven for the hope of escaping the miseries of life in the little enchanted round, guarded by that entrenchment of waters, filled with every production that could delight the sense, and giving to the spirit weary of all that the world could offer, the gentle retirement in which it could gather its remaining strength, and make its peace with Heaven.

I was lying, during a fiery noon, on the edge of the island, looking towards the opposite coast, the only object on which I could now bear to look; when in the stillness of the hour I heard a strange mingling of distant sounds; yet so totally indistinct, that after long listening I could conjecture it to be nothing but the ripple of the water.

It died away. But it haunted me; I heard it in fancy. It followed me in the twilight, when earth and heaven were soft and silent as an infant's sleep—when the very spirit of tranquillity seemed to be folding his dewy wings over the world.

Wearied more with thought than with the daily toil that I imposed on myself for its cure, I had lain down on my bed of turf under the shelter of those thick woven boughs that scarcely let in the glimpses of the moon. The memory of all whom later chances brought in my path, passed before me. The

site of my gallant kinsmen in Masada; of the wily Ishmaelite; of the pirate captain; of that unhappy crew, whose danger was my involuntary deed; of my family, scattered upon the face of the world. Arcturus bending towards the horizon, told me that it was midnight; when my reverie was broken by the same sounds that had disturbed my day.

But they now came full and distinct. I heard the crashing of heavy axes along the road, the measured tramp of cavalry, the calls of the clarion and trumpet. They seemed beside me. I started from my bed; but all around was still. I gazed across the waters. They were lying, like another sky, reflecting star for star with the blue immensity above; but on them was no living thing.

I had heard of phantom armies traversing the air; but the sky was serene as crystal. I climbed the hill; upon whose summit I recollected to have seen the ruins of an altar; gathered the weeds, and lighted a beacon. The flame threw a wide and ruddy reflection on the waters and the sky. I watched by it till morn. But the sound had died as rapidly as it came. And when with the first pearly tinge of the east, the coast shaped itself beneath my eye, I saw with bitter disappointment but the same solitary sand.

The idea of another day of suspense was intolerable. I returned to my place of refuge, gave it that glance of mingled feeling, without which perhaps no man leaves the shelter which he is never to see again; collected a few fruits for my sustenance if I should reach the shore of Palestine, and, with a resolution to perish, if it so pleased Providence, but not to return, plunged into the sea.

The channel was even broader than I had calculated by the eye. My limbs were still enfeebled; but my determination was strength. I was swept by the current far from the opposite curve of the shore, yet its force spared mine; and at length I felt the ground under my feet. I was overjoyed; though never was scene less fitted for joy. To the utmost verge of the view, spread the desert; a sullen, herbless waste, glowing like a sheet of brass in the almost vertical sun.

But I was on land. I had accomplished my purpose. Hope, the power of exertion, the chances of the glorious future were before me. I was no longer a prisoner within the borders of a spot, which for the objects of manly life might as well have been my grave.

I journeyed on in the direction of Masada; there at least I should be no fugitive. Yet, what fearful reverses, in this time of confusion, might not have occurred even there? what certainty could I have of being spared the bitterest losses, when sorrow and slaughter

reigned through the land? Was I to be protected from the storm that fell with such promiscuous fury upon all? I, too, the marked, the victim, the example to mankind!—I looked wistfully back to the isle, that isle of oblivion.

While I was pacing the shore, that actually scorched my feet, I heard a cry of alarm, and saw on a low range of sand hills, at some distance, a figure making violent gestures. Friend or enemy, at least here was man; and I did not deeply care for the consequences even of meeting man in his worst shape. My life was not worth the taking. Hunger and thirst might be more formidable enemies in the end; and I advanced towards the half-naked savage, who, however, ran down from the hill, crying out louder than ever. I dragged my weary limbs after him, and reached the edge of a little dell, in which stood a circle of tents.

I had fallen among the robbers of the desert; but there was evident confusion in this fragment of a tribe. The camels were in the act of being loaded, men and women were gathering their household utensils with the haste of terror, and dogs, sheep, camels, and children, set up their voices in a general clamor.

Dreading that I might lose my only chance of refreshment and guidance, I cried out with all my might, and ran down towards them; but the sight of me raised an universal scream; and every living thing took flight, the warriors of the colony gallantly leading the way with a speed that soon left the pedestrians far in the rear. But their invader conquered only for food. I entered the first of the deserted tents, and indulged myself with a full feast of bread, dry and rough as the sand on which it was baked, and of water only less bitter than that through which I had passed. But all luxury is relative. To me they were both delicious, and I thanked at once the good fortune which had provided so prodigally for those withered monarchs of the sands, and had invested me with the salutary terror that gave the fruits of triumph without the toil.

At the close of my feast I uttered a few customary words of thanksgiving; a cry of joy rang in my ears; I looked round; saw, to my surprise, a bale of carpets walk forward from a corner of the tent, and heard a Jewish tongue, imploring for life and freedom. I rapidly developed the speaker; and from this repulsive coverture came forth one of the loveliest young females that I had ever seen. Her story was soon told. Naomi was the grand-daughter of Ananus, the late high-priest, one of the most distinguished of his nation for every lofty quality; but he had fallen on evil days. His resistance to faction

sharpened the dagger against him, and he perished in one of the merciless feuds of the city. His only descendant was sent to claim the protection of her relatives in the south of Judea. But her escort was dispersed by an attack of the Arabs, and in the division of the spoil, the Sheik of this little encampment obtained her as his share.

The robber-merchant was on his way to Cesarea to sell his prize to the Roman governor, when my arrival put his army to the route. To my inquiry into the cause of this singular success, the fair girl answered, that the Arabs had taken me for a supernatural visitant, "probably come to claim some account of their proceedings in the late expedition." They had been first startled by the blaze in the island, which, from a wild tradition, was supposed to be the dwelling of forbidden beings. The passage of the channel was seen, and increased the wonder; my daring to appear alone among men whom mankind shunned, completed the belief of my more than mortal prowess; and the Arabs' courage abandoned a contest, in which "the least that could happen to them was to be swept into the ocean, or tost piece-meal upon the winds." To prevent the effects of their returning intrepidity, no time was to be lost in our escape. But the sun, which would have scorched any thing but a lizard, or a Bedoween, to death, kept us prisoners until evening.

There is a spell in woman. No man, not utterly degraded, can listen without delight to the accents of the guileless heart. Beauty too has a natural power over the mind; and it is right that this should be. All that overcomes selfishness, the besetting sin of the world, is an instrument of good. Beauty is but melody of a higher kind; and both alike soften the troubled and hard nature of man. Even if we looked on lovely woman but as on a rose, an exquisite production of the summer hours of life, it would be idle to deny her influence in making even those summer hours sweeter.

But, as the companion of the mind, as the very model of a friendship that no chance can shake, as the pleasant sharer of the heart of heart, the being to whom man returns after the tumult of the day, like the worshipper to a secret shrine, to revive his noble tastes and virtues at a source pure from the evil of the external world, and glowing with a perpetual light of sanctity and love; where shall we find her equal! or what must be our feeling towards the mighty Disposer of earth and all that it inhabit, but of admiration and gratitude to that disposal, which thus combines our highest happiness with our purest virtue!

The evening came at last; the burning

calm was followed by a breeze breathing of life; and on the sky sailed, as if it were wafted by that gentle breeze, the evening star. The lifeless silence of the desert began to be broken by a variety of sounds, wild and sad enough in themselves, but softening by distance, and not ill-suited to that declining hour, which is so natural an emblem of the decline of life. The moaning of the shepherd's horn; the low of the folding herds; the long, deep cry of the camel; even the scream of the vulture wheeling home from the corpse left by some recent wreck on the shore; and the howl of the jackall venturing out on the edge of dusk, come with no unpleasing melancholy upon the wind.

We stood gazing impatiently from the tent-door at the west, that still glowed like a furnace of molten gold.

"Will that sun never go down?" said I. "We must wait his leisure; and he seems determined to tantalize us."

"Yes; like a rich old man, determined to try the patience of his heirs; and more tenacious of his wealth, the more his powers of enjoyment decay."

"Philosophy, from those young lips! Yet, the desert is the place for a philosopher."

"That I deny," said my sportive companion. "Philosophy is good for nothing, where it has nothing to ridicule, and where it will be neither fed nor flattered. Its true place is the world; as much as the place of yonder falcon is wherever it can find any thing to pounce upon. Here your philosopher must labor for himself, and laugh at himself; an indulgence of which he is the most temperate of men. In short, he is fit only for the idle, gay, ridiculous, and timid world. The desert is the soil for a much nobler plant. If you would train a poet into flower, set him here."

"Or a plunderer."

"No doubt.—They are sometimes much the same."

"But the desert produces nothing—but Arabs."

"There are some minds even among Arabs; and some of their rhapsodies are beauty itself. The very master of this test, who fought and killed, I dare not say how many, to secure so precious a prize as myself; and who, after all his heroism, would have sold me into slavery for life, spent half his evenings sitting at this door, chanting to every star of heaven, and rhyming with tears in his eyes, to all kinds of tender remembrances."

"But he was a genius, a heaven-born accident; and his merit was the more in being a genius in the midst of such a scene."

"No—every thing round us this hour is poetry. The silence—those broken sounds

that make the silence more striking as they decay—those fiery continents of cloud, the empire of that greatest of sheiks the sun, lord of the red desert of the air—the immeasurable desert below! Vastness, obscurity, and terror, the three spirits that work the profoundest wonders of the poet, are here in their native region. And now," she said, with a look that showed there were other spells than poetry to be found in the desert, "to release you; I know by signs infallible that the sun is setting."

I could not, avoid laughing at the mimic wisdom with which she announced her discovery; and asked whence she had acquired the faculty of solving such rare problems.

I directed our flight towards Masada. The stars were brilliant guides; and the coolness of the Arabian night, which from so singular a contrast to the overpowering ardors of the day, relieved us from the chief obstacle of desert travel. At day-break we reached a tract near the sea-shore, whose broken and burnt-up ground showed that there had lately encamped the army, the sound of whose march filled my reveries in the island.

It was evening when I caught the glimpse of the distant mountain of the fortress. My heart bounded fearfully at the sight. An impression of evil was upon me. Yet I must go on, or die.

"There," said I, "you see my home, and yours, while you desire it. You will find friends, delighted to receive you, and a protection, that neither Roman nor Arab can violate. Heaven grant that all may be as when I left Masada!"

The fair girl gratefully thanked me.

"I have been long," said she, "unused to kindness; and its voice overpowers me. But, if the duty, the gratitude, the faithful devotedness of the orphan to her generous preserver, can deserve protection, I shall yet have some claim. Suffer me to be your daughter."

She bowed her head before me with filial reverence; I took the outstretched hand, that quivered in mine, and pressed it to my lips. The sacred compact was ratified in the sight of Heaven. More formal treaties have been made; but few sincerer.

We rapidly advanced to the foot of the ridge that, now defining and extending, showed its well-known features in their rugged grandeur. But, to come in sight of the fortress, I had still one of the huge buttresses of the mountain to round. My companion with the quick sympathy that makes one of the finest charms of women, already shared in my ominous fears, and rode by my side without a word. My eyes were fixed on the ground.—I was roused by a clash of

warlike music. The suspense was terribly at an end.

The spears of a legion were moving in a glittering line down the farther declivity. Squadrons of horses in marching order were drawn up on the plain. The baggage of a little army lay under the eye, waiting for the escort of the troops now descending from the fortress. The story of my ruin was told in that single glance. All was lost.

The walls of the citadel, breached in every direction, gave signs of a long siege. The White Stag of Naphtali no longer lifted its head in pride on the battlements; dismantling and desolation were there. But what horrors must have been wrought, before the Romans could shake the strength of those walls! In what grave was I to look for my noble brother and my kinsmen! Last and most fearful, what had been the fate of Miriam and my children!

Conscious that to stay was to give myself and my trembling companion to the cruel mercy of Rome, I was yet unable to leave the spot. I hovered round it as the spirit might hover round the tomb.

Maddening with bitter yearnings of heart, that intense eagerness to know the worst, which is next to despair, I spurred up the steep by an obscure path that led me to a postern.

There was no sound within.

I dashed through the streets. Not a living being was to be seen; piles of fire-wood lighted under the principal buildings and at the gates, showed that the fortress was destined to immediate overthrow. War had done its worst. The broad sanguine plaques on the pavements showed that the battle had been fought long and desperately within the walls. The famous armory was a heap of ashes. Ditches dug across the streets, and strewn with broken weapons, and the white remnants of what once was man; walls raised within walls, and now broken down; stately houses loop-holed and turned into little fortresses; fragments of noble architecture blocking up the breaches; graves dug in every spot where the spade could open a few feet of ground; fragments of superb furniture lying half-burnt, where the defenders had been forced out by conflagration; gave sad evidence of the struggle of brave men against overpowering numbers.

But where were they, who had made the prize so dear to the conquerors! Was I treading on the clay that once breathed patriotism and love! Did the wreck on which I leaned, as I gazed round this mighty mausoleum, cover the earthly tenement of my kinsmen, and still dearer, the last of my name! Was I treading on the grave of those gentle and lovely natures, for whose happi-

ness I would rejoicingly have laid down the sceptre of the world?

In my agitation I spoke aloud. My voice rang through the solitude round me, and returned on the ear with a startling distinctness. Living sounds suddenly mingled with the echo. A low groan came from the pile of ruins beside me. I listened, as one might listen for an answer from the sepulchre. The voice was heard again. A few stones from the shattered wall gave way, and I saw thrust out the withered, bony hand of a human being. I tore down the remaining impediments, and saw, pale, emaciated, and at the point of death by famine, my friend, my fellow-soldier, my fellow-sufferer, Jubal!

Joy is sometimes as dangerous as sorrow. He gave a glance of recognition, struggled forward, and, uttering a wild cry, fell senseless into my arms. On his recovering, before I could ask him the question nearest to my heart, it was answered, "They are safe, all safe," said he. "On the landing of fresh troops from Italy, the first efforts of the legions were directed against this fortress. The pirates, in return for the victory to which you led them, had set me at liberty. I made my way through the enemy's posts; Eleazer, ever generous and noble, received me after all my wanderings with the heart of a father; and we determined on defending this glorious trophy of your heroism to the last man. But, with the wisdom that never failed him, he knew what must be the result; and at the very commencement of the siege sent away your family to Alexandria, where they might be sure of protection from our kindred."

"And they went by sea?" I asked shudderingly, while the whole terrible truth dawned upon my mind.

"It was the only course. The country was filled with the enemy."

"Then they are lost! Wretched father, now no father. Man marked by destiny. The blow has fallen at last. They perished. I saw them perish. Their dying shrieks rang in these ears. I was their destroyer. From first to last, I have been their undoing!"

Jubal looked on me with astonishment. My adopted daughter, without any idle attempt at consolation, only bathed my hand in her tears.

"There must be some misconception here," said Jubal. "Before we left that dungeon, they had embarked with a crowd of females from the surrounding country in one of the annual fleets for Egypt. Before we sailed from the pirate's cavern, they were probably safe in Alexandria."

"No! I saw them perish. I heard their dying cry. I drove them, involuntarily, but surely drove them, to destruction," was the only voice that my withering lips could utter.

I remembered the horrors of the storm; the desperate efforts of the merchant galley to escape; its fatal disappearance. Faintly, and with many a reviving agony, I gave the melancholy reasons for my belief. My auditors listened with fear and trembling.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

A PRAYER.

ADDRESSED TO MISS ———.

Thou Great Supreme and Ruler of the sky,

To whom on earth we all must bow the knee;

Thou God of grace, on whom we all rely,

O grant this prayer devoutly wish'd by me.

I ask Thee to protect this lovely fair,

And to my youthful friend extend Thy care.

I ask Thee, Father, if in joyous youth

Her thoughts so pure should fancy lead astray,

Thou wilt recall her to the path of truth,

And all afflictions from her turn away.—

Those sunny looks, should they be clad in grief,

In hope and virtue may they find relief.

If in life's stormy path she e'er should meet

Affliction's pang—so keenly felt by me,

Teach her to bear, with resignation sweet,

Each bitter grief, and turn her thoughts to Thee!

Assuage her woes, nor let her e'er complain,

But strong in faith, her hopes with thee remain.

Thy blessings follow whither she may go—

To distant climes, or safely fix'd at home;

Protect her, Lord—in happiness or woe,

Teach her to know there is a world to come.

For thee, my friend, I bend th' imploring knee,

Grant me a sigh—a tear of sympathy.

PAUL SOROLEWHEEL.

RELIGION.

Religion has planted itself, in all the purity of its image, and sufficiency of its strength, at the threshold of human misery; and is empowered to recall the wanderers from their pilgrimage of woe, and direct them in the path to heaven. It has diffused a sacred joy in the abodes of poverty and wretchedness; it has effaced the wrinkles from the brow of care—shed a beam of sacred and tranquil joy in the chamber of death, gladdened the countenance of the dying with a triumphant enthusiasm, and diffused throughout the earth a faint foretaste of the blessings of futurity. It is benign as the light of heaven, and comprehensive as its span. An Iris in the sky of the Christian, it quickens perseverance with the promise of a reward; reanimates the drooping spirit; invigorates the decrepitude of age, and directs, with a prophetic ken, to the regions of eternal felicity. Like the sun, it gilds every object with its rays, without being diminished in its lustre, or shorn of its power.

SPRING.



What can equal the delight of our hearts at the very first glimpse of spring—the first springing of buds and green herbs? It is like a new life infused into our bosoms. A spirit of tenderness, a burst of freshness and luxury of feeling possesses us,—and let fifty springs have broken upon us, *this* joy, unlike many joys of time, is not an atom impaired. Are we not young? Are we not children? Do we not break, by the power of awakened thoughts, into all the rapturous scenes of all our happier years? There is something in the freshness of the soil—in the mossy bank—the balmy air—the voices of birds—the early and delicious flowers, that we have seen and felt *only* in *childhood* and in *spring*.

There are mornings even in *March*, and frequently in *April*, when a lover of nature may enjoy, in a stroll, sensations not to be exceeded, or perhaps equalled, by any thing which the full glory of summer can awaken: mornings which tempt us to cast the memory of winter, or the fear of its return, out of our thoughts. The air is mild and balmy, with now and then a cool gush by no means unpleasant, but, on the contrary, contributing towards that cheering and peculiar feeling which we experience only in spring. The sky is clear—the sun flings abroad not only a gladdening splendor, but an almost summer glow. The world seems suddenly aroused to hope and enjoyment. The fields are assuming a vernal greenness—the buds are swelling in the hedges—the banks are dis-

playing amid the brown remains of last year's vegetation, the luxuriant weeds of this.—There are arums, ground-ivy, the glaucous leaves and burnished flowers of the pilewort,

The first gilt thing

That wears the trembling pearls of spring

and many other fresh and early bursts of greenery. All unexpectedly, too, in some embowered land, you are arrested by the delicious odor of violets, those sweetest of *Flora's* children, which have furnished so many pretty allusions to the poets, and which are not yet exhausted;—they are like true friends, we do not know half their sweetness till they have felt the sunshine of our kindness,—and again, they are like the pleasures of our childhood, the earliest and the most beautiful.—Now, however, they are to be seen in all their glory—blue and white—modestly peering through their thick, clustering leaves. The lark is caroling in the blue fields of air—the blackbird and thrush are again shouting and replying to each other from the tops of the trees. The woods, though yet unadorned with their leafy garniture, are beautiful to look on; they seem flushed with life. Their boughs are frequently of a clear and glossy lead color, and the tree tops are rich with the vigorous hues of brown, red, and purple; and if you plunge into their solitudes, there are symptoms of revivification under your feet—the springing mercury and green blades of the blue bells—and perhaps above you, the early

nest of the thrush, perched between the boughs of a young oak, to tinge your thoughts with the anticipations of summer. These are mornings not to be neglected by the lover of nature; and if not neglected they are not forgotten, for they will stir the springs of memory, and make us live over again, times and seasons that we cannot, for the pleasure and purity of our spirits, live over too much.

— I solitary court —

The inspiring breeze, and meditate upon the book
Of nature: ever open; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.

Persons of reflection and sensibility contemplate with interest the scenes of nature. The changes of the year impart a color and character to their thoughts and feelings.—When the seasons walk their round, when the earth buds, the corn ripens, and the leaf falls, not only are the senses impressed, but the mind is instructed; the heart is touched with sentiment, the fancy amused with visions. To a lover of nature and of wisdom, the vicissitude of seasons conveys a proof and exhibition of the wise and benevolent contrivance of the Author of all things.

When suffering the inconveniences of the ruder parts of the year, we may be tempted to wonder why this rotation is necessary;—why we could not be constantly gratified with vernal bloom and fragrance, or summer beauty and profusion. We imagine that, in a world of our creation, there would always be a blessing in the air, and flowers and fruits on the earth. The chilling blast and driving snow, the desolated field, withered foliage, and naked trees, should make no part of the scenery which we would produce. A little thought, however, is sufficient to show the folly, if not impiety of such distrust in the appointments of the great Creator.

The succession and contrast of the seasons give scope to that care and foresight, diligence and industry, which are essential to the dignity and enjoyment of human beings, whose happiness is connected with the exertion of their faculties. With our present constitution and state, in which impressions on the senses enter so much into our pleasures and pains, and the vivacity of our sensations is affected by comparison, the uniformity and continuance of a perpetual spring would greatly impair its pleasing effect upon our feelings.

The present distribution of the several parts of the year, is evidently connected with the welfare of the whole, and the production of the greatest sum of being and enjoyment. That motion in the earth, and change of place in the sun, which cause one region of the globe to be consigned to cold, decay, and barrenness, impart to another heat and life, fertility and beauty. Whilst in our climate the earth is bound with

frost, and the 'chilly smothering snows' are falling, the inhabitants of another behold the earth, first planted with vegetation and apperelled in verdure, and those of a third are rejoicing in the appointed weeks of harvest.

Each season comes, attended with its benefits, and beauties, and pleasures. All are sensible of the charms of *spring*. Then the senses are delighted with the feast, that is furnished on every field, and on every hill.—The eye sweetly lingers on every object to which it turns. It is grateful to perceive how widely, yet chastely, nature hath mixed her colors and painted her robe; how bountifully she hath scattered her blossoms and flung her odors. We listen with joy to the melody she hath awakened in the groves, and catch health from the pure and tepid gales that blow from the mountains.

When the *summer* exhibits the whole force of active nature, and shines in full beauty and splendor; when the succeeding season offers its 'purple stores and golden grain,' or displays its blended and softened tints; when the winter puts on its sullen aspect, and brings stillness and repose, affording a respite from the labors which have occupied the preceding months, inviting us to reflection, and compensating for the want of attractions abroad by fireside delights and home-felt joys; in all this interchange and variety we find reason to acknowledge the wise and benevolent care of the God of the seasons.

When we are passing from the finer to the ruder portions of the year, the sun emits a fainter beam, and the sky is frequently overcast. The gardens and fields have become a waste, and the forests have shed their verdant honors. The hills are no more enlivened with the bleating of flocks, and the woodland no longer resounds with the song of birds.—In these changes we see evidences of our instability, and images of our transitory state.

"So flourishes and fades majestic man."

Our life is compared to a falling leaf.—When we are disposed to count on protracted years, to defer any serious thoughts of futurity, and to extend our plans through a long succession of seasons; the spectacle of the 'fading many colored woods,' and the naked trees, affords a salutary admonition of our frailty. It should teach us to fill the short year of life, or that portion of it which may be allotted to us, with useful employments and harmless pleasures; to practice that industry, activity, and order, which the course of the natural world is constantly preaching.

Let not the passions blight the intellect in the spring of its advancement; nor indolence nor vice canker the promise of the heart in the blossom. Then shall the summer of life be adorned with moral beauty; the autumn

yield a harvest of wisdom and virtue ; and the winter of age becheered with pleasing reflections on the past, and bright hopes of the future.

Here is something to stir the heart and moisten the eyes. We have culled it from one of the magazines of the day. Many, many times have we read it over, and wept with the "joy of grief," as it brought to our remembrance the sweet babes who could just lisp the name of "sister," that passed away long ago. As we read it again and again, think how many a parent's heart has throbb'd, how many a parent's eye have grown dim, while perusing these very lines, and lingering in memory over the dear ones, and noting each well known face, who have long since been hid in the grave.—*Balt. Mon.*

WEE WILLIE.

Fare thee well, our last and fairest !

Dear wee Willie, fare thee well ;

He, who lent thee, hath recalled thee

Back with Him and His to dwell.

Fifteen moons thine silver lustre

Only o'er thy brow hath shed,

When thy spirit joined the seraphs,

And thy dust the dead.

Like a sunbeam through our dwelling

Shone thy presence bright and calm ;

Thou didst add a zest to pleasure—

To our sorrows thou wert balm ;

Brighter beamed thine eyes than summer ;

And thy first attempt at speech

Thrill'd our heart strings with a rapture

Music ne'er could reach.

As we gazed upon thee sleeping,

With thy fine fair locks out-spread,

Thou didst seem a little angel,

Who from heaven to earth had stray'd ;

And, entranced we watch'd the vision,

Half in hope and half affright,

Lest what we deem'd ours, and earthly,

Should dissolve in light.

Snows o'er-mantled hill and valley ;

Sullen clouds begrim'd the sky,

When the first, drear doubt oppress'd us,

That our child was doom'd to die !

Through each long night-watch, the taper

Show'd the hectic of thy cheek ;

And each anxious dawn beheld thee

More wore out and weak.

'Twas even then Destruction's angel

Shook his pinions o'er our path,

Seized the rosiest of our household,

And struck Charlie down in death !

Fearful—awful ! Desolation

On our lintel set his sign :

And we turned from his sad death-bed,

Willie, round to thine.

As the beams of spring's first morning

Through the silent chamber play'd,

Lifeless, in mine arms I raised thee,

And in thy small coffin laid ;

Ere the day star with the darkness

Nine times had triumphant striven,

In one grave had met your ashes,

And your souls in heaven !

Five were ye, the beauteous blossoms

Of our hopes, and hearts, and hearth ;

Two asleep lie buried under—

Three for us yet gladden earth.

Thee, our hyacinth gay Charlie—

Willie, thee our snow-drop pure,

Back to us shall second spring time

Never more allure !

Yet while thinking,—O our lost ones !

Of how dear ye were to us,

Why should dreams of doubt and darkness

Haunt our troubled spirits thus ?

Why across the cold dim church-yard,

Flit our visions of despair ?

Seated on the tomb, Faith's angel

Saith—"Ye are not there."

Where then, are ye ! With the Saviour

Blest—forever blest are ye,

'Mid the sinless little children,

Who have heard his "Come to me !"

'Yond the shades of death's dark valley,

Now ye lean upon his breast,

Where the wicked dare not enter

And the weary rest.

We are wicked—we are weary :

For us pray and for us plead ;

God, who ever hears the sinless,

May through you the sinful heed.

Pray that through Christ's mediation,

All our faults may be forgiven ;

Plead that ye be sent to greet us

At the gates of heaven !

The following beautiful sketch is from the pen of Mrs.

P. W. BALL, Editor of the Zanesville, Ohio, Visitor and Advertiser, a paper conducted with great judgment and ability; and which has very superior claims on the liberal patronage of the citizens of the great West.

THE YOUNG BRIDE.*

BY MRS. P. W. BALL.

Emma had wheeled the sofa in front of the fire, and as Charles seated himself beside her, he was a happy fellow. Alas ! he had as yet only drank the bubbles on the cup. Em-

*There was a time when the Authoress of the following sketch could have placed her hand upon that of the original of Charles West, for he was to her a dear friend, but the rank grass has long since waved above his narrow home, yet many live to bless his memory—and one friend will never forget the true worth of his character. The sketch has been widely published, and we here reclaim it.—*Editor of the Visitor and Ad.*

ma looked lovely, for the glow of the warm coal fire had given a bloom to her usually pale cheek, which heightened the lustre of her dark eyes. But there came a shade of thought over Emma's brow, and her husband instantly remarked it. It is strange how a husband sees clouds over his liege lady's brow. It was the first that Charles ever saw there, and it excited his tenderest inquiry. Was she unwell? Did she wish for any thing? Emma hesitated; she blushed and looked down.—Charles pressed to know what had cast such a shadow over her spirits.

"I fear you will think me very silly—but Mary French has been sitting with me this afternoon."

"Not for that, certainly," said Charles, smiling.

"Oh, no; but you may recollect we began to keep house at nearly the same time, only they sent by Brent to New York for carpeting. Mary would make me walk down to Brent's store this evening with her, and he has brought two—they are such loves." Charles bit his lip. "Mary," she continued, "said you were doing a first rate business, and she was sure you would never let that odious Wilton lay in the parlor, if you once saw that splendid Brussels—so rich and so cheap—only seventy-five dollars."

Now the "odious Wilton" had been selected by Charles' mother, and presented to them; and the color deepened on his cheek, as his animated bride continued, "Suppose we walk down to Brent's and look at it, there are only two, and it seems a pity not to secure it."

"Emma," said Charles gravely, you are mistaken if you suppose my business will justify extravagance. It will be useless to look at the carpet, as we have one that will answer very well, and is perfectly new."

Emma's vivacity fled, and she sat awkwardly picking her nails. Charles felt embarrassed—he drew out his watch and put it back—whistled—and finally spying a periodical on Emma's table, began to read aloud some beautiful verses. His voice was well toned, and he soon entered into the spirit of the writer and forgot his embarrassment; when looking into Emma's eyes how was he surprised, instead of the glow of sympathetic feeling he expected to meet, to see her head bent in her hands, evident displeasure on her brow, and a tear trickling slowly down her cheek.

Charles was a sensible young man—I wish there were more like him—and he reflected a moment before he said, "Emma, my love, get your bonnet and your cloak on, and walk with me, if you please." Emma looked as if she would like to pout a little longer; but Charles said "come" with such serious gravity on his countenance, that Emma thought proper to

accede; and nothing doubting but that it was to purchase the carpet, took his arm with a smile of triumph. They crossed several streets in the direction of Brent's until they at last stood before the door of a miserable tenement in a back street.

"Where in the world are you taking me?" inquired Emma, shrinking back. Charles quietly led her forward, and lifting a latch, they stood in a little room, around the grate of which three small children were hovering closer and closer, as the cold wind swept through the crevices, in the decayed walls. An emaciated being, whose shrunk features, sparkling eye and flushed cheek, spoke a deadly consumption, lay on a wretched low bed, the slight covering of which barely kept her from freezing; while a spectral babe, whose black eyes looked unnaturally large from its extreme thinness, was endeavoring to draw sustenance from its dying mother.

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Wright?" quietly enquired Charles.

The woman feebly raised herself on her arm. Is that you, Mr. West; O, how glad I am you are come—but your mother?"

"Has not been at home for a month; and the lady who promised her to look after you in her absence, only informed me to-day of your increased illness."

"I have been very ill," she replied, sinking back on her straw bed.

Emma drew near; she arranged the pillow and the bed clothes over the feeble sufferer, but her heart was too full to speak.

Charles observed it and felt satisfied.

"Is that beautiful girl your bride? I heard you were married."

"Yes, and in my mother's absence she will see you do not want."

"Bless you, Charles West; bless you for a good son of a good mother; may your wife deserve you—and that is wishing a great deal for her. You are very good to think of me," she said, looking at Emma, "and you just married!"

Charles saw that Emma could not speak, and he hurried her home, promising to send the woman some wood that night. The moment Emma reached home, she burst into tears.

"My dear Emma," said Charles, soothingly, "I hope I have not given you too severe a shock. It is sometimes salutary to look on the miseries of others, that we may properly appreciate our own happiness. Here is a purse containing seventy-five dollars; you may spend it as you please."

It is unnecessary to add that the "odious Wilton" kept its place; but the shivering dren of want were taught to bless the name of Emma West, and it formed the last articulate murmur on the lips of the dying sufferer.

THE LADIES' GARLAND.

Vol. II.

A WREATH OF MANY FLOWERS.

No. 10.

I HEARD THY DEATH WITHOUT A TEAR.

I HEARD thy death without a tear
My loss with scarce a sigh;
And yet thou wert surpassing dear—
Too loved of all, to die!
I know not what hath seared mine eye,
The tears refuse to start—
But every drop its lids deny,
Fall dreary on my heart!

Yes, deep and heavy, one by one,
They sink and turn to care—
As caverned waters wear the stone,
Yet, dropping, harden there;
They cannot petrify more fast,
Than feelings sunk, remain,
Which, coldly fixed, regard the past,
But never melt again!

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. PHILIPPA W. BALL.

Shrill gusts of wind blew the pattering rain drops against the casements of a neat, comfortable dwelling, on a cross street. Two old lombardy poplars that grew before the door, swayed their leafless heads to the moaning night wind, and occasionally shivered in the flaw, as it broke over the gable end of the building. The streets were deserted, and save a stray gallant, who braved the fury of the blast to visit his lady love, or some miserable, houseless creature, kicked from one receptacle of vice to another, in search of the deadly poison that kills body and soul, none were abroad.

"Throw on a handful of chips, George," said a pale, wo-begone looking woman, as she hushed the restless infant that was trying to draw nourishment from its mother's flaccid arm.

"Had we not better save them for morning and go to bed?"

"I can't go to bed yet, I must mend poor little Fanny's frock, or she cannot go out to get more chips in the boat yard, poor child," said the mother with a deep sigh. The father glanced back at the little bed where lay three, innocent, helpless little sufferers, then at his wife who held the fourth at her bosom, and a flood of bitter anguish swept over his soul. He groaned aloud as he leant his high and manly brow against his wife's shoulder, and when she withdrew one arm from the babe, and folded it tenderly around him, and leant her cheek on his head, George Monson mentally vowed that henceforth he would be an altered man, and that the vice that had so long fettered his reason should be shaken off, and he would work for those dear beings whom he had thus reduced to the last stage of poverty. Once he had been an industrious mechanic and a respectable young man, and then he married a pretty delicate girl who loved him tenderly. But times became dull, an increasing family pressed heavily upon him, his wife's health grew more delicate, and her languid smile and tearful eyes were painful to the feelings of the young man, who was of a gay and vivacious temperament. He began to dislike home, or rather to avoid the silent reproaches of his wife's pale cheek and humid eye, for her lips never uttered reproach to him, and the coffee houses, those licensed doors to destruction, allured him by their light and comfort and apparent gaiety to spend his evenings there instead of listening to the crying of children that his feeble and worn down wife could not control. At first he did not drink, but the rest laughed at him for a loafer, and then of course he had to spend part of his wages. Presently he got used to the excite-

ment of liquor, and fancied he could not do without it, and finally he settled down a regular sot. His employer discharged him from work, others tried him, and at the first frolic turned him off to hunt a new place, until at last every one lost confidence in him, and he could not get a single person to employ him as workman. Gradually sinking as the debasing appetite grew on him, he did little jobs about groceries, piled wood, and was at every porter's luck to earn the means of gratifying the burning thirst that was consuming his manhood. But this could not last always. One day he fell down in a dreadful fit, and ere his senses returned was conveyed to his wretched wife an inert mass of brutal suffering. Tenderly and carefully as her slender means permitted, did she nurse the recreant being who had so betrayed all his vows to her, all his duties to God and himself. She took in sewing from a sloopshop, and thus kept soul and body together. The little girl instead of being at school had to nurse the baby, to collect sticks and chips, to keep up a little fire to cook their scanty meals, and one of the little boys daily visited the kitchen of a hotel, where they gave him broken meat. Life was thus sustained, but what a life! Through all this unimaginable wretchedness no reproach was uttered by Mary, and when George got well enough to sit by the fire and look kindly at the poor, neglected wife, she felt some approach to happiness. "O! if he would never drink again," she said fervently.

Long after George Monson slept with his child in his arms did his industrious wife sit by the little fire and feed it chip by chip, as to allow a little light, that she might mend the tattered and threadbare garments of her sleeping children.

But we will go back to the dwelling on a cross street. A blazing fire burned in a handsome Franklin grate—the sofa was wheeled so as to allow the gentleman who reclined on its cushions to receive at once the benefit of the fire, and the light a splendid astral lamp threw on the silk bound volume he held in his hand. His boots were drawn, and in the splendidly furnished and luxurious apartment there was every appliance for comfort and repose. On the rug lay a pretty poodle, and a Persian cat was buried in the soft cushions of a rocking chair. Opposite the gentleman who lay extended on the sofa, sat a lady in a low sewing chair with a lady's work table beside her. Her dress was a rich figured satin, and on her head a fashionable cap bore the mockery of nature in the delicate Italian wreaths that blushed upon its border. Her face however was sallow and wrinkled, and the long neck was concealed by a rich cravat of rose silk above the French collar. Gloomy ill humor sat upon her visage, and as she

rocked to and fro an occasional complaint broke from her lips. The gentleman too seemed ill at ease, for he shifted his position, rang the bell for a pillow to be brought and added to the cushions; and finally slipping his feet into his fur lined slippers, paced the floor backwards and forwards. "This is a terrible night, Helen," he at last remarked, "this wind blows a perfect hurricane. I wonder," he added, as if a sudden thought had struck him, "I wonder where poor Mary is this cold night!" "Mary who?" drawled his gloomy companion. "Why, my sister Mary; poor thing, I have not heard from her for five years. She married a couple of years before I came home from South America, and having moved away from home, I never could remember where she had gone; she married decently however. Poor Mary, how she used to love me when we were children, and she was so good and gentle." "Mr. Boyd," said the lady with a toss that threw her head almost off, "when we were married I thought it was understood I was not to be annoyed by any of your plebeian acquaintance or friends; I declare it makes me nervous to think of that dreadful bore of a brother, you wanted to stay a whole week, and I beg you may not annoy me, at least while in such delicate health, with any more vulgar people. I am sure, with such a fortune and such connexions as I had when I married, I ought to be entitled to some little consideration." "The fortune," muttered the husband for the thousandth time, between his teeth, "when pursuing the same train of thought nothing had been said to interrupt it, 'perhaps she has children—how I would like to romp with the rosy cheeked brats—I have done wrong in not thinking of Mary so long; to-morrow I will write to our old village minister and inquire her cut,' and so saying, Mr. Boyd very unceremoniously lighted his night lamp and walked off to bed, leaving his lady to follow at her leisure."

Accordingly on the following morning he actually did so far overcome his habitual indolence as to write a letter of inquiry relative to his only sister whom he had not seen for years. Just as he was folding his letter, a party of ladies were shown into the parlor; and his wife, who was president of a charitable society, came down, dressed in excellent taste for a woman of twenty-five, but her regard visage adding at least thirty years to the computation. After much tender inquiry and condolence on her delicate appearance, the friends commenced their business; and the price of muslins, calicoes, flannels, &c. &c. was discussed with proper animation. A tap at the parlor door silenced the shrill voice, and at Mr. Boyd's "come in," a little bright-eyed, clean looking child entered the room.

She looked abashed, and colored at seeing so many ladies, but Mr. Boyd kindly patted her on the head and asked her what she wanted. The tears came in her eyes, and she hung her head until he repeated the inquiry.

"I come, sir, to ask Mrs. Boyd if she will give me a few sticks of wood and something to make my father's breakfast. I go every day to the boat yard, and the workmen give me chips, but last night it rained so hard that the water floated all the chips into the river."

"Who is your father?"

"George Monson, sir."

"Can't he work?"

"No, sir; not now."

"Why?"

The little girl blushed and hung her head; this excited all the women's curiosity, and each pressed the child to tell why her parent could not work.

"Because—because he had a fit," and she burst into tears.

"A fit!" repeated they, "what sort of a fit?"

The rich have no mercy on the feelings of the poor, however much they may be disposed to relieve their necessities.

"I expect," said Mrs. Boyd, with great asperity, "that your father is worthless and drunk, and if so I cannot give any thing to drunken people—go home and I will send to inquire as soon as I get time, and if you are in real want the society will relieve you, but if you are drunken worthless people we cannot waste our funds on such, for there are too many pious people who can't get along without help."

May God help the wife and children of the drunkard, for a fearful curse rests on them.

The child looked up, wonderingly in Mrs. Boyd's face for a minute, and as she slowly withdrew her eyes she turned them upon the younger and handsomer face of Boyd. It seemed that something there attracted her gaze, for she looked long at him, and then, drawing her scant little cloak close around her, she curtsied and withdrew. Boyd's eyes followed the little creature to the door, and as she closed it he caught a last glance of her bright blue eyes. With a sigh he turned to muse for a minute while the ladies entered into a detail of the charities they had done for the last quarter, then hastily snatching up his hat he followed the little child out. He found her sitting on the bottom step of his mansion, weeping.

"What makes you cry?" he asked as he drew a handful of silver from his pocket.

"Because my dear mother is starving to death, and is so cold she cannot work, and my father I believe is dying for want of something comfortable."

"Show me where they live," said Boyd,

and taking the poor child by the hand she conducted him to a low, wretched hovel, and there amid want and privation of every kind, he discovered his long forgotten sister, the playmate of his infancy, the gentle friend of his youth. Thus it is in our country.—Gold is our God, and it severs the dearest ties, and turns to stone the hearts that should cherish us. The sister, or the brother may revel in luxury, while the being that was nourished at the same maternal bosom may be pining for hunger.—*Zanesville Visitor and Adv.*

For the Ladies' Garland.

DISCONTENT.

The rich and the poor, the admired and careless,
In the midst of their blessings but seldom are blest.
There is something still wanting, which, when they obtain,

Another new wish is beginning to reign.
In childhood we wish for an age that's mature,
'Tis liberty then that we wish to procure.
In manhood the cares overbalance the pleasures
We then sigh for ease, for retirement and leisure.
What we wish is attained—for awhile it can charm,
But solitude then rises up to alarm.
Now we've time to examine our kingdom within,
Where we find that a warfare is like to begin,
Still the love of our ease disciplines us to fight
And we run off like cowards, and give up our right.
They are happy alone who enlist in their youth
Beneath the bright banner of virtue and truth,
'Tis such, though they be not admired or caressed
That alone can in storms or in sunshine be blest.

January, 1839.

E.

HOUSEHOLD AFFECTIONS.

What a blessing is the human heart!—How like the fire of the vestals it keeps its pure and perpetual burning in the bosom of man! Mysterious cement of the soul! Affection clings to us for no reason, but blossoming in infancy, it hath not yet put forth all its leaves when the verge of death has narrowed its limits. It goes with us from the cradle to the grave—smiles in the eyes of childhood, mantles the cheek of mature years, and trembles with joy in the breast of decaying life. Its purity is unquestioned, for it never deceives; and it rolls floods of happiness over the soul of him that loves it. Affections are as charities in the life of man—they master passions, confer dignity on our nature, take hatred from the heart; give freshness and vigor to sociality, and guard us and guide us from wandering. They bless us with numberless kind offices, console us in affliction, make joyful in adversity, superadd pleasantness to our pleasure, and throw roses in our path if it be gloomy.

THE LADY OF THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF VERMONT.

AN AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE.

Thomas Chittenden, the first governor of Vermont, who was a plain farmer, alike remarkable for strong native powers of mind, and the republican simplicity with which he conducted every thing in his public duties, and in his domestic establishment, was once visited by a party of travelling fashionables from one of our cities. When the hour of dinner arrived, Mrs. Chittenden, to the astonishment of her lady guests, went out and blew a tin horn for the workmen, who soon arrived, when, to the still greater surprise, and even horror, of these fair-cits, the whole company, governor, his lady, guests, workmen and all, were invited to sit down to the substantial meal which had been provided for the occasion. After the dinner was over and the ladies were left by themselves, one of the guests thought she would gently take Mrs. Chittenden to task for this monstrous violation of the rules of city gentility, to which she had been, as she thought, so uncourtously made a victim.

"You do not GENERALLY sit down to the same table with your workmen, I suppose, Mrs. Chittenden?" she commenced.

"Why," replied the governor's lady, whose quick wit instantly appreciated the drift of the other, "why I am almost ashamed to say we generally have, but I intend soon to amend in this particular. I was telling the governor this morning, that it was an absolute shame that the workmen, who did all the hard labor should fare no better than we, who sit so much of the time in the house, earning little or nothing, and I am determined; hereafter, to set two tables—the first and best for the workmen, and the last and poorest for the governor and myself."—*Green Mountain Emporium.*

For the Ladies' Garland.

THE NEW BIRTH UNTO RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Come heavenly power, who can each thought control,
And breathe a new born nature in my soul.
Let old things pass away, and have an end,
Bid new Jerusalem indeed descend,
Clothed in the purity of heavenly dress,
And each vile heart with alter'd feelings bless.

Impatience, pride, and discontent expel,
And send thy holy spirit there to dwell.
Then all the thorns shall be with roses twined,
Then 'midst each storm, the soul a calm shall find.
The clouds shall vanish, every fear shall flee,
And perfect love shall breathe in praise to thee.

H.

Envy cannot exist in perfection, without a secret esteem of the person envied.

FEMALE PIETY.

FAIR Reader! do not startle at this subject, nor turn the leaf over in disgust. We are not going to preach; and if we proceed fully for a few moments, we will not make war upon your smile, nor exhaust our rhetoric on the thankless task of inducing you to lay aside your cheerfulness. By piety, we mean not monastic severity, nor the resignation of those pleasures which render life agreeable. We are not of that tribe of ascetics who centre piety in seclusion, or who recognise a devotional spirit only in penance and prayer. True piety has a wider field for exertion; it is altogether unmix'd with that bitterness of feeling which vitiates the sweets of life. It is not necessarily at war with the temperate indulgence of the appetites, or the propensities of our nature. It aims not at encroachments upon their proper confines, and attempts to restrain them only when they threaten to evade those limits which God and nature have assigned.

Piety is not the feeling of a moment, the temporary effervescence of enthusiasm, nor the fitful rhapsody of a heated imagination. It is a calm, a steady, and a sober feeling,—sober, though it smiles,—steady, although in the hurry and bustle of life it may not be seen,—calm, although it is by no means dead to the deepest sympathies. Its seat is in the heart, and the heart, therefore, is the proper field for its exercise. It is cheerful,—it is not unwilling to be gay, but it is not thoughtless, it is never inconsiderate. Having its seat in the heart, it is the deepest, the fittest fountain from which the streams of benevolence can flow. Although it cannot wholly control its business is to regulate the affections, and to assign to every object its due share of estimation and regard.

One of the chief sources from which the female sex derive their highest enjoyments, is the gratification of those tender sensibilities with which, by nature, they are endowed.—Their love once placed upon an object, is as immovable as the insect that grows upon the rock, which dies in the struggle to retain its hold. The nice susceptibilities of the female heart, render it peculiarly open to the cultivation of those feelings, which spring from the indulgence of the best affections. That these affections were implanted in the bosom for the best of purposes, none will doubt,—their indulgence is accompanied with the most unalloyed pleasure, many have experienced and all will readily admit; and that the degree of pleasure experienced from the indulgence of these affections, is in some respect commensurate with the worthiness of the object upon which they are placed, is a truth which although some may be disposed

doubt, no one will be so hardy as to deny. If then the indulgence of the affections is considered, as it undoubtedly is, one of the sources from which our best pleasures are derived, and the intensity of those pleasures be increased by the worth of the object on which they are concentrated, there must be a pleasure in piety, inaccessible to those whose desires are confined to the perishable things around them.

The duties of the female sex all concur in enjoining the cultivation of a pious and devotional spirit. To them is confided the helplessness of childhood, the trials of sickness, and the infirmities of age, and it is necessary therefore, that they should feel and appreciate their deep responsibility. The pillow of sickness is softened by their endearing attentions; the troubles of the world are alleviated by their affectionate offices; and it is from them that the tender minds of the young are to receive their first, and most lasting impressions. If the pleasures and the gaiety of the world have wholly seduced the female mind from the contemplation of those subjects which show that she is a responsible being; if the round of fashionable pleasures be a fountain in which, by dipping, she is drowned, she must be dead to the discharge of those silent unobtrusive offices which tend to develop the charms of her moral nature, and awaken that intensity of interest, which most highly endears her to our hearts.

The softer, has often been called the weaker sex. The term is doubtless intended to imply a want of physical, rather than intellectual strength. And if she is thus weaker, there seems a peculiar motive for confidence in that Being by whom the weak are made strong.

From a consideration, also, of the intensity of her affections, a powerful argument is derived, to show the peculiar fitness of devotional feelings to her moral temperament.—The cares and troubles of life, which crowd in denser succession upon the stronger sex, may overwhelm the consideration of lighter disappointments and wean the heart from preying upon itself, even when thwarted in the objects of the strongest desire, or when the dearest possessions are wrested from them.—But to woman, secluded from the bustle of life, the rivalry of fame, or the prosecution of personal aggrandizement, there is no retreat from the gnawings of disappointed love, the agony of misplaced affections, or the wasting corrosions of domestic calamity. Her solace must be all within; and that, too, a powerful antidote to the poison of affliction. Where then, can her soul find refuge, but in those devotional feelings, which teach her that the sorrows of this world are not to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed.

But there is a consideration stronger than any to which we have yet alluded, which, while it applies to mankind; in general, will be found of peculiar application to the female sex; since their affections are not only stronger, but more ductile, than those of the other. The perishing objects of earthly pursuit will, sooner or later, have an end. The pleasure derived from the pursuit of those objects must naturally perish with them. But the heart, in which the desire of those pleasures resides, being thus cut off from a fruitful source of its happiness, remains forsaken and solitary. The other avenues of enjoyment and satisfaction having never been opened, allow no entrance to additional pleasures, and the old channels having been drained and dried, the supply which had once been afforded, fails, and nothing remains within the heart but itching desires, and uncontrolled passions, doomed never again to be satisfied. Hence in the language of inspiration, "they who sow to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption." To those whose enjoyments are sensual alone, to those whose moral feelings have never been cultivated, to those who, by the indulgence of benevolent feelings, and the discharge of moral and religious duties, have acquired no foretaste and relish for the felicity of the blessed above, God has promised no future reward—heaven can furnish no happiness. So that the misery which inevitably attends a sinful and inconsiderate course of life, is not so much the punishment inflicted by Divine justice, as it is the necessary and unavoidable consequence of such a course. As well may the husbandman, who sows his field with tares, expect to reap the most valuable grain at harvest, as one who has neglected the culture of moral excellence, may expect to enjoy the happiness in reserve for those who excel in righteousness—a happiness not so much the reward, as it is the necessary consequence, of a virtuous course.

We have alluded to the peculiar application of these considerations to the female sex, principally on account of the ductility of their affections. The worldliness of the mind of man, hardens him against the impressions which take such strong hold of the female heart. The pride of his nature revolts at the idea of dependence, and renders him more regardless of the consequences of his own obduracy. Far different is the case with woman. Her domestic occupations are attended with none of those engulphing cares, those deep anxieties, into which the other sex are so often plunged. In the midst of her industry, her mind is at leisure, her heart is free to indulge those meditations, which, as they produce, so also do they render pleasant, the feelings of devotion. Hence we find that the sex

is distinguished above the other, for attention to the duties of religion, and that the number of attentive worshippers at the altar, among them, is far greater.

We have alluded to this subject, as one which, above all others, promotes the happiness of this life, verifying the saying of inspiration, that Godliness has the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. It is true that the pleasures of mirth and of merriment will be lessened, because it is seen that their foundation is slender; that the passions must be in some measure subdued, because, when their barriers are broken down, they will let in a flood of evil—but the happiness of the heart is increased, and the heart must be the fountain from which all solid enjoyment is derived. In concluding this subject, we cannot refrain from introducing those beautiful lines of the poet, naturally connected with the remarks we have just made:—

—“Never man was truly blest,
But it composed, and gave him such a cast,
As folly might mistake for want of joy;
A cast unlike the triumphs of the proud;
A modest aspect and a smile at heart.

Written by Miss Mary Jane Millard, aged fifteen years, and presented as a specimen of her composition while at school, in the Female Seminary at Rochester, N. Y.

PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

Day with all its glories had expired as gently as it dawned. In the west, the sun went proudly down, tinging his sapphire throne with rich painted blushes of golden light; and thence reflected, with unsurpassing splendor, through the gay mist that rose above the billows. All the mighty towers of Migdol, with the giant head of Pihahiroth were glowing as with a crown of gold. But soon the gorgeous scene vanished, and all its glories with it, leaving nothing but the gray hues of approaching night.

At the base of a lofty mountain, the weary tribes of Israel reposed. The pale full moon was rising gradually over them, diffusing a mild pearly light throughout the vault of heaven, brightening the light fleecy clouds with dashes of snowy splendor, and moving among the attendant stars like a queen before her train. The mild, balmy breeze, which had prevailed with freshness through the day, went down with the sun, and the tranquil sea, as smooth as a mirror, moved on its unceasing roll, unheeding all his glories. There was an enchantment in the scene that would smile at all description. So calm, so sublimely beautiful, looked the earth, the sea and heavens; blent thought too deep for utterance

filled the soul, and imagination with all her magic powers could not paint so fair a scene. But they, the weary tribes, were wrapped in slumbers, accompanied with sweet dreams of wandering in their promised Canaan, by the cooling fountains where the palm tree lent its shade, and the vines wet their drooping boughs, loaded with the rich purple clusters, half concealed behind their dark green foliage. But there were those whose sterner sinews required not repose. From their hearts the fount of love and joy was gushing, as the solemn voiceless prayer went from their quivering lips up to the throne of God. The air which before had been as still as that which wakes the holy Sabbath morn, was suddenly broken by a fearful, thrilling sound; 'twas such as had never before reached the ears of the Israelites! Hark! 'tis not the clash of meeting pines upon the mountain top! the rage of warring winds—not the loud rush of maddening waters upon the rocky shore! “Wake, Israel! though thy sleep be the sweetest now! Awake! the foe comes with his host to battle! Behold them, descending yonder hill, innumerable as the leaves of the forest; with chariots and horses, and fearful looking spearmen, all armed in the panoply of war! Arise and meet thine enemy!”

Now the murmurs of Israel mingle with the sound, because the precipitous mountain crags above them raise their eternal barriers, and will not let them pass. Before them, in their very path, the white waves of the maddening sea rush into wild disorder, while in their rear the oppressor is advancing with the quickness of a falchion's glance, armed with deadly weapons. Night has assailed them, and spread her dark gray mantle over the face of nature. The pale stars are in the silent watch towers, and the moon half stripped of her former splendor, is looking down in sadness through a thickening cloud, as if in sorrow for Israel's fate. Then spake the prophet,—“Israel, cease thy mourning, and despair not because thine eyes behold not the way of salvation—for the mountain, if God so please, may become plain ground, and the sea as dry land! Nay, yonder gushing cloud might bear us safely through the heavens, rather than the host of us should perish!”

After the faithful patriarch had uttered the comforting words to his sorrowing people, he went from amidst of them and stood upon a rock that overlooked the sea, with brow unblanched, and calm as summer's twilight. While the fearful sound of the advancing foe still louder pealed—as the aspirations of his heart in love to God mounted to heaven on the wings of faith—he stretched his rod upon the heaving sea, and delegated with the power and majesty of a God, issued his mandate to the obedient waves. Now the murmurs of Israel

cease—every eye is turned with amazement on the heaving deep. The mighty water is cleft asunder to its rocky bed—the vast liquid sheets curl over and over on either side, like scrolls of parchment, and stands as firm and immovable as adamantine walls. Between it and the heavens God reared a fiery battlement to beam in radiant smiles on Israel, and frown in blackest darkness on the coming foe. The long glittering hall is ready waiting for the favored ones to pass. Deep awe had sealed in silence every lip, and filled each heart with love and reverence, as Moses leads them to the sea. With slow and solemn pace they enter the chambers of the mighty deep, lighted by God's eternal watch-fire, and impress their feet mid gems and rose-shells, on the sanded pavement of the sea. Onward they move in a line long and straight.

On a distant mountain, the sober gray of morn was hanging like a veil on his rugged forehead. Then came a sound loud as ten thousand thunders! 'Twas the revengeful Egyptians pursuing, rending the air with their tremendous shouts. But the Israelites had no more to fear, for they were safe on the opposite shore, and beheld them swarm like insects that darkened all her borders. Lo! the frown of God is on the heavens! The dark fleecy clouds float their sable banners to enlist all the elements to battle. The pale stars and the wan moon have covered their fearful faces in darkness and in sorrow; while the rolling thunder peals through the upper heavens with a knell of desolation, and the maddening sea in acclamation utters back the sound! Mourn for thy crimes, guilty Egypt, though now too late! Smite thy breast, haughty and impious king! No more shall thine eyes in pride behold thy palace towers, glittering with the gems of captive nations! And you, ye warriors, bow your heads in sorrow, who thirst for blood like tigers! no more shall ye behold the inmates of your once happy homes! The day of doom is dawning! Ere the sun again mounts his meridian throne, shall the pride of armies perish, and the shades of death despoil the gleam of swords and spears, and all the costly ornaments that grace oppressive Egypt's front. With the diadem upon that kingly head, all shall remain on the floor of ocean to rise no more!

The storm now peals in wild fury, while along the vault of heaven the deep thunder rolls, and the fiery lightning of God's red wrath is streaming down upon them. They grasp the giant billows that were strongly locked—they rise still higher, arching the way of death, till they meet each other, and fall like silver tissue from the clouds; and every soul is swallowed in one tremendous ruin!

MARY JANE.

THE TRAVELER.

ASCENT OF THE GREAT PYRAMID,

BY A LADY.

On my arrival I saw some persons nearly at the top, and some just commencing the ascent. They were all at the very edge; and certainly their apparently perilous situation justified me in the conviction that I could never be able to mount. However, determining to make the attempt, I commenced outside from where the entrance had been formed, and walked along the whole length of one side of the square, about forty feet from the ground to the opposite corner; the ledge being narrow, and in one place quite broken off, requiring a long step to gain the next stone. As the pyramid itself formed a wall to the right hand, and consequently an apparent defence, I felt no want of courage till I reached the corner where the ascent is in many places absolutely on the angle, leaving no protection on either side. About this time I began to be heartily frightened, and when I heard one gentleman from above call to me to desist, and another tell me not to think of proceeding, right glad was I to return, and to attribute my want of success to their advice rather than to my own deficiency of spirit.—Each of the gentlemen as they descended told me the difficulty and fatigue were great, and they evidently were heated and tired; but, at length, in answer to my question a hundred times repeated, of, "do you think I *could go*?" they proposed to try at least, and kindly offered to accompany me. Away I went, and by the assistance a footstool in some places, and the aid of the guides, and the gentlemen to encourage me, I succeeded in arriving half way, all the time exclaiming I should never get down again; and indeed my head was so giddy, that it was some minutes after I was seated at the resting stone half way before I could recover myself. Being a little refreshed, I resumed the ascent; but the guides were so clamorous that I turned back, finding their noise, and pushing and crowding, as dangerous as the height. The gentlemen, at length, brought them to some degree of order, partly by remonstrance, and partly by carrying the majority to the top, and leaving only two with me. This quiet in some degree restored my head, and the footing as I advanced became more easy, I reached the summit amid the huzzas of the whole party. It was a considerable time, however, before I gained confidence to look around, notwithstanding I was on a surface thirty feet square. The prospect, though from so great an elevation, disappointed me. I saw, indeed, an immense extent of cultivated country, divided into fields of yellow flax and green wheat, like so many

squares in a chess-board, with the Nile and its various canals which cause their luxuriance, and a vast tract of desert on the other side; I must, however, acknowledge that this scenery I enjoyed on recollection—for I was too anxious how I was to get down, to think much of the picturesque. A railing even of straws might give some idea of security, but here there was absolutely nothing; and I had to cross and recross the angle, as the broken ledges rendered it necessary—for it is a mistake to suppose there are steps; the passage is performed over blocks of stone and granite; some broken off, others crumbling away, and others, which, having dropped out altogether, have left an angle in the masonry; but all these are very irregular. Occasionally the width and height of the stones are equal; but generally the height greatly exceeds the width; in many parts the blocks are four feet high. Once the stone was so high, that as I slipped off I feared that my feet would shoot beyond the ledge on which they were next to rest, and which was certainly but a few inches wide. Another time I was in great peril; I had stretched one foot down with much exertion as far as it could reach, and as the other followed, the heel of the shoe caught in a crevice of the rock, and I had nearly lost my balance in the effort to extricate myself. In a few places, the width of the ledges enabled me to use the footstool, which considerably diminished the fatigue; but the greater number were far too narrow for its three feet to rest upon, and I thought it too insecure to allow an Arab to support it with his hands while I stepped upon it. After all this, it may be supposed I was glad when I had accomplished the undertaking: for, to tell the truth, the greatest pleasure I felt in ascending the pyramid was to be enabled to say, at some future time, that I had been at its summit.—*Mrs. C. Lushington's Journey from Calcutta to Europe.*

DESCENT OF THE ANDES.

At length we came to the *Cuesta de Conaual*. This was a dreadful descent, leading down to an awful depth below, with the river running at the bottom, a very short distance to the right. It was really terrific to look down, and I am speaking within the opinion of many whom I have consulted on this subject, when I say, that it was at least eleven or twelve hundred feet in a direct descent, in all parts so steep, that there was no possibility of standing; many parts were also hard and slippery, and how to get down this was now our task, which I should never have thought in the power of human beings to accomplish, had I not witnessed it and done it myself; so little are we aware what we are capable of

performing till brought to the trial. I stood and gazed with wonder, scarcely believing they would attempt it. However, the loads were taken off, and away they flew, tumbling and sliding down like lightning. Our beds went into the river, and were soon swept out of sight. Then the peons prepared, and laying themselves flat on their backs, with their arms and legs extended, to my utter amazement, they flew down one after another with the swiftness of an arrow, guiding themselves clear of the river, although going down with such velocity; one turned once or twice head over heels, then round and round like a ball, till he reached the bottom without the slightest injury. Now I thought this would never do for me, so I wanted to see how my companion would manage. He approached the brink, and making a hole first to rest his heel in, thrust his stick half way in the snow, so that it might support him to lower himself down a little, and then dug another hole. In this manner he went down the very steepest part, and then let go, and slid the rest in a sitting posture. Now came my turn; I commenced with the plan of my companion, but finding it so very steep, and not liking the handing posture by one arm, I acted more securely, but was much longer about it; first working a hole with my stick and putting my heel in it, then working another hole and putting the other heel in, thus seeing my way clearly before me, and having a footing of both feet at a time in a sitting posture, while I worked myself steps with my stick, till I passed the steepest part; then I let go, laying flat on my back, and went down with amazing velocity, a distance of five hundred feet. Coming down this place occupied me nearly two hours; but I would not have let go on the steepest part for all the gold and silver in the mines of Peru.—*Lieutenant Brand's Journey, Voyage to Peru, &c.*

GOOD ACTIONS.

There is no calculating the good which a single benevolent action will do. A penny properly bestowed often brings gladness to a drooping heart. We should ever cultivate a habit of doing good, and of speaking kindly and encouragingly to the poor. This will cost us but little—but there is no telling the amount of happiness that it may confer.

If all in their sphere would do the good in their power, two thirds of the present misery in the world would disappear. Doing good does not necessarily imply giving alms. It is to encourage, direct, and advise the poor and afflicted, as well as to minister to their bodily wants.

Equanimity of temper is good at all times.

BEAUTIES OF SALATHIEL.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

No. XIV.

From Jubal, Salathiel learned all the details of the siege. The Romans finding the possession of Massada, essential to the conquest of Judea, resolved to make themselves masters of it at all hazards. The Romans, commanded by Cestius, being baffled in every assault by the generalship of Eleazar and the intrepidity of the garrison, turned the siege into a blockade. Famine and disease were more formidable than the sword. Then they fought the battles of despair. But courage, a courage sustained by higher thoughts than those of the soldiery—the fortitude of piety and prayer, would not avail, and the fortress and its few defenders fell before the overwhelming number of the assailants.

“By dawn,” said I, “we must set out for Jerusalem.”—Jubal replied:—

“It has been closely invested for the last three months; and famine and faction are doing their worst within the walls. Titus is without, at the head of a hundred thousand of the legionaries and allies. To enter will be next to impossible; and when once entered, what will be before you but the madness of civil discord, and finally, death by the hands of an enemy utterly infuriated against our nation!”

“To Jerusalem, at all risks; my fate is mingled with that of the last stronghold of our fallen people. What matters it to one whose roots of happiness are cut up like mine, in what spot he struggles with man and fortune! As a son of Judea, my powers are due to her cause, and every drop of my blood shed for any other would be treason to the memory of my fathers. The dawn finds me on my way to Jerusalem.”

“It is spoken like a prince of Naphtali; but I must not follow you. The courses of glory is cut off for me; unless something may still be done by collecting the fugitives of the tribes, and harassing the Roman communications. But Jerusalem, though every stone of her walls is precious to my soul, must not receive my guilty steps. I have horrid recollections of things seen and done there. My mind is still too full of the impulses that drove it to frenzy. Onias, that wily hypocrite, will be there to fill me with visions of terror.—There too are—others.” He was silent; but suddenly resuming his firmness, “I have no hostility to Constantius; I even honor and esteem him; but my spirit is still too feverish to bear his presence. I must live and die far from all that I have ever known.”

He hid his face in his mantle; but the agitation of his form showed more than clamorous grief. He walked forth into the darkness.

I was ignorant of his purpose, and lingered long for his return. But I saw him no more.

Disturbed and pained by his loss, I had scarcely thrown myself on the cottage floor, my only bed, when I was roused by the cries of the village. A detachment of Roman cavalry marching for Jerusalem had entered, and was taking up its quarters for the night. The peasantry could make no resistance, and attempted none. I had only time to call to my adopted daughter to rise, when our hut was occupied and we were made prisoners.

This was an unexpected blow; yet it was one to which, on second thoughts, I was reconciled. In the disturbed state of the country traveling was totally insecure, and even to obtain a conveyance of any kind was a matter of extreme difficulty. The roving plunderers that hovered in the train of the camp were, of all plunderers, the most merciless. By falling into the hands of the legionaries we were at least sure of an escort; I might obtain some useful information of their affairs; and, once in sight of the city, might escape from the Roman lines with more ease as a prisoner, than I could pass them as an enemy.

The cavalry moved at day-break; and before night we saw in the horizon the hills that surround Jerusalem. But we had full evidence of our approach to the centre of struggle, by the devastation that follows the track of the best disciplined army; groves and orchards cut down; corn-fields trampled; cottages burnt; gardens and homesteads ravaged. Farther on, we traversed the encampments of the auxiliaries, barbarians of every color and language within the limits of the mightiest of empires.

We passed through some miles of boisterous and bustling scene, in which even a Roman escort was scarcely a sufficient security. The barbarians thronged round us, brandished their spears over our heads, rode their horses full gallop against us, and exhausted the whole language of scorn, ridicule, and wrath, upon our helpless condition.

But the clamor gradually died away, and we entered upon another region, totally denuded of life and of the means of life; a zone of silence and solitude interposed between the dangerous riot of barbarism and the severe regularity of the legions. Far within this circle we reached the Roman camp; the world of disciplined war.

The setting sun threw his flame on the long vistas of shield and helmet drawn out, according to custom, for the hour of exercise before nightfall. The tribunes were on horseback in front of the cohorts, putting them through that boundless variety of admirable movements, in which no soldiery were so dexterous as those of Rome. But all was done with

characteristic silence. No sound was heard but the measured tramp of the manoeuvre, and the voice of the tribune. The sight was at once absorbing to the eye of one, like me, an enthusiast in soldiery, and appalling to the lover of his country. Before me was the great machine, the resistless, living energy, that had leveled the strength of the most renowned kingdoms. With the feeling of a man who sees the tempest at hand; in the immediate terror of the bolt, I could yet gaze with wonder and admiration at the grandeur of the thunder cloud.

As the night fell, the legions saluted the parting sun with homage, according to a custom which they had learned in their eastern campaigns. Sounds, less of war than of worship, arose; flutes breathed in low and dulcet harmonies from the lines; and this iron soldiery, bound on the business of extermination, moved to their tents in the midst of strains made to wrap the heart in softness and solemnity.

I awoke at sunrise. But was I in a land of enchantment? I looked for the immense camp;—it had vanished. A few soldiers collecting the prisoners sleeping about the field were all that remained of an army. Our guard explained the wonder. An attack on the trenches, in which the besiegers had been driven in with serious loss, had determined Titus to bring up his whole force. The troops moved with that habitual silence which eluded almost the waking ear. They were now beyond the hills, and the hour was come at which the prisoners were ordered to follow them.

But where was the daughter of Ananias? I had placed her in a tent with some captive females of our nation. The tent was struck, and its inmates were gone. On the spot where it stood, a flock of sheep were already grazing, with a Roman soldier leaning drowsily on his spear for their shepherd. To what alarms might not this fair girl be exposed? Dubious and distressed, I followed the guard in the hope of discovering the fate of an innocent and lovely child, who seemed, like myself, marked for misfortune.

At the close of a weary day we reached our final station, upon the hill Scopus; seven furlongs from Jerusalem. Bitter memory was busy with me there. From the spot on which I flung myself in heaviness of heart, huddled among a crowd of miserable captives, and wishing only that the evening gathering over me might be my last, I had once looked upon the army of the oppressors marching into my toils, and exulted in the secure glories of myself and my country.

But the prospect now beneath the eye showed only the fiery tract of invasion. The

pastoral beauty of the plain was utterly gone. The innumerable garden-houses and summer dwellings of the Jewish nobles, gleaming in every variety of graceful architecture, among vineyards and depths of aromatic foliage, were leveled to the ground; and the gardens turned into a sandy waste, but up by trenches and military works in every direction. In the midst rose the great Roman rampart, which Titus, in despair of conquering the city by the sword, drew round it to extinguish its last hope of provisions or reinforcements; a hideous boundary, within which all was to be the sepulchre.

I saw Jerusalem only in her expiring struggle. Others have given the history of that most memorable siege. My knowledge was limited to the last hideous days of an existence long declining, and finally extinguished in horrors beyond the imagination of man.

I knew her follies, her ingratitude, her crimes; but the love of the city of David was deep in my soul; her lofty privileges, the proud memory of those who had made her courts glorious, the sage, the soldier, and the prophet, lights of the world, to which the boasted illumination of the heathen was darkness, filled my spirit with an immortal homage. I loved her then, I love her still.

To mingle my blood with that of my perishing country was the first wish of my heart. But I was under the rigor of the confinement inflicted on the Jewish prisoners. My rank was known; and while it produced offers of new distinction from my captors, it increased their vigilance. To every temptation I gave the same denial, and occupied my hours in devices for escape. In the meanwhile, I saw with terror that the wall of circumvallation was closing; and that a short period must place an impassable barrier between me and the city.

After a day of anxious gazing on the progress of this wall of destiny, I was roused at midnight by the roaring of one of those tempests, which sometimes break in so fiercely upon an eastern summer. The lightning struck the old tower in which I was confined, and I found myself riding upon a pile of ruins. Escape, in the midst of a Roman camp, seemed as remote as ever. But the storm which shook solid walls, made its way at will among tents, and the whole encampment was broken up. A column of infantry passed where I was extricating myself from the ruins. They were going to reinforce the troops in the trenches against the chance of an attack during the tempest. I followed them. The night was terrible. The lightning that blazed with frightful vividness, and then left the sky to tenfold obscurity, led us through the lines. The column was too late, and it found the besieged already mounted upon the

wall of circumvallation, and flinging it down in huge fragments. The assault and defence were alike desperate. The night grew pitchy dark, and the only evidences that men were around me, was the clang of arms.

A sudden flash showed me that I had reached the foot of the rampart. The besieged, carried away by their native impetuosity, poured down in crowds. Their leader, cheering them on, was struck by a lance and fell. The sight rallied the enemy. I felt that now or never was the moment for my escape. I rushed in front, and called out my name.—At the voice the wounded leader uttered a cry which I well knew. I caught him from the ground. A gigantic centurion darted forward, and grasped my robe. Embarrassed with my burden, I was on the point of being dragged back; the centurion's sword glittered over my head. With my only weapon, a stone, I struck him a furious blow on the forehead.—The sword fell from his grasp; I seized it, and keeping the rest at bay, and in the midst of shouts from my countrymen, leaped the trench with the nobler trophy in my arms. I had rescued Constantius!

Jerusalem was now verging on to the last horrors. I could scarcely find my way through her ruins. The noble buildings were destroyed by conflagration, or the assaults of the various factions. The monuments of our kings and tribes were lying in mutilation at my feet. Every man of former eminence was gone. Massacre and exile were the masters of the higher ranks; and even the accidental distinctions into which the humbler in birth or opulence were thrown by the few past years, involved a fearful purchase of public hazard. Like men in an earthquake, the elevation of each was only a sign to him of the working of an irresistible principle of ruin. But the most formidable characteristic was the change wrought upon the popular mind.

Three factions divided Jerusalem, even while the Roman battering-rams were shaking her colossal towers. Three armies fought night and day within the city, carrying on the operations of war with more than civil fury. Streets undermined, houses battered down, granaries burned, wells poisoned, the perpetual shower of death from the roofs, made the external hostility trivial: and the Romans required only patience to have been bloodless roasters of a city, which yet they would have found only a tomb of its people.

I wandered, an utter stranger, through Jerusalem. All the familiar faces were gone. At an early period of the war many of the higher ranks, foreseeing the event, had left the city; at a later, my victory over Cestius, by driving back the enemy, gave a free passage to a crowd of others. It was at that time remarked that the chief fugitives were

Christians; and a singular prophecy of their Master was declared to be the warning of their escape. It is certain that of his followers, including many even of our priests and learned men, scarcely one remained. They declared that the evil menaced by the Divine Wisdom through Moses—(may he rest in glory!) was come; that the death of their Master was the consummating crime; and that, in the Romans, the nation “of a strange speech,” flying on “eagle wings from the ends of the earth,” was already commissioned against a people stained with the blood of the Messiah.

Fatally was the word of the great prophet of Israel accomplished; fearfully fell the sword to smite away root and branch; solemnly, and by a hand which scorned the strength of man, was the deluge of ruin let loose against the throne of David. And still, though almost two thousand years, the flood of desolation is at the full; no mountain-top is seen rising; no spot is left clear for the sole of the Jewish foot; no dove returns with the olive. Eternal King, shall this be for ever! Wilt thou utterly reject the children of him whom thy right hand brought from the land of the idolater! Wilt thou forever hide thy might from the tribes whom thy servant Moses led through the burning wilderness!—Wilt thou not bring back the broken kingdom of thy servant Israel! Still we wander in darkness, the tenants of a prison whose walls we feel at every step; the scoff of the idolater; the captive of the infidel: have we not abided without king or priest, or ephod or teraphim, many days, and when are those days to be at an end!

Yet, is not the deluge at last about to subside! Is not the trumpet at the lip to summon thy chosen; are not the broken tribes now awaiting thy command to come from the desert—from the sea—from the dungeon—from the mine—like the light from darkness! I gaze upon the stars, and think, countless and glorious as they are, such shall yet be thy multitude and thy splendor, people of the undone! The promise of the King of kings is fulfilling; and even now, to my withered eyes, to my struggling prayer, to the deep agonies of a supplication that no tongue can utter, there is a vision and an answer. On my knees, worn by the flint, I hear the midnight voice; and weeping wait for the day that will come, though heaven and earth should pass away.

My first object was to ascertain the fate of my family. From Constantius I could learn nothing; for the severity of his wound had reduced him to such a state, that he recognised no one. I sat by him day after day, watching with bitter solicitude for the return of his

every other name that I loved. The affecting eloquence of his appeals sometimes plunged me into the deepest depression; sometimes drove me out to seek relief from them even in the horrors of the streets; I was the most solitary of men. In those melancholy wanderings, none spoke to me; I spoke to none. The kinsmen whom I had left under the command of my brave son, were slain or dispersed; and on the night when I saw him battling with his native ardor, the men whom he led to the foot of the rampart were an accidental band, excited by his brilliant intrepidity to choose him at the instant for their captain. In sorrow, indeed, had I entered Jerusalem.

The devastation of the city was enormous during its tumults. The great factions were reduced to two; but in the struggle, a large portion of the temple was burned. The stately chambers of the priests were dust and embers. The cloisters which encircled the sanctuary were beaten down, or left naked to the visitation of the seasons, which now, as by the peculiar wrath of heaven, had assumed a fierce and ominous inclemency. Tremendous bursts of tempest shook the city; and the popular mind was kept in perpetual alarm at the accidents which followed those storms. Fires were constantly caused by the lightning; deluges of rain flooded the streets, and falling on the shattered roofs, increased the misery of their famishing inhabitants; the keenest severity of winter in the midst of spring, added to the sufferings of a people doubly unprovided to encounter it, by its unexpectedness, and by their necessary exposure on the battlements and in the field.

Within the walls all bore the look of a grave, and even that grave shaken by some convulsion of nature. From the battlements the sight was despair. The Roman camps covered the hills, and we could see the soldiery sharpening the very lances that were to drink our blood. The fires of their night-watches lighted up the horizon round. At every fire we could see our future slayers.—We heard the sound of their trumpets and their shouts; as the sheep in the fold might hear the roaring of the lion and the tiger ready to leap their feeble boundary.

Yet the valor of the people was never wearied out. The wall, whose circle was to shut us up from the help of man or the hope of escape, was the grand object of attack and defence; and, though thousands covered the ground at its foot with their corpses, the Jew was still ready to rush on the Roman spear. This valor was spontaneous, for subordination had long been at an end. The names of John of Giscala and Simon, influential as they were in the earlier periods of the war, had lost their force in the civil fury and desperate pressures of the siege. No leaders were acknowledged

but hatred of the enemy, iron fortitude, and a determination not to survive the fall of Jerusalem.

In this furious warfare I took my share with the rest; handled the spear, and fought and watched, without thinking of any distinction of rank. My military experience, and the personal strength which enabled me to render prominent services in those desultory attacks, often excited our warriors to offer me command: but ambition was dead within me.

I was one day sitting beside the bed of Constantius, and bitterly absorbed in gazing on what I thought the progress of death, when I heard a universal outcry, more melancholy than human voices seemed made to utter.—My first thought was that the enemy had forced the gates. I took down my sword, and gloomily prepared to go out and die. I found the streets filled with crowds hurrying forward without apparent direction, but all exhibiting a sorrow amounting to agony; wringing their hands, beating their bosoms, tearing their hair, and casting dust and ashes on their heads. A large body of the priesthood came rushing from the temple with loud lamentations. The DAILY SACRIFICE had ceased!—The perpetual offering, which twice a day burned in testimonial of the sins and the expiation of Israel, the peculiar homage of the nation to heaven, was no more! The siege had extinguished the resources of the Temple; the victims could no longer be supplied, and the people must perish without the power of atonement. This was the final cutting off—the declaration of the sentence—the seal of the great condemnation. Jerusalem was undone!

Overpowered by this fatal sign, I was sadly returning to my worse than solitary chamber; for there lay, speechless and powerless, the noblest creature that breathed in Jerusalem: yet a source of perpetual anxiety to me from his utter helplessness, and the deep affection which I bore him; when I was driven aside by a new torrent of the people, exclaiming—"The prophet! the prophet! woe to the city of David!"

They rushed on in haggard multitudes; and in the midst of them came a mad fellow, bounding and gesticulating with indescribable wildness. His constant exclamation was—"Woe—woe—woe!" expressed in a tone that searched the very heart. He stopped from time to time, and flung out some denunciation against the popular crimes, then recommenced the cry of "Woe!" and bounded forward again.

He at length came opposite to where I stood; and his features, struck me as resembling some that I had seen before. But they were full of a strange impulse—the grandeur of inspiration, mingled with the animal

fierceness of frenzy. The eye shot fire under the sharp and hollow brows; the nostrils contracted and opened like those of an angry steed; and every muscle of a singularly elastic frame was quivering and exposed from the effects alike of mental violence and famine.

"Ho! Prince of Naphtali! we meet at last!" was his exclamation: his countenance fell; and a tear gushed from lids that looked incapable of human weakness. "I found her, my beauty, my bride! She was in the dungeon. The seal-ring that I tore from that villain's finger was worth a mine of gold, for it opened the gates of her prison. Come forth, girl!" With these words he caught by the hand, and led to me a pale creature, with the traces of loveliness, but evidently in the last stage of mortal decay. She stood silent as a statue. In compassion I took her hand, while the multitude gathered round us in curiosity. I now remembered Sabat the Ishmaelite, and his story.

"She is mad," said Sabat, shaking his head mournfully, and gazing on the fading form at his side. "Worlds would not restore her senses. But there is a time for all things." He sighed, and cast his full eye on heaven.—"I watched her day and night," he went on, "till I grew mad too. But the world will have an end, and then all will be well. Come, wife, we must be going. To-night there are strange things within the walls, and without the walls. There will be feasting and mourning; there will be blood and tears: then comes the famine—then comes the fire—then the sword; and then all is quiet again, and forever! But heaven is mighty. To-night there will be wonders; watch well your walls, people of the ruined city. To-night there will be signs; let no man sleep, but those that sleep in the grave. Prince of Naphtali!—have you too sworn, as I have, to die?" He lifted his meagre hand.

"Come, ye thunders; come, ye fires: vengeance cries from the sanctuary. Listen! undone people; listen! nation of sorrow, to the trumpets of the ministers of wrath. Woe—woe—woe!"

Pronouncing those words with a voice of the most sonorous, yet melancholy power, he threw himself into a succession of strange and fearful gestures; then beckoning to the female who submissively followed his steps, plunged away among the multitude. I heard the howl of "Woe—woe—woe!" long echoed through the windings of the ruined streets; and thought that I heard the voice of the angel of desolation.

The seventeenth day of the month Tamuz, ever memorable in the sufferings of Israel, was the last of the Daily Sacrifice. Sorrow and fear were on the city; and the silence of the night was broken by lamentation from the

multitude. I retired to my chamber of affliction, and busied myself in preparing for the guard of the Temple, to withdraw my mind from the gloom that was beginning to master me. Yet when I looked round the room, and thought of what I had been, of the opulent enjoyments of my palace, and of the beloved faces that surrounded me there, I felt the sickness of the heart.

The chilling air that blew through the dilapidated walls, the cuse of water, the scanty bread, the glimmering lamp, the comfortless and squallid bed, on which lay, in the last stage of weakness, a patriot and a hero,—being full of fine affections and abilities, reduced to the helplessness of an infant, and whom, in leaving for the night, I might be leaving to perish by the poniard of the robber,—unmanned me. I cast the scimitar from my hand, and sat down with a sullen determination there to linger until death, or that darker vengeance which haunted me, should do its will.

The night was stormy, and the wind rolled in long and bitter gusts through the deserted chambers of the huge mansion. But the mind is the true place of suffering; and I felt the season's visitation in my locks drenched about my face, and my tattered robes swept by the freezing blasts, as only the natural course of things.

I was sitting by the bed-side, moistening the fevered lips of Constantius with water, and pressing on him the last fragment of bread which I might ever have to give, when I, with sudden delight, heard him utter for the first time articulate sounds. I stooped my ear to catch accents so dear and full of hope. But the words were a supplication. He prayed to the Christian's God!

I turned away from this resistless conviction of his belief. But this was no time for debate, and I was won to listen again. His voice was scarcely above a whisper, but his language was the aspiration of a glowing heart. His eyes were closed; and evidently unconscious of my presence, in his high communion with heaven, he talked of things of which I had but imperfect knowledge, or none; of blood shed for the sins of man; of a descended Spirit to guard the path of the servants of heaven; of the unspeakable love that gave the Son of God to torture and mortal death for the atonement of that human iniquity, which nothing but such a sacrifice could atone. He named the names dear to us both; and praying "for their safety, if they were in life, or for their meeting beyond the grave, reigned himself to the will of his Lord."

I waited in sacred awe till I saw, by the subsiding motion of the lips, that the inward prayer which followed was done; and then, anxious to gain information of my family,

questioned him. But, with the prayer, the interval of mental power passed away. The veil was drawn over his senses once more; and his answers were unintelligible.

Yet even the hope of his restoration lightened my gloom; my spirits, naturally elastic, shook off their leaden weight: I took up the scimeter, and pressing the cold hand of my noble fellow-being, prepared to issue forth to the Temple.

[To be continued.]

SPRING FLOWERS.

"The wise

Read nature like the manuscript of heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry."

I love the fair and beautiful blossoms, that are scattered so abundantly in the spring season over the field, and by the quiet edges of the wood, or when their sunny petals tremble to the pleasant murmuring of the streams, that go by like merchantmen trafficking their melody for gales of odor. I would not gather the first flowers that lift up their delicate heads to meet me in my spring path;—it seems to me almost as if they were gifted with a feeling, and a perception of the loveliness of nature, and I cannot carelessly pluck them from their frail stems and throw them aside to their early withering—'tis like defacing the pages of a favorite book of poetry, round which the spirit of the bard seems hovering still in a persevering watchfulness.

Beautiful flowers! they are the "jewelry" of spring, and bravely do they decorate her laughing brow, gladdening all hearts with her exceeding loveliness. But no! there are some hearts for whom her voice has no cadences of joy, her beauty no power to hasten the lagging pulse. How can the glorious spring speak rejoicingly to those over whose degraded brows the free gales seem to breathe revilings, instead of peacefulness and high thoughts, and for whose ears the gush of melody seems only to syllable one reproachful name? Gladness and beauty are not for the sympathies of the wretched, and far better than the brightness of the vernal sunshine does the dreariness of winter harmonize with the desolate spirit of the slave.

O, that the warm breathings of universal love might drive out from the bosoms of men, the cold unfeeling winter of indifference, with which they have so long regarded the sufferings of their oppressed brethren! that the beautiful blossoms of Christian compassion and holy benevolence, springing up in their hearts, might shed over them the fragrance of the memory of good deeds! Then should the benediction of those that were ready to perish, come upon them like the blessing of

"the early and the latter rain," and the grateful tears of the forlorn ones rest on them as a fertilizing dew, clothing them with happiness like a thick mantle of summer verdure.

OUR COUNTRY.

Our eastern borders behold the sun in splendor rising from the Atlantic, while the western shores are embraced in darkness by the billows of the Pacific. Our country has indeed a vast extent of territory, with the diversified climates of the globe. On the one hand is the ever smiling verdure of the beautiful and balmy south, and on the other the sterile hills and sombre pine forests of the dreary north—and intermediate the outstretched region where the chilling blasts of winter are succeeded by the zephyrs, and the flowers of summer.

The snow-clad summits of her mountains look down upon the elemental war of the storm-clouds floating above the shrubless prairie, that realizes the obsolete notion of the earth being an immense plain; and, towards the ocean on the east and the west, upon the broad rich valleys where the father of waters, the endless rivers, and the majestic Columbia with its hundred branches gently wind along or rapidly rush on to mingle their waters with the waves of the Pacific, the Gulf of Mexico, or the magnificent expanse of our North west Caspian seas.

Could the power of vision at once extend over our whole wide domain, what a grand ennobling scene would be presented to a spectator standing upon one of the lofty peaks of the Rocky Mountains, or, as Washington Irving aptly denominates it, "the crest of the world." And then to take, upon a summer day, a birds-eye view of all the roads, canals, rail roads, lakes, and rivers; the innumerable post coaches whirling along over our 130,000 miles of post road; our steamers gliding magically along our waters; our locomotives shooting off comet like upon their track; our rapid intercourse between the sea-board and the inland maritime cities; and our peaceful armament approaching and departing with the commerce of the world; with all the various complicated movements of country town and city; and then, like Prior on Granger Hill, to hear all the different musical and discordant sounds coming up to this "crest of the world"—if they could come from the entire scene, from the bellowing of the buffalo, leading his shaggy hundreds over the prairie, to the roar of the cataract as it shakes the earth with its stupendous plunges; with all this beneath the ear, well might the enraptured spectator exclaim, what a beautiful Panorama.

For variety, beauty, grandeur, and sublim-

ity of scenery? What country can surpass our own? What country can equal the life-sustaining power that slumbers in her soil? With all her wealth, improvements, and intelligence, and with our 20,000,000 of inhabitants, still we have but just commenced the settlement of our country and are only on the borders of the mighty wilderness. Her undeveloped resources are capable of sustaining a free population of more than 100,000,000. A century hence, in 1939, the United States of America, with 50 stars upon her banner, may welcome, at the dawning of that new-year's morn, no less than 120,000,000 of happy freemen. How exalted may then be the intelligence and virtue of the people. The success of our efforts in the improvement of our schools and the general diffusion of knowledge, enables us to make an estimate of what our posterity of the third generation are likely to become.

Active must be the ardent imagination that can picture the scene at a glance: The ideal landscape cannot equal the reality, however lively may be the fancy. The idea of such a view as we have fancied to be beheld from the mountain-top a hundred years from this day, can never be conveyed by words—the picture must be painted by the wonder-working power of ideality.

Our country! such is thy physical greatness and such the intellectual and moral power that now give promise of a glorious destiny, far beyond all parallel in the annals of the world. For such a destiny may thy institutions be well sustained, and may a halo of glory play about the name of every man who honestly labors in behalf of his fellows and posterity, to uphold, purify, perpetuate, and extend them.

WEIGHT OF CHARACTER.

In analyzing the human powers and faculties, and examining the springs of action, by which influence is easily exercised over others; in a word, to define what constitutes character, or weight of character, we often find it a difficult matter to explain. Integrity, industry, skill, and many talents of the first order, may be occasionally possessed, and yet the unhappy person may have very little influence, and consequently but imperfect success in most of his undertakings. The truth is, I apprehend, that he has some prominent defect in his character, which prevents him from having what would otherwise be, his proportional influence in society.

The most important point is to acquire self-command, if we ever expect to have any permanent influence over others. We must not lose our balance, whenever we meet with any trifling unpleasant circumstance. We

are never to expect to have every thing go exactly right in this world. At best, we can make only a distant approximation to perfection. This is all which we are to expect in others, and certainly it is all that a modest man can expect others to find in him. We are to endeavor to palliate the evils which come within our sphere, not to quarrel with them, and be constantly complaining of them, and of our want of complete success. We are also to bear with patience those which we cannot remove. Though we cannot effect every thing that might be desirable, yet we can all contribute something to the general good.

Next to self-control, or an almost imperturbable equanimity, probably the most important in a character for influence, is independence and firmness. And perhaps no two qualities are more commonly mistaken and misunderstood. Independence consists in a man's thinking for himself; firmness, in acting for himself, according to the dictates of his conscience. There is a wrong, as well as a right way of exhibiting both of these qualities.—They ought rarely, if ever, to be called into operation upon matters of indifference or mere expediency; and when they are required, they usually have much more influence when exercised in a smooth, than in a rough and forbidding manner. It is a great error to imagine that a man cannot be independent unless he thinks differently from the great mass of mankind upon plain and common sense topics, so that he must be always disputing, and taking the opposite side. He also makes the same mistake as to firmness, by obstinately adhering to matters of little importance. People of this description are generally the last to yield to others the liberties they are constantly taking themselves, and though always inclined to dispute, are yet the most impatient when their own opinions are controverted, even in the most delicate manner. They are a kind of *noli melangere*, (touch me not) with which it is difficult to come in contact without a sting. Such a character never succeeds well in any situation, and it is most of all unhappy in a professional man.

True independence and firmness keep a man stable and consistent, without leading him into the extreme measures of an ultra partizan. He adheres steadily to his own opinions, but does not obtrude them when they are uncalled for by the occasion.

The glory of a good man is the testimony of a good conscience: have that and thou wilt have inward peace in the midst of many troubles.

Men often go from love to ambition, but seldom return from ambition to love.

SKETCH OF THE RISE OF MUSEUMS.



Every collection of interesting objects, of nature or art, brought together for the instruction of the student, or the satisfaction of the curious, is called a *museum*—a word which originally signified a grotto of the Muses, or a temple of the Muses, and which was first given in the above sense to that part of the royal palace in Alexandria, which Ptolemy Philadelphus assigned for the library. Works of the fine arts, collected in museums, cannot produce the same effect as when in the places for which they were originally intended.—When the images of Hercules, Hermes and Cupid, stood in the gymnasia; when Alcmenes' statues of Venus were half hidden by bowers and trees; when the figure of Diana, with her nymphs, were found in lonely forests; Myron's groups of the Nereides, on the seashore; the statues of Apollo, Bacchus and the Muses, in the theatres; the lofty image of Jupiter, at the Olympian games; or, in more recent times, when the picture of the Virgin stood over the altar, surrounded by columns and arches—then the works of art were in their proper places, and produced the effects for which the artist intended them.

But a deluge of barbarism swept over the civilization of ancient times, and the works of ancient art were hurled from their seats. When the light of civilization again dawned upon Europe, it was natural for men to seek with avidity for the relics of ancient art; and, as the changes which had taken place in religion and in social institutions forbade the restoration of them to their old uses, they

were treasured up in collections, as proofs of the existence of a perfection which mankind had long lost. But this spirit of collecting may be carried, and has been carried to an extreme. In the last century, particularly, the governments of many countries thought themselves authorized to despoil all the provinces of the few works of art which they had preserved, and to crowd them, often without any taste, in collections into the capitals. Of late, the mode of arranging museums has been greatly improved, the works of art being disposed in situations corresponding to their character. We find the first collection of works of art in the peristyles of ancient temples. Delphi, with its treasure chambers, divided according to the different tribes of Greece; the temple of the Samian Juno and the Palladian Acropolis at Athens, were very rich in works of art, consisting of consecrated gifts, arranged with taste. The successors of Alexander accumulated all kinds of works of art in the royal seats, in order to carry them about at their triumphs, in long processions. Similar was the fate of foreign works of art in ancient Rome. The captured statues were carried about like slaves, and among the Roman emperors there was more than one imitator of Nero, who ordered five hundred statues to be sent from Delphi, to ornament his "golden house." The practice of removing works of art from their original localities, had therefore already begun—real museums, however, existed not as yet. The barbarians afterwards broke in upon Rome, and the works of art

were involved in indiscriminate destruction. The finest marbles were used for building walls—the noblest statues were burned for lime. Hardly a single statue or picture escaped, except those which were buried under the ruins, and thus preserved by the very extent of the surrounding destruction, to kindle in future ages a new love for the fine arts. In the beginning of the fifteenth century only about five antique statues of marble, and one of bronze, were known to exist in Rome.

In Florence began the dawn of a new day for the fine arts, in the age of the Medici. Cosmo I. collected antiquities, and laid the foundation of the famous Florentine Museum.—Other princes of Italy soon followed the example. Pope Leo X., of the family of Medici, transplanted the love of the fine arts; which distinguished his house, to Rome. The noble families, and by degrees, all Italy, were inspired with a kindred zeal, and every where commenced excavations, in order to find ornaments for their villas and palaces. Collections of coins were first made. The family of Este made the first collection of gems. Museums now became more and more common, and works were crowded together without taste or convenience. As the erudition of the Alexandrian scholiasts, though valuable, is not of equal worth with the poetry of Homer, so museums, though certainly noble establishments, and necessary to keep alive a taste for the fine arts, are not to be compared with the living activity of art—and it is gratifying to see that the effect of museums at present is to awaken genius to original production, instead of making mere copyists of ancient creations, as was once the case, when modern art seemed to be rather a matter of erudition than the offspring of native inspiration.

A complete museum should be an epitome of nature; it should contain collections of preserved beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, and in fact, a specimen of every creature that moves on our globe; herbariums containing dried specimens of the vegetable kingdom, as also specimens of minerals; it should be “a representative assembly of all the classes and families of the world; it should also contain collections of ancient records, medals, and coins, which attest and explain laws and customs; also paintings and statues, that, by imitating nature, seem to extend the limits of creation; as also every thing that can exhibit the manners and customs of men in distant ages and nations.

He that hath light within his own clear breast,
May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself in his own dungeon.—MILTON.

TO *****

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

FORGIVE thee!—yes, I do forgive thee,
And bless thee as we part,
And pray that years may never leave thee
My agony of heart,
I call no shadowy malison
Upon thy fair young brow,
But would thy life might ever run
As sunwardly as now.

I know that I have knelt too lowly
For smiles so oft withdrawn,
That trusting love receive too slowly
The lesson of thy scorn—
That thou hast had thy triumph hour
Unquestioned and complete—
When prompted by a spell of power
I knelt me at thy feet.

'Tis over now—the charm is broken—
The feverish dream hath fled,
And pass away like thoughts unspoken
The vows that I have said.
I give thee back thy plighted word—
Its tones of love shall be
Like music by the slumberer heard—
A dreamer's melody.

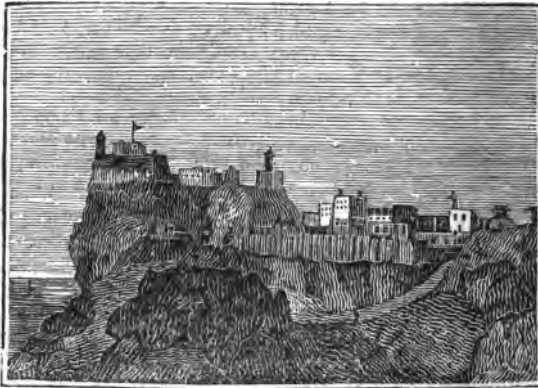
Go now—the light of hope is on thee—
Thy lover's claims are o'er;
A thousand smiles thy charms have won thee—
They'll win a thousand more.
For beauty hath a chaining spell
Upon the human will—
Though false the heart it veils so well,
It hath its homage still.

Go, blue-eyed girl! the proud shall meet thee,
And gladden in thy smile,
And flattery's pleasant lip shall greet thee
With the bland words of guile.
Go, try the recklessness of earth
With that young heart of thine,
And lavish its unpractised mirth
On pleasure's every shrine.

Thy pleasant paths may yet be shaded—
A shadow cross thy sun—
The rosy wreaths which love has braided,
Fall from thee one by one.
The flatterer's tones may pass away—
The lyre of love be broken—
And manhood's evil scorn repay
The fondness thou hast spoken.

Go, heartless girl!—thou'lt smile to-morrow
As I had never been—
And spurn thy lover's words of sorrow,
For those of happier men.
A darker destiny the page
Of coming years may tell!—
God help thee in thy pilgrimage—
Loved being! fare thee well!

THE FORTRESS OF CERIGO.



It is a matter of surprise to all who visit Cerigo, that, in the times of heathen mythology, such an island should have been fixed upon as the residence of the goddess of beauty; since there is nothing beautiful in its appearance. It is rocky and barren, except in the interior, where there are a few fertile valleys, and a small quantity of fine pasture. It is the farthest south of all the Ionian states, a few leagues from the Morea, and at the entrance of the Grecian Archipelago; and is about twenty leagues in circumference, being about seven in length and five in breadth. There is one port, called Saint Nicolo, and the roadstead of Capsali; but this is not always safe. On the left of this roadstead, upon a rock two hundred feet above the sea, is the fortress of Cerigo, as represented by the above cut.

Here four or five thousand people have taken up their residence. There are about twenty small villages in all the island, and the entire population is about eight thousand souls. Another fort was built by the Venetians in 1725, which is capable of defending St. Nicolo, and protecting the anchorage of Antemone, called Saint Francis.

There are no remarkable relics of antiquity in the ancient Cythera; though so much has been said by heathen writers of the worship paid to Venus on this spot. It is here that it is said Paris and Helen repaired when flying from the court of Menelaus; and here other fugitives have found refuge.

A grotto, cut out of the rock, under the fortress, is stated to have been at one time the residence of Saint John the Divine. This traditionary story induces the inhabitants often to visit the spot. The Monks of the convent of Saint John, of the grotto especially, repair often to it, for purposes of devotion. How easily is the mind of man imposed upon! In the island on which the writer of this note

dwells is a grotto, which he has seen, cut out of a rock by a Monk with whom he has conversed, and who has a piece of board on a frame, upon which he says was the picture of the Virgin Mary, found under the rock.—But what was more curious, the writer saw him extract from the soft rock, which was on the top of the excavated room, some shells of fish, and the spot is two or three miles from the sea.

This monk had collected, by begging, eight thousand dollars to build a convent here.—And perhaps at Cerigo, the cavern of St. John might have been thus begun in days long past; and superstitious people may have fancied that St. John visited the spot from Patmos, which is not many leagues distant.

Between Cerigo and Candia, the ancient Crete, is a small island, now called Cerigotta, the ancient Egilia. Thirty-four families dwell here, in a state of poverty. This place has been the resort of pirates in past days.

Though it is the day of small things with the Ionian isles, in regard to scriptural Christianity, yet the seeds of truth are sown.

HYMN TO THE SCRIPTURES.

Lamp of our feet, whose hallowed beam
Deep in our hearts its dwelling hath;
How welcome is the cheering gleam,
Thou sheddest o'er our lowly path!
Light of the way! whose rays are flung
In mercy o'er our pilgrim road!
How blessed its dark shades among
The star that guides us to our God!

Our fathers, in the days gone by,
Read thee in dim and sacred caves;
Or in the deep wood silently,
Met where thick branches o'er them wav'd,

To seek the hope thy record gave,
When thou wert a forbidden thing;
And the strong chain and bloody grave,
Were all on earth thy love could bring.

Our fathers, in the days gone by,
Read thee while peril o'er them hung;
But we beneath the open sky,
May search thy leaves of truth along;
Fearless, our daily haunts among,
May chant the hallowed lays of old,
Once by the shepherd minstrel sung,
When Israel's hills o'erhung his fold.

In the sweet morning's hour of prime,
Thy blessed words our lips engage;
And round our hearths at evening time,
Our children spell the page.
The way-mark through long distant years,
To guide their wandering footsteps on;
Till thy last loveliest beam appears,
Gilding the church-yard's evening stone.

Word of the holy and the just!
To leave thee pure our fathers bled;
Thou art to us a sacred trust,
A relic of the martyr dead!
Among the vallies where they fell,
The ashes of our fathers sleep!
May we, who round them safely dwell,
Pure as themselves the record keep!

Lamp of our feet! which, day by day,
Are passing to the quiet tomb;
If on it fall thy peaceful ray,
Our last low dwelling hath no gloom.
How beautiful their calm repose,
To whom that blessed hope was given;
Whose pilgrimage on earth was closed,
By the unfolding gates of heaven.

THE DEED OF SEPARATION.

BY MRS. ADDY.

Emma Wilmot, a blooming, sprightly girl of eighteen, was reading the newspaper to her mother and uncle in the boudoir of the former, and had just finished the account of an alarming fire in London. "Uncle," she said, "I think there are very few sights that you have not seen; pray were you ever present at a tremendous fire?"

"Yes, Emma," replied Major Hervey; "I was once present at a fire tremendous enough even to gratify a young lady's taste for horrors; it was the most awful description of fire, because it was the work of an incendiary, and combustibles had been laid to give its progress artificial rapidity; it was not a London fire either, where the spring of a watchman's rattle acts as the wave of an enchanter's wand in procuring engines and assistance from every quarter. It took place in a retired

county situation, ten miles from any town, and, to sum up the horrors, it was at the house of my most dear and valued friends."

"Will you tell me the particulars, uncle?" said Emma; "that is if it will not make you sad to do so."

"It will not make me sad, Emma, for that fire is connected with the most pleasurable event in my life, and most happy am I, for the sake of my friends, that it took place."

"Perhaps your friends were poor," said Emma; "had insured their house much beyond its value, and were glad of the additional money."

"No, Emma, you are wrong; the house of my friend was certainly insured, but the insurance was beneath its value, and they lost many little articles of use and ornament endeared to them by circumstances, and which no money could replace; however, they found an article more precious than any they had lost."

"Oh! now I guess the mystery—they discovered a concealed treasure in the ruins."

"You are at once right and wrong; they certainly gained a treasure, or rather regained it, for they had possessed it once, and wantonly cast it away."

"Now, uncle, you speak in riddles: do pray tell me the story."

Major Hervey looked at Lady Wilmot, who gave a nod and smile of assent, and he began his narrative.

"About twenty years ago, Emma, I went to pay a visit to a young married couple, for whom I had a sincere regard; they lived in a beautiful country house, surrounded by spacious grounds. It was spring; the whole neighborhood seemed one sheet of blossoms, and the clustering branches of the lilac and laburnum gave beauty and fragrance to my walk through the avenue leading to the residence of Sir Edgar and Lady Falkland.—They were young, handsome, wealthy, intellectual, and yet my visit to them was of a melancholy nature. They did not live happily together. They had decided on a separation, and the purpose of my journey was to inspect, and witness a deed of separate maintenance."

"How very shocking!" said Emma; "nothing can justify the separation of a married couple"

"I do not agree with you there, my dear," said her uncle; "there may be circumstances which justify this painful measure; such, however, was not the circumstances of my friends; the moral conduct of each was unimpeachable, and they were free from extravagance and dissipation; but they were unfortunately too much alike in respects where it would have been most desirable that they should have differed; they were both haughty, exacting, irritable,

impatient of slights, and nervously perceptible of slights, where no one else would have described them. I think the faults were as nearly as possible equal on each side. The lady complained of the want of the attentions of a lover in her husband, and the gentleman complained that his wife would not condescend to dress, sing, or smile for his gratification alone, as she was wont to do in the days of courtship. They became contradictory, peevish, and sulen, and a fatal want of confidence ensued on every affair of life, whether trifling or important."

"How different from my dear father and mother," said Emma, "who can never keep anything a moment from each other?"

"The confidence which they withheld from each other," pursued Major Hervey, "they reposed in various quarters, and several of the friends thus injudiciously distinguished made use of the idle and common-place phrase,— 'When married people cannot live happily together, it is best for them to separate.'— This advice had an effect which sounder advice often fails in having. It was accepted by each of the parties and carried into execution. An eminent lawyer was directed to prepare a deed of separation, and, when once signed and witnessed, Lady Falkland was to quit the residence of her husband, and to return to that of her parents. My friends, as you may imagine, were not sitting together. I was shown into the study of Sir Edgar, and I spared no pains or arguments to prevail on him to reconsider his determination, and to endeavor to bear with the little imperfections of his wife, and to persuade her to bear with his own. He would not, however, admit that he had given her any provocation; he seemed thoroughly convinced of her coldness and want of attachment to him. After some cross-questioning, I succeeded in getting him to allow that he was occasionally a little irritable; but such irritability, he said, would soon disappear, were it not kept alive by the provoking and taunting remarks of his wife."

"He should have been married to such a woman as my dear mamma," said Emma; "she is so mild and patient, that she would soften the most irritable temper in the world."

"Do not praise your mother quite so enthusiastically, my love," said Lady Wilmot, smiling; "it is almost as bad as praising yourself."

"When I found," continued Major Hervey, "that all my persuasions were in vain, I was obliged tacitly to consent to the introduction of Mr. Chambers, the lawyer, with the deed of separation; he produced this document out of a tin box, which appeared to me more fatal than the box of Pandora, since Hope could not be supposed to repose at the bottom of it. When the deed, however, was read to me, I could

not but do justice to the liberality of Sir Edgar, the fortune brought to him by his wife was small, and had been settled on herself for pin money, but the allowance he proposed making to her was large, even in proportion to his extensive income. He expressed every wish for her comfort and happiness. Her father and mother were to come to the hall on the ensuing day to witness the deed of separation, and to take their daughter to their home. He asked me whether I thought they would be satisfied with the liberality of his provision for her, and I unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative; although, knowing their kind, tender, and feeling natures, my heart was wrong at the anticipation of their visit. I proceeded from Sir Edgar's apartment to that of Lady Falkland, and vainly hoped that I might be more successful with her than I had been with her husband. I had known and loved her from her earliest youth; I had stood by the altar when her hand was joined with that of Sir Edgar, and deep was my sorrow to think that aught but death should dissolve that holy union. I could not, however, bend or soften her haughty spirit. 'She was undervalued,' she said—'she was despised by her husband; she had always met with fondness and affection under the roof of her parents, and thither she would return.' I wished her to request a private interview with Sir Edgar; this she declined. She had not, she said, for many weeks seen him, except in the presence of a third person; but she promised me that, in honor of my arrival, she would dine at the table that day. It was a formal and melancholy dinner, and Mr. Chambers, who made the fourth of our little party, was the only unembarrassed person among us."

"O that terrible lawyer!" said Emma, "how I should have detested the sight of him!"

"Then you would have felt very unjustly, my dear girl," said Major Hervey; "he was a worthy and upright man; he could not refuse to draw up the deed in question when required to do so, and as he was only professionally acquainted with Sir Edgar and Lady Falkland, and not a private friend of either party, it would have been unreasonable to expect that he should look very unhappy about the matter. We are apt to exact too much from lawyers and medical men; we should reflect that long familiarity with scenes of distress, if it fail to harden the feelings, will at all events subdue the outward expression of them. They grieve like other men for the misfortunes of their friends and relatives; but if they gave a tribute of ardent sympathy to the sufferings of every client or patient, they would be living in a state of perpetual excitement, highly unfavorable to the cool and deliberate self-possession so requisite in each of their professions. Lady Falkland quite

us soon after dinner. Mr. Chambers and I joined her in the drawing room, but Sir Edgar had retired to his study. Lady Falkland was sad and silent; in fact the whole room presented a dreary appearance; her harp and piano-forte were in packing cases ready for removal; a table near the windows which used to be covered with engravings, books in gay bindings, and a splendid album, was now despoiled of all its ornaments; her writing desk and work-box were not in their accustomed places, and a beautiful portrait of herself, taken before her marriage, was removed.

"Mr. Chambers retired early. I made one more attempt to work on the feelings of Lady Falkland. I even appealed to the weakness of her character, by endeavoring to represent to her the consequence and responsibility of the situation she was deserting, and the insignificant station in society held by a separated wife; but Lady Falkland was not worldly or ambitious; she was only vain and exacting; she persevered in her resolution, and I sorrowfully bade her good night. All that now remained in my power, was fervently to entreat the heavenly disposer of events, in my prayers, to have pity on these poor deluded young people, to change their proud hearts, to bow their headstrong spirits, and lead them at some future time again to find comfort and happiness in each other. I remained wrapt in thought for about an hour, looking with dread to the events of the morrow, and at length fell asleep.

"I awoke again; it was still dark, and I was immediately sensible of a decided smell of fire. I was thoroughly alarmed: several fires had lately taken place in that neighborhood, which were supposed to be the work of a man of low character and habits, who had rendered himself offensive to many of the surrounding families; and this man, the garrulous old steward had informed me on the preceding day, had been threatened by Sir Edgar with a prosecution for poaching, and he had been heard avow that he would be revenged on him. I instantly aroused Sir Edgar; we gave the alarm to the servants, and finding that the fire had only reached a part of the building, and that we had plenty of time for our operations, I dismissed some of them to the neighboring farm-houses for assistance, and employed others to rescue whatever was most valuable and important from the flames.

"First of all, however, I spoke to Lady Falkland's own maid, telling her to awaken her gently and quietly; to explain to her that the flames were yet far from the part of the house where she slept; and having assisted her to dress, to conduct her to a large covered summer-house, at the bottom of the garden, where I desired all the females of the family to

assemble for the present. Sir Edgar and I were actively employed for some time in directing the labors of the servants, who removed many articles from the house: at length the flames spread with such rapidity, that we were compelled to desist; and I walked down to the summer-house to console and reassure Lady Falkland. Imagine my surprise at discovering that she was not there; her maid informed me that on entering her room she found it vacant, her bed had not been slept on, nor were any of her clothes to be discovered; it was evident that she had been awake and was sitting up at the time of the alarm, and had provided for her own safety by flight.

I must say that I felt more angry with Lady Falkland than terrified about her, for I supposed that, unwilling to identify herself with the interests of her household, or to run the risk of any communication with the husband she was about to leave, she had sought refuge in one of the farm-houses in the vicinity. I thought it right, however, to inform Sir Edgar of her absence, and was returning to the front of the house with that purpose, when I was startled by a piercing shriek from Lady Falkland's maid, who followed me. I looked up in the direction to which she pointed, and at the window of a little apartment above the drawing-room, what was my horror to behold Lady Falkland making despairing signs for assistance! This little room had been a great favorite with Sir Edgar and herself during the early months of their marriage, on account of the extensive prospect it commanded; she had fitted it up with book-shelves, a guitar, and painting materials, and they passed much of their time there. It afterwards appeared, that, unable to sleep, the idea had struck Lady Falkland that she would take a last farewell of this room, endeared by so many early and tender remembrances; she sat down on a low ottoman there, her own peculiar seat, rested her head on the chair usually occupied by Sir Edgar, and gave vent to her grief in repeated and passionate sobs, till at length she fell into that dull and heavy sleep so often the result of continued weeping.

"She awoke to a scene of awful danger: she attempted to open the door, but the flames and smoke that assailed her immediately drove her to the window; it was two stories from the ground; death would be the result of an endeavor to leap from it. One of the servants immediately ran to a neighboring farm, where, he said, was a ladder of sufficient length to reach the window; but how poor appeared this prospect of relief, when the danger was so immediate and imminent! The staircase was in flames; who could venture to ascend it? I offered large pecuniary rewards to the person who should save her life. One of the under-gardeners, tempted by my munificence,

advanced a few steps into the house, and then returned.

"I shall be suffocated in the attempt," he said, "and what will become of my widow and fatherless children?"

"At that moment Sir Edgar, who had been giving directions in a different part of the premises, made his appearance, and, more by gestures than by words, we pointed out to him the situation of his wife. I shall never forget his agonized cry of distress; but he did not waste a moment in deliberation; he snatched from me my military cloak and rushed into the house. The old steward, who had been in the family at the time of his birth, endeavored to hold him back.

"You are rushing to certain death, dear Sir Edgar," he cried; "pray return."

But Sir Edgar shook him off.

"I will save her life," he exclaimed, "or lose my own in the attempt;" and in another moment he disappeared up the blazing staircase. I had scarcely time to hope, before Lady Falkland gave me fresh cause for alarm. The flames were approaching rapidly to the place where she stood; she evidently contemplated the desperate measure of a leap from the window; and I was shuddering at the idea of speedily beholding her mangled form, when I saw her drawn back by a strong hand. Sir Edgar wrapped the cloak around her, and carried her from the window. Once more I ventured to breathe; as Sir Edgar had ascended the staircase without material injury, I trusted that he might descend it in the same manner; but at that moment the event so long anticipated took place, the staircase fell in with a tremendous crash, and all hopes of retreat were cut off. A dreadful and inevitable death seemed now the portion of these young people; but there was a melancholy consolation in the idea that they would die clasped in each other's arms, and exchanging mutual assurance of forgiveness. My head began to swim, and my eyes to feel dim, and I was on the point of sinking to the ground, when loud shouting voices near me aroused me to perception: a party of men were approaching, bearing the expected ladder, and headed by Dennis O'Flaherty, an Irish laborer at the farm. Even at this moment the thought passed through my mind of the strange manner in which we estimate the value of a person according to the existence of local circumstances. I had frequently, during my visits at the hall, conversed with Dennis O'Flaherty, and amused myself much with his brogue, his blunders, and his uncouth manners. I knew him to be an honest and good-natured fellow, but it had never entered into my head that he could possibly be of use to me in any point of view than as a person to be laughed at; but now, when I contem-

plated his athletic frame, his muscular limbs, and his bold bearing, I felt that the most gifted genius, or the most polished courtier of the age, would be an object of inferior consequence in my eyes to Dennis O'Flaherty, and the sweetest music would have been less delightful to my ears than the powerful brogue which made itself heard above all the uproar, in vehement commands to his companions, "waste no time, but set up the ladder quick and steady." It was speedily put up under Dennis's direction; he was at the top in a moment. Sir Edgar deposited the fainting Lady Falkland in his arms; he speedily bore her down, and Sir Edgar followed in safety. Three loud cheers broke from the assembled spectators as he reached the ground. I could not join in their acclamations, but I silently and fervently offered up a thanksgiving to Heaven for the preservation of my dear young friends, and a prayer that the circumstances attending it might have a beneficial effect on their future lives. Lady Falkland was not hurt by the flames, although weeping and hysterical through alarm; she was immediately bore to the farm-house, and medical assistance was procured for her. Sir Edgar had not escaped so well; he was severely scorched, and in great pain, but in the midst of his sufferings he could not refrain from telling me of his happiness; the few minutes that elapsed between his entrance into Lady Falkland's room, and the arrival of the ladder, had passed in mutual entreaties for pardon, in the most tender interchange of protestation of affection, and in lamentations over their too probable separation from each other by death, although they had both so recently desired to effect a separation in life. At length the medical man, having left Lady Falkland, took Sir Edgar under his care, and immediately silenced his transports by a composing draught; fire-engines arrived from the country-town, and in a few hours the house had ceased to blaze; presenting, however, a lamentable spectacle of blackened and smoking ruins.

"Morning came, the father and mother of Lady Falkland were expected, and I rode to meet them, anxious to acquaint them with the happy change in the prospects of their daughter: they were astonished that I should greet them with a smile, still more so when I described the tremendous scene of the preceding night, which seemed little calculated to excite such a token of pleasure; but most grateful were they when I had finished my story, and frequently did they return thanks to the gracious Lord, who had thus wonderfully and mysteriously wrought good out of evil.

"I led them to the farm, where they fondly embraced their beloved daughter; she was

ing by the bedside of her husband, who, no longer supported by temporary excitement, was suffering severely from the effects of his hurts, and a tender and affecting scene ensued. When I left the room, I entered Mr. Chambers, the lawyer.

"I am exceedingly sorry," he said to me, "a look of doleful apology, 'but I have reason to fear that the deed of separation has been destroyed in the flames.'"

"So much the better," I replied, cheerfully; "Sir Edgar and Lady Falkland are now happily reconciled, and the deed of separation, when if recovered, would be no better than waste paper."

"Pardon me, Major," said he, with a proking curve of the lip; "you can only conjecture that point—we lawyers are not to be satisfied except with proofs, and time alone can prove that the deed will not be again required."

"I was glad to escape from this doubting gentleman to the clamorous rejoicings and congratulations of Dennis O'Flaherty. I gave him a sum of money, which Sir Edgar afterwards trebled, and I resolved in my own mind never to laugh at his blunders again, since he had so happily refrained from blundering in a case of life and death. Lady Falkland attended her husband with the most unremitting tenderness and assiduity during an illness of several weeks; on his recovery they passed some months in traveling, and neither of them made any complaints of want of attention on the part of the other. The house was rebuilt exactly in the same form, but it was more attractive to my eyes than it had ever been, for it had now become a 'Mansion of Peace.'

"And do you really think it possible, uncle," said Emma, "that a couple who were once on the verge of separation, could be so thoroughly happy afterwards?"

"It is not only possible, but it is true," said Major Hervey: "they are as happy, Emma, as your own dear father and mother."

"Now, uncle, I cannot believe you; I shall be like your sceptical friend, Mr. Chambers, only satisfied with proofs."

"Then I will give you a proof, Emma, which will be quite satisfactory even to the sceptical Mr. Chambers; it is of your own dear father and mother. I have been speaking."

Emma cast a wondering, incredulous glance towards her mother.

"Surely, my uncle is jesting," said she.

"No, my love," answered Lady Wilmot; "he has given, under imaginary names, a narrative of facts. The awful scene took place twenty years ago on this very site, and the room where we are now sitting answers to the one in which I stood, momentarily ex-

pecting a painful and violent death, and shrinking from the idea of appearing before my Creator with a spirit irritated by angry pride, and a conscience burdened with the neglect and defiance of my duties as a wife and as a Christian. I trust that by the assistance of Providence I have been enabled to correct the faults of my temper, and most happy, my dear Emma, am I to say, that I have never observed any indications of the same imperious and exacting disposition in you; but in case any future alteration in your situation should bring to light defects in your temper hitherto unknown, I am glad that your uncle has told you these particulars of the early wedded life of myself and your father. Your choice, I trust, will be cautious and prudent; but that choice once made, consider that it is equally your duty and interest to bear patiently with the foibles of the object of it, and ever remember that the bonds you assume are not merely light and temporary ties, but are to be worn by yourself, and by the husband of your selection, in fidelity and constancy, 'so long as ye both shall live.'"

The following beautiful and touching lines are from the Bedford (Penn.) Gazette. They were written in July last, and were suggested by the following incident, which we give in the language of the author.—A few days since I was standing in front of a country dwelling, when a Turtle Dove settled in the road, and began collecting the grains and seeds which accident had distributed there. A person came out of the house with a gun, and, before I observed his purpose, was in the act of pulling the trigger upon the poor bird. I threw up the muzzle with my hand, and the gun was discharged. The dove flew away.

O SPARE THAT DOVE.

BY THOMAS B. M'ELWEE, ESQ.

Oh! spare that Dove, it harmed not thee,
Its gentle spirit knows no harm,
Her nest is built on yonder tree,
Oh! who could make its inmates mourn.
Her mate sits on the branch above
To guard his nestlings from alarm,
And booms his mellow note of love
Impatient for her safe return.

Oh, spare that Dove—the cruel deed—
To see her mild expiring eye—
I cannot bear to see her bleed,
To see her shudder, and to die.
Oh let her live, to love resigned,
Her blameless life from guilt is free,
She was by Nature's God designed
The emblem of divinity.

Oh, spare that Dove—the man of peace
To her consigned the sacred charge
To find for him a resting place—
Then flung her from the holy barge.

With noiseless pinions to the shore
Of Ararat she swiftly prest,
The olive branch then joyous bore
And gave the man the pledge of rest.

Then spare that Dove—in mercy spare—
No angry passions rend her breast,
She asks to live, to love and share
With him she loves her peaceful nest;
I would not harm that helpless Dove
For all that pride and pomp confer,
To man she bore the branch of love,
Let mankind bear the branch to her.
Then spare that Dove.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

There is nothing more sublime or more capable of impressing upon our minds the necessity of being just and virtuous than the solitary place, where the remains of our fellow beings rest in melancholy silence. I do not think there is any thing more agreeable to a mind capable of exalted feelings, than a solitary walk among the tombs, where no human care can disturb the meditations of a feeling heart; where the song of a bird resounds in all its sweetness through the silent habitations of the departed,—and where the vanity of human joys does not interrupt the solemn aspect of the tombs. True, it inspires the heart with melancholy, but in such a melancholy there is a pleasure more sweet and more lasting than any other earthly enjoyment!

Is there aught that could impart to us more philosophical lessons? When we tread on the tombs we plainly discover the nothingness of human cares and achievements. There, the great and the humble—the rich and the poor have rested for ages, and will rest there till they are called to a better land where a happier life is to be expected.

All that exists must sometime or another come to an end—and indeed have we not sufficient proof to convince us of the fact? Where is the virtuous Arystides, or thirsty for conquests Alexander? Where is the wise Socrates or patriotic Brutus? Where is the sublime Sophocles, or keen and ironic Aristophanes? Where is Cæsar—aye, where is the ambitious yet talented Napoleon who wielded the sceptre of mighty Europe?—Only the memory of their immortal deeds remains—but where are they? Alas! all gone to the boundless regions of eternity!

We should therefore accustom ourselves to the thought that we must die, so that when we shall see that our end is near we may not shrink.

But whence doth that fear of death arise? Methinks from nothing else but that we prize too highly what we possess, without reflect-

ing on that which we may be able to obtain. Krasicki, the celebrated Polish writer, says that our predecessors cared less for life than we do. Amidst enjoyments the Egyptians laid their dead upon the tables where they held their feasts, in order that they might be reminded of their virtues, which still lasted although the spirit of life was extinct. And in this manner they accustomed themselves to the thought of dying, so that, when the moment of parting came, they did not view with horror, but willingly exchanged the good for the better.

Weak minds shrink at the sight of the mournful bier, but those whom education and virtues raise above the vulgar prejudices, and a weary voyage through life, are glad to exchange their situations.

Therefore cemeteries are not so horrible as we imagine. Guilt trembles at the approach of death—but virtue hastens with pleasure to the world where she knows she will be boundlessly rewarded!

PAUL SCOTLEWELL.

For the Ladies' Garland.

TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE

When Heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end,
It takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.—DR. YOUNG.

No more with varied ills oppressed,
Her spirit soars beyond its cares;
She has gone where the weary rest,
A house her gossamer Lord prepares.

What though her path was oft beset,
What though the storms around her blew,—
Yet why should we her loss regret,
Since Heaven has brought her safely through.

Though no kind sister watched her bed,
And smoothed her pillow of distress,—
Yet Heaven, I trust, its comforts shed,
And angels hover'd round to bless.

Poor Friend! thou'rt gone, and one must feel
Thy loss, as lonely now he strays:
His wounds, may Heaven in mercy heal,
And make this stroke a theme of praise.

We all are wanderers from the track,
That Heaven has mark'd for man below,—
Thou'rt thus God calls his children back,
When out of safety's fold they go.

He wounds, in mercy, to restore,
He takes our dearest props away,
And freely pardons, if no more,
Like wayward sheep, we go astray.

Then take the stroke and bow resigned,
'Twas mercy's hand that dealt the blow,
A sweet thou'lt in this bitter find,
And bless the hand that laid thee low.

THE LADIES' GARLAND.

Vol. II.

A WREATH OF MANY FLOWERS.

No. 11.

THE SABBATH WRECKS.

A LEGEND OF DUNBAR.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning in the autumn of 1577; a few small clouds, tinged with red, sailed slowly through the blue heavens; the sun shone brightly, as if conscious of the glory and goodness of its Maker, diffusing around a holy stillness and tranquility, characteristic of the day of rest; the majestic Frith flashed back the sunbeams, while, on its bosom slowly glided the winged granaries of commerce; there, too, lay its islands, glorying in their strength—the May, shrouded in light, appeared as a leviathan sunning in its rays—and the giant Bass, covered with sea fowl, rose as a proud mountain of alabaster in the midst of the waters.

A thousand boats lay along the shores of the Dunbar. It was the herring season—and there were many boats from the south, and from the north, and also from the coast of Holland.

Now, tidings were brought to the fishermen that an immense shoal was upon the coast; and, regardless of its being Sabbath morning, they began to prepare their thousand boats, and to go out to set their nets. The Rev. Andrew Simpson, a man possessed of the piety and boldness of an apostle, was then minister of Dunbar; and, as he went forth to the Kirk to preach to his people, he beheld the unhallowed preparations of the fishermen on the beach; and he turned and went amongst them, and reproved them sternly for their great wickedness. But the men were obdurate—the prospect of great gain was before them, and they mocked the words of the preacher. Yea, some of them said unto him in the words of the children to the prophet—“Go up, thou bald head.” He went from boat to boat, coun-

seling, entreating, expostulating with them, and praying for them.

“Surely,” said he, “the Lord of the Sabbath will not hold ye guiltless for this profanation of his holy day.” But, at that period, vital religion was but little felt or understood upon the borders, and they regarded not his words.

He went to one boat, which was the property of members of his own congregation, and there he found Agnes Crawford, the daughter of one of his elders, hanging upon the neck of her husband, and their three children also clung around him, and they entreated him not to be guilty of breaking the Sabbath for the sake of perishing gain. But he regarded not their voice; and he kissed his wife and his children, while he laughed at their idle fears. Mr. Simpson beheld the scene with emotion, and approaching the group—“John Crawford,” he exclaimed, addressing the husband, “you may profess to mock, to laugh to scorn the words of a feeble woman, but see that they return not like a consuming fire into your own bosom when hope has departed. Is not the Lord of the Sabbath the Creator of the sea as well as of the dry land? Know ye not that ye are now braving the wrath of Him before whom the mighty ocean is a drop, and all space but a span? Will ye, then, glory in insulting His ordinances, and delight in profaning the day of holiness? Will ye draw down everlasting darkness on the Sabbath of your soul? When ye were, but a youth ye have listened to the words of John Knox—the great apostle of our country—ye have trembled beneath their power, and the conviction that they carried with them; and when ye think of those convictions, and contrast them with your conduct this day, does not the word *apostate* burn in your heart? John Crawford,

some of your blood, have embraced the stake for the sake of truth, and will ye profane the Sabbath which they sanctified? The Scotsman who openly glories in such a sin, forfeits his claim to the name of one, and publishes to the world that he has no part or communion with the land that gave him birth. John Crawford, hearken unto my voice, to the voice of your wife, and that of your bairns, (whose bringing up is a credit to their mother,) and be not guilty of this gross sin." But the fisherman, while he regarded not the supplications of his wife, became sullen at the words of the preacher, and springing into the boat, seized an oar, and, with his comrades began to pull from the shore.

The thousand boats put to sea, and Mr. Simpson returned sorrowful from the beach to the kirk, while Agnes Crawford and her children followed him. That day he took for his text, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" and, as he fearlessly and fervidly denounced the crime of Sabbath breaking, and alluded to the impious proceedings of the day, his hearers trembled, but poor Agnes wept aloud, and her children clung around her, and they wept also, because she wept. But, ere the service had concluded, the heavens began to lower. Darkness fell over the congregation—and first came the murmur of the storm, which suddenly burst into the wild howl of the tempest. They gazed upon each other in silent terror, like guilty spirits stricken in their first rebellion by the searching glance of Omniscience. The loud voice of the psalm was abruptly hushed, and its echo mingled with the dreadful music of the elements, like the bleating of a tender lamb, in the wind that sweepeth howling on the mountains. For a moment, their features, convulsed and immovable, were still distended with the song of praise; but every tongue was silent, every eye fixed. There was no voice, save heaven's. The church seemed to rock to its foundations, but none fled—none moved.—Pale, powerless, as marble statues, horror transfixed them in the house of prayer. The steeple rocked in the blast, and, as it bent, a knell, untold by human hands, pealed on the ears of the breathless multitude. A crash followed. The spire that glittered in the morning sun lay scattered in fragments, and the full voice of the whirlwind roared through the aisles. The trees crouched and were stripped leafless; and the sturdy oak, whose roots had embraced the earth for centuries, torn from the deep darkness of its foundations, was lifted on the wings of the tempest. Darkness was spread over the earth. Lightnings gathered together their terrors, and clothed in the fury of their fearful majesty, flashed through the air. The fierce hail was poured down as clouds of ice. At the awful voice

of the deep thunder the whirlwind quailed, and the rage of the tempest seemed spent.

Nothing was now heard save the rage of the troubled sea, which, lashed into foam by the angry storm, still bellowed forth its white billows to the clouds, and shouted its defiance loud as the war-cry of embattled worlds.—The congregation still sat mute, horrified, deathlike, as if waiting for the preacher to break the spell of the elements. He rose to return thanks for their preservation, and he had given out the lines—

"When in thy wrath rebuke me not,
Nor in thy hot rage chasten me,"

when the screams and the howling of women and children rushing wildly along the streets, rendered his voice inaudible. The congregation rose, and hurrying one upon another, they rushed from the church. The exhortations of the preacher to depart calmly were unheard and unheeded. Every seat was deserted, all rushed to the shore, and Agnes Crawford and her children, also, in terror, with the multitude.

The wrecks of nearly two hundred boats were drifted among the rocks. The dead were strewn along the beach, and amongst them, wailing widows sought their husbands, children their fathers, mothers their sons, and all their kindred; and ever and anon an additional scream of grief arose, as the lifeless body of one or other such relations was found. A few of the lifeless bodies of the hardy crew were seen tossing to and fro, but the cry for help was hushed, and the yell of death was heard no more.

It was, in truth, a fearful day—a day of lamentation, of warning, and of judgment. In one hour, and within sight of the beach, a hundred and ninety boats and their crews, were whelmed in the mighty deep; and, dwelling on the shore between Spittal and North Berwick, two hundred widows wept their husbands lost.

The spectators were busied carrying the dead, as they were driven on shore, beyond the reach of tide-mark. They had continued their melancholy task for near an hour, when a voice exclaimed—"See! see!—one still lives, and struggles to make the shore."

All rushed to the spot from whence the voice proceeded, and a young man was perceived, with more than mortal strength, yet laboring in the whirling waves. His countenance was black with despair. His heart panted with suffocating pangs. His limbs buffeted the billows in the strong agony of death, and he strained with desperate eagerness, towards the projecting point of a black rock. It was now within his grasp, but in its stead, he clutched the deceitful wave that

ughed at its deliverance. He was whirled round it, dashed on it with violence, and again swept back by the relentless surge.—He threw out his arms at random, and his deep groans and panting breath were heard through the sea's hoarse voice. He again reached the rock—he grasped, he clung to its tangled sides. A murmur moaned through the multitude. They gazed upon one another. His glazed eyes frowned darkly upon them. Supplication and scorn were mingled in his look. His lips moved, but his tongue uttered no sound. He only gasped to speak—to implore assistance. His strength gave away—the waters rushed around the rock as a whirlpool. He was again uplifted upon the white bosom of the foam and tossed within a few yards of the wailing but unavailing rowd.

“It is John Crawford!” exclaimed those who were enabled to recognise his features. A loud shriek followed the mention of his name—a female rushed through the crowd, and the next moment the delicate form of Agnes Crawford, was seen floating on the wild sea. In an instant a hundred plunged to her rescue, but, before the scream of horror and surprise raised by the spectators when they beheld her devoted but desperate purpose, had subsided, she was beyond the reach of all who feared death. Although no feminine amusement, Agnes had delighted in buffeting the waters from a child, as though she felt a home upon their bosom; and now the strength of inspiration seemed to thrill through her frame. She again appeared, and her fair hand grasped the shoulder of the drowning man! A shout of wild joy rang back to the deserted shore. Her father, who was amongst the multitude, fell upon his knees. He clasped his hands together—“Merciful heaven!” he exclaimed, “Thou who stillest the tempest, and holdest the waters in the hollow of Thy hand, protect—protect my child!”

The waters rioted with redoubled fury.—Her strength seemed failing, but a smile of hope still lighted up her features, and her hand yet grasped her apparently lifeless burden. Despair again brooded on the countenance of her friends. For a moment she disappeared among the waves; but the next, Agnes Crawford lay senseless on the beach, her arm resting on the bosom of him she had matched from a watery grave—on the bosom of her husband.

They were borne to their own house, where in a few moments she recovered; but her husband manifested no signs of vitality. All the means within their power, and that they knew, were resorted to effect his resuscitation. Long and anxiously she wept over him, rubbing his temples and his bosom, and, at length, beneath her hand his breast first be-

gan to heave with the returning pulsation of his heart.

“He lives!—he breathes!” she exclaimed, and she sank back in a state of unconsciousness, and was carried from the room. The preacher attended by the bedside, where the unconscious fisherman lay, directing and assisting in the operations necessary for restoring animation.

As John Crawford began to recover, the film of death that had gathered over his eyes began to melt away, and he gazed around in bewilderment, but unconscious of where he was, and he sunk in a troubled sleep; and, as he slept, and his strength returned, he cast forth his arms, in imagination yet grappling with death. He dreamed, and in his dream, he shouted for help. He prayed, and in the same breath he blasphemed and reviled the trembling spectators that his troubled fancy still pictured on the beach.

In a few hours the fisherman awoke from his troubled sleep, which many expected would have been the sleep of death. He raised himself in the bed—he looked around wistfully. Agnes, who had recovered, and returned to the room fell upon his bosom.—“My Agnes!—my poor Agnes!”—he cried, gazing wistfully in her face—“but where—where am I!—and my bairnies, where are they?”

“Here, father, here!” cried the children, stretching out their little arms to embrace him.

Again he looked anxiously around. A recollection of the past, and a consciousness of the present, fell upon his mind. “Thank God!” he exclaimed, and burst into tears; and when his troubled soul and his agitated bosom had found in them relief, he inquired eagerly—“But O, tell me, how was I saved!—was I cast upon the beach? There is a confused remembrance in my brain, as though an angel grasped me when I was sinking, and held me. But my head is confused, it is fearfully confused, and I remember naething but as a dream; save the bursting awa’ o’ the dreadful storm, wi’ the perishing o’ hunders in an instant, and the awful cry that rang frae boat to boat—‘a judgment has come owre us!’ And it was a judgment indeed! O Agnes! had I listened to yer words, to the prayers o’ my bits o’ bairns, or the advice o’ the minister, I wad hae escaped the sin that I hae this day committed, and the horrors wi’ which it has been visited. But tell me how, or in what manner, I was saved.”

“John,” said the aged elder, the father of Agnes “ye was saved by the merciful and sustaining power o’ that Providence which ye this morning set at naught. But I rejoice to find that your heart is not hardened, and that the awful visitation—the judgment, as ye hae

weel described it—which has this day filled our coast with widows and with orphans, has not fallen upon you in vain; for ye acknowledge your guilt, and are grateful for your deliverance. Your being saved is naething short o' a miracle. We a' beheld how lang and how desperately ye struggled wi' the raging waves; we knew not who ye were, and when it was na in the power o' any being upon the shore to render ye the slightest assistance. We saw how ye struggled to reach the black rock, and how ye was swept round it; and, when ye at last reached it, we observed how ye clung to it wi' the grasp o' death, until your strength gave way, and the waves dashed you from it. Then ye was driven towards the beach, and some of the spectators recognised your face, and they cried out your name! A scream burst upon my ears—a woman rushed through the crowd—and then John!—O, then!—but here the feelings of the old man overpowered him.—He sobbed aloud, and pausing for a few moments, added—"Tell him, some o' ye." "O tell me," said the fisherman; "a' that my father-in-law has said, I kenned before. But how was I saved? or by whom?"

The preacher took up the tale. "Hearken unto me, John Crawford," said he. "Ye have reason this day to sorrow, and to rejoice, and to be grateful beyond measure. In the morning ye mocked my counsel and set at naught my reproof. True, it was not the speaker, but the words of truth that were spoken, that ye ought to have regarded—for they were not my words, and I was but the humble instrument to convey them to ye. But ye despised them; and as ye sowed, so have ye reaped. But, as your father-in-law has told ye, when your face was recognised from the shore, and your name mentioned, a woman screamed—she rushed through the multitude—she plunged into the boiling sea, and in an instant she was beyond the reach of help!"

"Speak!—speak on!" cried the fisherman eagerly; and he placed his hands on his heaving bosom, and gazed anxiously, now towards the preacher, and again towards Agnes, who wept upon his shoulder.

"The providence that had till then sustained you, while your fellow-creatures perished around you," added the clergyman, supported her. She reached you—she grasped your arm. After long struggling, she brought you within a few yards of the shore, a wave overwhelmed you both and cast you upon the beach, with her arm—the arm of your wife that saved you—upon your bosom!"

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the fisherman, pressing his wife to his bosom—"My ain Agnes! was it you!—was it you!—my wife!—my saviour!" And he wept aloud, and his children wept also. "There is nae

merit in what I have done," replied she, "for wha should have attempted to save ye, had I not! Ye were every thing to me John, and to our bairns."

But the feelings of the wife and the mother were too strong for words. I will not dwell upon the joy and gratitude of the family to whom the husband and the father had been restored as from the dead. It found a sorrowful contrast in the voice of lamentation and of mourning, which echoed along the coast like the peal of an alarm-bell. The dead were laid in heaps upon the beach, and, on the following day, widows, orphans, parents, and brothers, came from all the fishing towns along the coast, to seek their dead amongst the drowned that had been gathered together; or, if they found them not, they wandered along the shore to seek for them where the sea might have cast them forth.—Such is the tale of the Sabbath Wrecks—of the lost brave of Dunbar.

For the Ladies' Garland.

THE PLAGIARIST.

It is the hour, when at the door

The postman's welcome knock is heard;
It is the hour the eye runs o'er,

With rapid glance, each new-found word:
And gentle thoughts—expressions clear,
Make music to the list'ning ear.

Each flower a careful hand has placed,
To form a "Garland," for the taste
Of poet, moralist, and sage,
Of laughing youth, and sober age;
Fraught with instruction, and with power,
To give new charms to that sweet hour,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts (not "meets") away.

But 'tis not for instruction from poet or sage,
That the plagiarist seeks the "Garland's"
page,

Nor to gaze on the "view" of a far-off land,
That he seizes the book with a trembling hand,
And if half its contents his eye has caught,
It is not for the sake of its "scraps of thought;"
He looks—it is not for a "Christmas hymn,"
But something more welcome far to him.

With hope, with fear, with suspense he is sick,
His cheek grows pale, and his heart beats
quick,

There is seen a word on the rustling leaves,—
His color returns, and his bosom heaves,
A moment more, and—away with care,—
As his own, those stolen lines are there!

The young are slaves to novelty; the old
to custom.

BEAUTIES OF SALATHIEL.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

No. XV.

The storm was partially gone; and the moon, approaching to the full, was high in heaven, fighting her way through masses of rapid cloud. The wind still roared in long blasts, as the tempest retired, like an army repulsed, and indignant at being driven from the spoil. But the ground was deluged, and a bitter sleet shot on our half-naked bodies. I had far to pass through the streets of the upper city; and their aspect was deeply suited to the melancholy of the hour.

The following paragraphs enclosed in brackets were published in the first volume of the *Garland*; but in order to retain the connexion they are republished in this place.

[I was sheltering myself behind the broken columns of the Grand gate, from the bitter wind which searched every fibre; and was sinking into that chilling torpor which benumbs body and mind alike; when a clash of military music and the tramp of a multitude assailed my ear. I started up, and found my miserable companions mustering from the various hollows of the hill to our post on the central ground of Mount Moriah, where the view was boundless on every side. A growing blaze rose up from the valley, and flashed upon the wall of circumvallation. The sounds of cymbal and trumpet swelled: the blaze advanced rapidly; and going the circuit of the wall, the helmets and lances of the cavalry were seen glittering through the gloom: a crowd of archers preceded a dense body of the legionary horse, at whose head rode the Roman general and his chief officers. On this night the fatal wall had been completed, and Titus was going its round in triumph. Every horseman carried a torch; and strong divisions of infantry followed, bearing lamps and vessels of combustible matter on the points of their spears. As the whole moved, rolling and bending with the inequalities of the ground, I thought that I saw a mighty serpent coiling his burning spires round the prey that was never to be rescued by the power of man.

[But the pomp of war below, and the wretchedness around, raised reflections of such bitterness, that, when Titus and his splendid troop reached the foot of the Temple-hill, one outcry of sorrow and anticipated ruin burst from us all. The conquerer heard it, and, from the instant manœuvring of his troops, was evidently alarmed: he had known the courage of the Jews too long, not to dread the effects of their despair.

[And despair it was, fierce and untameable! I started forward, exclaiming, "If there is a

man among you ready to stake his life for his country, let him follow me."

[To the last hour the Jew was a warrior. The crowd grasped their spears, and we sprang down the cliffs. As we reached the outer wall of the city, I restrained their exhaustless spirit, until I had singly ascertained the state of the enemy. Titus was passing the well known ravine near the Fountain gate, where the ground was difficult for cavalry, from its being chiefly divided into gardens.—I threw open the gate, and led the way to the circumvallation. These sentinels, occupied with looking on the pomp, suffered us to approach unperceived; we mounted the wall, overthrew every thing before us, and plunged down upon the cavalry entangled in the ravine.

[The bravery of the legions was not proof against the fury of our attack. Even our wild faces and naked forms, seen by the uncertain glare of the torches, looked scarcely human. Horse and man were rolled down the declivity; the arrival of fresh troops only increased the confusion; their torches made them a mark for our pikes and arrows; every point told; and every Roman that fell, armed a Jew. The conflict became murderous: and we stabbed at our ease the troopers of the Emperor's guard, through their mail, while their long lances were useless.

[The defile gave us incalculable advantages; for the garden-walls were impassable by the cavalry, while we bounded over them like deer. All was uproar, terror, and rage. We actually waded through blood. At every step I trod on horse or man; helmets and bucklers, lances and armor, lay in heaps; the stream of the ravine soon ran purple with the proudest gore of the proud legions.

[At length while we were absolutely oppressed with the multitude of dead, a sudden blast of trumpets, and the loud shouts of the enemy, led me to prepare for a still fiercer effort. A tide of cavalry poured over the ground; a gallant figure, cheering them on, with his helmet in his hand, galloped in their front; I withdrew my wearied followers from the exposed situation into which their success had led them, and, posting them behind a rampart of Roman dead, awaited the charge.

[It came with the force of thunder; the powerful horses of the imperial escort broke over our rampart at the first shock, and bore us down like stubble. Every man of us was under their feet in a moment; yet the very number of our assailants saved us; the narrowness of the place gave no room for the management of the horse; the darkness assisted both our escape and assault; and, even lying on the ground, we plunged our knives in horse and rider with terrible retaliation.

[The cavalry at length gave way; but this

Roman general, a man of the heroic spirit that is only inflamed by repulse, rushed forward among the disheartened troops, and roused them by his cries and gestures, to retrieve their honor. After a few bold words, he charged at their head. I singled him out, as I saw his golden eagle gleam in the torch-light. To capture the son of Vespasian, would have been a triumph worth a hundred lives. Titus was celebrated for personal dexterity in the management of the horse and lance: and I could not restrain my admiration of the skill with which he penetrated the difficulties of the field, and the mastery with which he repelled or overthrew all that opposed him.

[Our motley ranks were already scattering; when I called out my name, and defied him to the combat. He stooped over his charger's neck to discover his adversary; and, seeing before him a being as blackened and beggared as the most dismantled figure of the crowd, gave a laugh of fierce derision, and was turning away, when our rear of scorn recalled him. He struck in the spur, and, couching his lance, he bounded towards me. To have waited his attack must have been destruction; I sprang aside, and with my full vigor flung the javelin: it went through his buckler. He reeled; and a groan arose from the legionaries, who were rushing forward to his support: he stopped them with a fierce gesture, and, casting off the entangled buckler, charged again. But the hope of the imperial diadem was not to be thus cheaply hazarded. The whole circle of cavalry rolled in upon us; I was dragged down by a hundred hands; and Titus was forced away, indignant at the zeal which thwarted his fiery valor.

[In the confusion I was forgotten, slipped through the concourse, and rejoined my countrymen, who had given me over for lost, and now received me with shouts of victory. The universal cry was to advance; but I felt that the limit of triumph for that night was come: the engagement had become known to the whole range of the enemy's camps, and troops without number were already pouring down. I ordered a retreat; but there was one remaining exploit to make the night's service memorable.

[Leaving a few hundred pikemen outside the circumvallation to keep off any sudden attempt, I set every hand at work to gather the dry weeds, rushes, and fragments of trees, from the low grounds into a pile. It was laid against the rampart. I flung the first torch, and pile and rampart were soon alike in a blaze. Volumes of flames, carried by the wind, rolled round its entire circuit.

[The Romans rushed down in multitudes to extinguish the fire. But this became continually more difficult. Jerusalem had been

roused from its sleep; and the extravagant rumors that a great victory was obtained, Titus slain, and the enemy's camp taken by storm, stimulated the natural spirit of the people to the most boundless confidence. Every Jew who could find a lance, an arrow, or a knife, hurried to the gates; and the space between the walls and the circumvallation was crowded with an army, which, in that crisis of superhuman exultation, perhaps no disciplined force on earth could have out-fought.

[Nothing could now save the rampart.—Torches innumerable, piles of faggots, arms, even the dead, all things that could burn, were flung upon it. Thousands who, at other times might have shrunk, forgot the name of fear, leaped into the very midst of the flames, and, tearing up the blazing timbers, dug to the heart of the rampart, and filled the hollows with sulphur and bitumen; or struggled their way across the tumbling ruins, to throw themselves among the Roman spearmen, and see the blood of an enemy before they died.

[War never had a bolder moment. Human nature, roused to the wildest height of enthusiasm, was lavishing life like dust. The rampart spread a horrid light upon the havoc: every spot of the battle, every group of the furious living, and the trampled and deformed dead, was keenly visible. The ear was deafened by the incessant roar of flame, the falling of the huge heaps of the rampart, and the agonies and exultations of men reveling in mutual slaughter.

[In that hour came one of those solemn signs which marked the downfall of Jerusalem.

[The tempest, that had blown at intervals with tremendous violence, died away at once; and a surge of light ascended from the horizon, and rolled up rapidly to the zenith. The phenomenon instantly fixed every eye. There was an indefinable sense in the general mind that a sign of power and Providence was about to be given. The battle ceased; the outcries were followed by utter silence; the armed ranks stood still, in the very act of rushing on each other: all faces were turned on the heavens.

[The light rose pale and quivering, like the meteors of a summer evening. But in the zenith it spread and swelled into a splendor, that distinguished it irresistibly from the wonders of earth or air. It swiftly eclipsed every star. The moon vanished before it; the canopy of the sky seemed to be dissolved, for a view, into a bright and infinite region beyond, fit for the career of those mighty beings to whom man is but a feather on the gale.

[As we gazed, this boundless field was trans-

formed into a field of battle; multitudes poured across it in the fiercest convulsions of combat; horsemen charged, and died under their horses' feet; armor and standards were trampled in blood; column and line burst through each other. At length the battle stooped towards the earth; and, with hearts beating with indescribable feelings, we recognised in the fight the banners of the tribes. It was Jew and Roman struggling for life; the very countenances of the combatants became visible, and each man below saw a representative of himself and his fortunes above. The fate of Jewish war was there written by the hand of heaven; the fate of the individual was there predicted in the individual triumph or fall. What thought of man can conceive the intense interest with which we watched every blow, every movement, every wound of those images of ourselves?

[The light illuminated the whole horizon below. The legions were seen drawn out in front of the camps ready for action; every helmet and spear-point glittering in the radiance; every face turned up, gazing in awe and terror on the sky. The tents spreading over the hills; the thousands and tens of thousands of auxiliaries and captives; the little groups of the peasantry roused from sleep by the uproar of the night, and gathered upon the knolls and eminences of their fields; all were bathed in a flood of preternatural lustre.

[But the wondrous battle approached its close. The visionary Romans shook; column and cohort gave way, and the banners of the tribes waved in victory over the field. Then first, human voices dared to be heard. From the city and the plain burst forth one mighty shout of triumph.

[But our presumption was to be soon checked. A peal of thunder that made the very ground tremble under our feet, rolled from the four quarters of the heaven. The conquering host shook, broke and fled in utter confusion over the sapphire field. It was pursued, but by no semblance of the Roman. An awful enemy was on its steps. Flashes of forked fire, like myriads of lances, darted after it; cloud on cloud deepened down, as the smoke of a mighty furnace; globes of light shot blasting and burning along its track.—Then, amid the doubled roar of thunder, rushed forth the chivalry of heaven; shapes of transcendent beauty, yet with looks of wrath that withered the human eye; armed sons of immortality descended on the wing by millions; mingled with shapes and instruments of ruin, for which the mind has no conception. The circle of the heaven was filled with the chariots and horses of fire.—Flight was in vain: the weapons were soon to drop from the Jewish host: their warriors sank upon the splendid field. Still the im-

mortal armies poured on, trampling and blasting, until the last of the routed was consumed.

[The angry pomp then paused. Countless wings were spread, and the angelic multitudes having done the work of vengeance, rushed upward with the sound of ocean in the storm. The roar of trumpets and thunders was heard until the splendor was lost in the heights of the empyrean.

[We felt the terrible warning. Our strength was dried up at the sight; despair seized upon our souls. We had now seen the fate of Jerusalem. No victory over man could save us from the coming of final ruin. Thousands never left the ground on which they stood; they perished by their own hands, or lay down and died of broken hearts. The rest fled through the night, that again wrapped them in tenfold darkness. The whole multitude scattered away, with soundless steps and in silence, like an army of spectres.]

In the deepest dejection that could overwhelm the human mind I returned to the city, where one melancholy care still bound me to existence. I hastened to my comfortable home; but the battle had fluctuated so far round the walls, that I found myself perplexed among the ruins of a portion of the lower city, a crowd of obscure streets which belonged almost wholly to strangers and the poorer population.

The faction of John of Giscala, composed chiefly of the more profligate and beggared class, had made the lower city their strong hold, before they became masters of Mount Moriah; and some desperate skirmishes, of which conflagrations were the perpetual consequence, laid waste the principal part of a district built and kept up with the haste and carelessness of poverty. To find a guide through this scene of dilapidation was hopeless, for every living creature, terrified by the awful portents of the sky, had now fled from the streets. The night was solid darkness. No expiring gleam from the burnt rampart, no fires of the Roman camps, no lamp on the Jewish battlements, broke the pitchy blackness. Life and light seemed to have perished together.

To proceed soon became impossible; and I had no other resource than to wait the coming of day. But to one accustomed as I was to hardships, this inconvenience was trivial. I felt my way along the walls to the entrance of a house that promised some protection from the night, and flinging myself into a corner, vainly tried to slumber. But the rising of the storm, and the rain poured upon my lair, drove me to seek a more sheltered spot within the ruin. The destruction was so effectual, that

this was difficult to discover, and I was hopelessly returning to take my chance in the open air, when I discovered the glimmer of a lamp through a crevice in the upper part of the building. My first impulse was to approach and obtain assistance. But the abruptness of the ascent gave me time to consider the hazard of breaking in upon such groups as might be gathered at that hour, in a period when every atrocity under heaven reigned in Jerusalem.

My patience was put to but brief trial; for in a few minutes, I heard a low hymn. It paused, as if followed by prayer. The hymn began again, in accents so faint, as evidently to express the fear of the worshippers. But the sound thrilled through my soul. I listened in a struggle of doubt and hope. Could I be deceived? and, if I were, how bitter must be the discovery! I sat down on the foot of the rude stair, to feed myself with the fancied delight, before it should be snatched from me forever.

But my perturbation would have risen to madness, had I stopped longer. I climbed up the tottering steps; half-way I found myself obstructed by a door; I struck upon it, and called aloud. After an interval of miserable delay, a still higher door was opened, and a figure, disguised in a mantle, tremblingly looked out, and demanded my purpose. I saw, glancing over her, two faces, that I would have given the world to see. I called out "Miriam!" Overpowered with emotion, my speech failed me. I lived only in my eyes. I saw Miriam fling off the mantle with a scream of joy, and rush down the steps. I saw my two daughters follow her with the speed of love: the door was thrown back, and I fell fainting into their arms.

Tears, exclamations, and gazings, were long our only language. My wife flung her arms round me, and hung over my wasted frame with endless embraces and sobs of joy. My daughters fell at my feet, bathed my cold hands with their tears, smiled on me in speechless delight, and then wept again.— They had thought me lost to them forever. I had thought them dead, or driven to some solitude which forbade us to meet again on this side of the grave. For two years, two dreadful years, a lonely man on earth, a wifeless husband, a childless father, tried by every misery of mind and body; here, here I found my treasure once more. On this spot, wretched and destitute as it was, in the midst of public misery and personal woe, I had found those whose loss would have made the riches of mankind beggary to me. My soul overflowed. Words were not to tell the feverish fondness, the strong delight that quivered through me: I wept with woman's weakness; I held my wife and children at arm's length,

that I might enjoy the full happiness of gazing on them; then my eyes would grow dim, and I caught them to my heart, and in silence, the silence of unspeakable emotion, tried to collect my thoughts, and to convince myself that my joy was no dream.

The night passed in mutual inquiries. The career of my family had been deeply diversified. On my capture in the great battle with Cestius, in which it was conceived that I had fallen, they were on the point of coming to Jerusalem to ascertain their misfortune. The advance of the Romans to Masada precluded this. They sailed for Alexandria, and were overtaken by a storm.

"In that storm," said Miriam, with terror painted on her countenance, "we saw a sight that appalled the firmest heart among us, and to this hour recalls horrid images. The night had fallen intensely dark. Our vessel, laboring through the tempest during the day, and greatly shattered, was expected to go down before morn, and I had come upon the deck prepared to submit to the general fate; when I saw a flame upon the horizon. I pointed it out to the mariners; but they were paralyzed by weariness and fear; and instead of approaching what I conceived to be a beacon, they let the vessel drive before the wind. I watched the light; to my astonishment I saw it advancing over the waves. It was a large ship on fire, and rushing down upon us. Then indeed there was no insensibility in our mariners; they were like mad men through excess of fear; they did every thing but make a resolute effort to escape the danger.

"The blazing ship came towards us with terrific rapidity. As it approached, the figure of a man was seen on the deck, standing unhurt in the midst of the burning. The Syrian pilot, hitherto the boldest of our crew, at this sight, cast the helm from his hands in despair, and tore his beard, exclaiming, that we were undone. To our questions he would give no other answer than pointing to the solitary being who stood calmly in the centre of conflagration, more like a demon than a man.

"I proposed that we should make some efforts to rescue this unfortunate man. But the pilot was horror-struck at the thought, and then gave up the tale, that it cost him agonies even to utter. He told us that the being whom our frantic compassion would attempt to save, was an accursed thing; that for some crime too inexpiable to allow of his remaining among creatures capable of hope, he was cast out from men, stricken into the nature of the condemned spirits, and sentenced to rove the ocean in fire, ever burning, and never consumed!"

I felt every word, as if that fire were devouring my flesh. The sense of what I was, and what I must be, was poison. My head

swam; mortal pain overwhelmed me. And this abhorred thing I was; this sentenced and fearful wretch I was, covered with wrath and shame, the exile from human nature: and I heard my sentence pronounced, and my existence declared hideous, by the lips on which I hung for confidence and consolation against the world.

Flinging my mantle over my face to hide its writhings, I seemed to listen; but my ears refused to hear. In my perturbation, I once thought of boldly avowing the truth, and thus freeing myself from the pang of perpetual concealment. But the offence and the retribution were too real and too deadly to be disclosed; without destroying the last chance of happiness to those innocent sufferers. I mastered the convulsion, and again bent my ear.

"Our story exhausts you," said Miriam; "but it is done. After a long pursuit, in which the burning ship followed us, as if with the express purpose of our ruin; we were snatched from a death by fire, only to undergo the chance of one by the waves, for we struck upon a rock. Yet it may have been owing even to that chase that we were saved. The ship had driven us towards land. At sea we must have perished; but the shore was found to be so near, that the country people, guided by the flame, saved us without the loss of a life. Once on shore, we met with some of the fugitives from Masada, who brought us to Jerusalem, the only remaining refuge for our unhappy nation."

To prevent a recurrence of this torturing subject, I mastered my emotion so far as to ask some question of their means of support during the siege. But Miriam's thoughts were still busy with the sea. After some hesitation, and as if she dreaded the answer, she said; "One extraordinary circumstance made me take a strong interest in the fate of that solitary being on board of the burning vessel. It once seemed to have the most striking likeness to you. I even cried out to you under that impression; but fortunate it was for us all that my heedless cry was not answered; for, when it approached us, I could see its countenance change; it threw a sheet of flame across our vessel that almost scorched us to death; and then, perhaps thinking that our destruction was complete, the human fiend ascended from the waters in a pillar of intense fire."

I felt deep pain in this romantic narrative. My mysterious sentence was the common talk of mankind! My frightful secret, that I had thought locked up in my own heart, was loose in the air! This was enough to make life bitter. But, to be identified in the minds of my family with the object of universal horror, was a chance which I determined not to contemplate. My secret there was still safe;

and my resolution became fixed, never to destroy that safety by any frantic confidence of my own.

[To be continued.]

THE UNOPENED LETTER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A young student left his father's house, to try the influence of a milder clime. Death was not thus to be eluded—he met him there. During the languor of a swift decline, he had longed much for letters from his home. At length a letter came,—but he was expiring. He fixed on it his glazing eye, without a ray of emotion. "Lay it aside," he said. The soul winged its way,—and that letter, so passionately desired, remained unopened.

It came too late, that tender scroll,—
'Mid stranger forms he lay,
With that last whiteness on his brow,
Which may not pass away.

There was a sound of mournful winds
Amid the drooping trees;
Strange waters chafed their rocky bed,
Urged by the fitful breeze.

But he to whom those plaintive tones
So soft, in contrast, bore
The singing brook that merrily
Ran by his father's door:

The gale that from his native bowers
A rich luxuriance swept,
No more, amid the broken gold,
Of earthly memories crept.

They held the letter o'er his couch,
They press'd it near his eye,—
"The long desired! behold it here!"—
There breathed no answering sigh.

At length, a deep and hollow tone,
In lingering accents stole—
"Lay it aside,"—but in his hand
They placed the unopen'd scroll.

And there, reproachfully gleamed forth
Its seal, so rich and rare,
Which still the breathing impress bore
Of Love's confiding care;

The flower that turning seeks the sun,
Spoke from its waxen scroll,
"Vois seul—vois seul"—no chord it touch'd
In the departing soul.

Oft had the stricken exile mourn'd,
And in his prayer he sought
For this sweet herald from his home,
Now to his bosom brought.

But not till pangs of hope deferr'd
Had drunk his being's flame,
Not till the triumph-hour of wo,
The tardy treasure came.

O vanity of earthly trust!
When the strained eye was dim,
And the weak hand, like marble cold—
What was that scroll to him?

A deeper seal 'twas his to break,
Of mystery unreveal'd
To mortal man—The spirit pass'd,
The letter still was seal'd.

For the Ladies' Garland.

THE SISTERS.

It was a beautiful moonlight evening in the month of September,—the leaves were slightly tinged with the sombre hues of autumn, just sufficient to give the woods a variegated and pleasing appearance. Several tiny boats filled with smiling and happy companies, were sailing on the calm surface of the lake; all seemed happy, and in unison with the quiet of nature's soft repose.

Seated on a balcony that overlooked the lake were two fair girls. The looks of the elder were bent in sorrowing silence on the wasted form and pale features of her sister: Poor Emma! she began life with every prospect of happiness before her, that usually awaits the young and beautiful; but disease laid his hand on her fair form, and she faded like a rose that the rough blast suddenly crops from its slender stem! She raised her eye, languid and already dimmed by the shades of death, to her sisters face, whose tears flowed afresh as she beheld the cold dews fast gathering on her brow—and saw her increasing weakness. Alas! what anguish to gaze on the beloved companion of her childhood, and to think in how short a time the cold grave must conceal for ever one so dear to her heart. Maria fully realized at that moment the truth of those feelings. Emma observed her anguish. Do not weep for me, dearest Maria—I do not sigh to quit this world, but for thee my sister! It is easier for me to go now, when all is bright and beautiful before me! If I have known but little of what the world calls pleasure, I have also known but few of its many sorrows. Dear Maria, you have long deceived yourself with false hopes of my recovery. I knew long e'er this that my days were numbered, that my pilgrimage would soon end—that I should soon go to that mansion "where the weary are at rest," which the blessed Saviour hath promised to the faithful. Do not think of me sadly when I am gone. All is calm around us: the moon walks in silent majesty through

the blue vault of heaven—and the stars which stud the skies so thickly, look as though they exercised that mysterious power over the fate of mortals that ancient seers have assigned to them. I have often thought, Maria, that after the spirit leaves this burdensome clay, it may visit again those spots most dear to it while on earth. Hark to those strains of distant music—the tall trees bend in graceful worship—all nature, to the contemplative mind, speaks a language well understood,—for our gayer hours, she cheers us with happiness and plenty—with a never-ending song of enjoyment—for our sadder musings, she presents to us emblems on which to moralize—the fall of the leaf and the quick decay of all that is most beautiful on earth; at the same time she imparts her own consolations, showing us, by the return of spring, that from the withered root the flower will again arise—so from the "grave shall bloom immortal youth and beauty!"

See, dear sister, yon little child playing among the flowers on the shores of the lake; he is happy and innocent, unacquainted with the ways of the world, he neither thinks nor knows what may befall him;—he looks for comfort in every little affliction, to the soothing voice of his mother, and relies with full confidence in what she tells him. So it was with our first parents, when, in the beauty of unsullied innocence, they roved among the groves of Eden! while they trusted and obeyed the commands of God as implicitly as that little child obeys his parents, they were happy; but when temptation assailed they yielded—when pardoned by their indulgent Father, theirs was no longer the peace of innocence, but the chastened feeling of contrition and repentance.

This world is described by gloomy misanthropes as a wild waste—a field of thorns—a scene of unceasing trouble. It has not been so to me: No! it is most beautiful! Surely the works of an Almighty Architect must be perfect. It is from ourselves that flow most of the sorrows of life.

But my strength fails! Support me, Maria—my spirit longs to depart! I see angels waiting for me! I hear celestial music! Angelic forms are hymning sweet melody—all nature joins in worship—it is indeed a Sabbath eve. To-morrow the bells will sound my requiem! Thou wilt stand here on many such evenings—but not with me! Thou shalt not see me, yet I will hover around thee, waking memories of former days.

Hush, Emma, hush! said Maria, passionately, thou wilt break my heart! How can I live without thee?

My dearest Maria, give not up thus to despair. It will be but a short separation,—we shall soon meet again. In that spot so oft

admired let me rest! There the first violets blow, and there the last flower sheds its leaves. I would not that any thing melancholy should record the name of one whose death was joyful. Dear, dear Maria, farewell.

She ceased. Maria bent over her; her spirit seemed fluttering on her lips; those beautiful eyes were closed, which were wont to beam on Maria expressive of affection; her hand still clasped her sister—Maria felt it loosened—a slight convulsion shook her frame, and there remained in the arms of her sister the unconscious clay of the lovely being whom she had watched so long and so tenderly. Bitterly did Maria weep for her beloved sister, and with a mournful pleasure attended to her last wish—and she now rests in that quiet spot where in life she loved to linger. No splendid monument marks her grave. The simple words "My sister," engraved on the stone, points to her resting place.

ELIZABETH, JUN'R.

For the Ladies' Garland.

SIMILIE.

1. Yon gaudy flower that rears its head,
To lure thy wandering eyes,
How soon its lovely tints are fled,
How soon it droops and dies.
2. No sweets its withering petals yield,
To scent the midnight air,
As lethe's draught the eyes it seals,
When they would linger there.
3. But oh! there is a lovely flow'r,
"That yields celestial sweets,"
It blooms in many a secret bower,
No wanton gaze it meets.
4. Though fading on its lowly stem,
"Twill breathe its perfume round,
Still sweets will hang around it when
No beauties there are found.

SYLVIA.

East Marlborough, March 10th, 1839.

GRACE WENTWORTH.

BY MRS. HALE.

Mrs. Wentworth was blessed with an abundance of this world's goods. In the bloom of youth and beauty she was united to the man of her choice; a man, whose intellect commanded her respect, and the daily beauty of whose life ensured her love, while his fortune and standing in society gratified her highest ambition. She might, by those who looked only on the surface of things, have been pronounced happy. *Happy!* How much is comprised in that one little word, and how

superficially must they have examined the springs of human feeling, who trace happiness to any other source than the heart. Mrs. Wentworth had not a grateful one; and while all good and pleasant things were profusely scattered in her path, she passed them unheeded, or received them as her due; but never as gifts from the bounteous Father of all good, to be meted out to others.

In the arrangements of her domestic establishment, at a period when females were celebrated for their knowledge of household goods, Mrs. Wentworth was unrivalled. The quick, glancing eye of a Miss Pratt, would never have "seen a broom where a broom should not be," nor detected a mote in her elaborately neat abode. Then her dinners,—they, like the *chef d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist, comprised the pride of every cook, and the perfection of every receipt-book. So extremely exact was she, in all the observances of etiquette, that, by the good people of Boston, she was pronounced the very mirror of decorum:—and, like the mirror, she was bright, polished and unfeeling; like the mirror, her heart received no abiding impression.

Mr. Wentworth's character was most rich in Christian graces. With him the sovereign good was to communicate happiness; for he deemed it the first principle of action, with the Author of all existence. Happily for him, their daughter Grace possessed none of her mother's traits of character, and it was delightful to her father, to watch the gradual development of a disposition, so free from all that was cold, calculating; or selfish. So fearful was he of making her an artificial character, that he suffered her to remain, much as nature formed her,—with the faults of an open and confiding temper, and most in danger of erring from "excess of feelings edged too keenly."

Grace Wentworth had a highly cultivated mind, though not what is termed a masculine one. She had judgment, and discrimination, and taste, and a rich, beautiful imagination, which cast its roseate hues over all, and through which she delighted to view the world, and its living men and women, spiritualized and beautified. Her countenance expressed every emotion of her soul, and its animated, varying expression, rendered it beautiful—most beautiful to those who knew her, and saw how much the joyous and benignant emotions prevailed over the gloomy and discontented. Mr. Wentworth loved his daughter with fond, engrossing affection; and Grace repaid his love with attachment the most devoted. When his spirits were depressed, she would cheer him; when weary, she would amuse him; when sick, she would sooth him; and would laugh with so much good nature, at some fancied disease, that the

saddest hypochondriac would have found her merriment infectious. But one slight glance of disapproval would instantly change the merry brow and arch smile, to seriousness, and thought, and convert the laughing girl, to the grave, intelligent companion.

Grace was admired; and it has been said, that no female can have many admirers, without attracting them by *coquetry*. The truth of this I doubt. "Who can view the ripened rose, nor seek to wear it?" Who can behold beauty, sweetness and intelligence, without feeling, and offering admiration? Though Grace was not insensible to the praises of her loveliness, she never sought, nor never courted admiration; and no delicate and pure minded female ever can.

She was accustomed in her youth to seeing, collected around her father's board, the most distinguished worthies of the day, and they were not a few. There she listened to that stern, fearless, but able republican; he, who amidst a host of patriotic spirits, was called the patriot—SAMUEL ADAMS. There, too, she saw the idol of the people, the generous, affable, and hospitable HANCOCK; and the wit, sarcasm, and eloquence of OTIS, with the cultivated taste of the excellent and benevolent BOWDOIN, enlivened their social circle. One of the most celebrated divines and politicians of New-England, was also a frequent and welcome guest. In him these characters were admirably united. "Dr. COOPER," observes his eulogist, "well knew that tyranny opposes itself to religious as well as civil liberty; and being among the first to perceive the injustice of the British Court, this revered patriot was among the first who took an early and decided stand in the politics of his country." His uncommon and colloquial talents, his extensive learning, brilliant imagination, and retentive memory, would have made any subject interesting. What wonder, then, that when the spirit stirring events of the revolution were discussed, they should have awakened Grace's warmest enthusiasm. But this was not all; her gratitude and affection were excited by the kind attention with which he answered her inquiries, and endeavored to awaken her susceptible mind to the perception of the deep beauties of the sacred volume. The mantle of his father had fallen upon him, and he possessed the rare talent of making religious truths deeply interesting, and of enforcing them by appropriate scriptural allusions—admirable, but, at the same time, familiar to the meanest capacity.

Boston has been called the "paradise of ministers;" at all times, its citizens have evinced their descent from the puritans, by their respect for their pastors. Grace inherited this true New-England feeling—veneration for hers.

Thus matured amidst the master spirits of the age, it cannot be supposed that her youthful affections were to be won by any ordinary character, and it was no common spirit that at last obtained an interest in her unpractised heart.

Among the greatest delights that Mr. Wentworth enjoyed, during his residence at a foreign court, was the friendship of M. de VALLIERE, and he was the only person whom Grace had ever heard her mother warmly praise. Favors so peculiarly disinterested had been rendered by him, and so delicately rendered, that no unpleasant sense of obligation was felt, and even the selfish heart of Mrs. Wentworth was made sensible to the emotion of gratitude.

M. de Valliere was a French West India Planter, and for years, had been a correspondent of Mr. Wentworth's. Grace had been delighted with the good sense and eloquence of his letters, with the glowing and animated descriptions of the scenes he had witnessed in his foreign travels. She had also felt deeply interested in the benevolent plans, and noble and philanthropic sentiments expressed towards the degraded Africans. Her imagination had pictured him a venerable old man, yet wearing a smile as bland and courteous as her pastor's, with the same clear eye, bearing the evidence of temperate youth.

Returning one morning from her usual walk, she observed a foreign traveling apparatus in the hall. "Phillis," said she to an old favorite domestic, whose face appeared more than usually joyous, "what strangers have we here?"

"Mister Valer come, Miss Grace, and make us all glad."

"Dear Father," said she, entering the drawing room, "how happy this arrival must make you. Kind de Valliere, is he not, to cross the ocean at this inclement season, and at his advanced age, too, to visit his friend?"

Her father's unchecked laugh startled her, and she turned her head on hearing an approaching step. She met a smile, bland and courteous, it is true, yet showing teeth brilliant and glittering as pearls. The close lighted eye was there, but the lofty mien was no stamp of age. True, the brow was not fair as youth, but it bore the "thought of years," not their decrepitude.

In a year from the time he first beheld her, Grace Wentworth stood by the side of Robert de Valliere, his wedded wife; and in the island of St. Domingo, in the summer of 1788, Mr. Wentworth witnessed their almost perfect happiness. Grace's character had become more perfect by her fulfilment of all the sweet offices of wife and mother. He saw her amiable hospitality, diffusing around

her an atmosphere of light and happiness; he witnessed the charm of her delightful vivacity and endearing domestic virtues, "virtues which, though they are said to love the shade, are sometimes chilled by the cares of domestic life." He saw the beloved and affectionate mother; the heart of the husband safely trusting in the principled and conscientious wife,—the watchful mistress of a host of dependents, grateful for their meliorated condition, and looking to Mons. and Mad. de Valliere as the creators of their happiness.

With so much kindness and liberality had the negroes on their plantation been treated; so many advantages did they enjoy, that it had become a proverbial expression among the white lower people in Cape Francois, in speaking of another's happiness, to say "*il est heureux comme un negre de Valliere*."

To Mr. Wentworth all appeared like a summer's morn of bright and tranquil beauty, with not a breeze to disturb its repose and softness; but the calm was treacherous—and only made the night of darkness and horror that followed, more dreadful.

Business of importance called Mr. Wentworth to New-England; he went, accompanied by De Valliere; but Grace, unwilling to leave her children during the sultry month of August, remained on the Island.

She had passed a restless night, and on the morning of the 23d, arose unrefreshed by her broken slumbers. Her serenity was disturbed by a confused recollection of being awakened before dawn, by the report of a cannon, and she felt a gloomy foreboding, an unaccountable depression of spirits, which she could not dispel. Even the performance of her morning devotions had failed to restore her usual equanimity and buoyancy of spirits. She sought her nursery, and in the caresses of her children, in gazing on their merry brows and sunny smiles, listening to the gush of enjoyment that broke forth in irrepressible laughter, she forgot her own sadness. Her youngest boy was in her arms, endeavoring to blindfold his mother, by binding her luxuriant hair over her smiling eyes, when a loud, sudden and savage yell, broke in upon their innocent merriment. She heard the dying groans of her faithful negroes, mingling with the shouts and execrations of the merciless slaves, who had arisen in rebellion against their masters. Breathless and motionless—her hushed and frightened children clinging around,—she perceived at once the horrors by which she was surrounded. Uncertain how extensive was the revolt, she knew not if safety could be found in flight; but it was horrible, thus hopelessly to await her own and her children's massacre.

The door of the veranda was cautiously and silently opened, and James, (a servant, whose

superior intelligence and fidelity had obtained from his master his freedom) appeared. Not a word was spoken,—but catching two of the children in his arms, and motioning his mistress to follow, he passed through the veranda and the garden. Silently and rapidly, with her child clinging to her neck, Grace reached the outskirts of the plantation. Here, new horrors awaited her. A band of insurgents demanded with savage exultation, the blood of the white woman and her children.

"Stand back and let us pass," said James, sternly, but calmly. "Are ye men, and would ye take the life of the black man's friend!—Have ye gratitude, and would ye murder the children of those who have always protected and sheltered the negro in his wants?"

"The lady may go," said they; "but the boy shall not escape us."

One of the most ferocious of the band tore the trembling child from his mother. Quicker than thought, James disengaged himself from the children, recovered the boy, and levelled the savage to the ground.

"Begone," he cried, "I will loose my life before you shall harm this boy."

For the honor of human nature, they were suffered to escape. Grace passed rapidly, and with averted eye, scenes too horrible to be related; and reached in safety a retreat in a neighboring and mountainous wood.

At night, the faithful James brought them provisions, and intelligence of the proceedings of the insurgents; and during the day, he kept watch around their retreat. But anxious for their safety, and knowing his single arm would avail little, should the excited slaves again discover them, he provided a canoe for their escape, and conducted them to it by slow marches in the night, along the banks of the river. They entered the canoe, but it was soon overset by the rapidity of the current, and after a narrow escape they returned to their retreat in the mountains.

Nineteen days Mad. de Valliere and her children remained in the wood, before James felt they could leave it in safety. He constantly supplied them with provisions from the rebel camp, and watched around them like a guardian spirit. He at length provided a passage in a ship bound for New-England, and conducted them, with much hazard and difficulty, to the port.*

Grace knew not how extensive had been the storm of death and desolation, till she saw the "once flourishing and beautiful town, a waste and ruin, with thousands of its inhabitants exterminated in the massacre. Her voyage was tranquil and happy; and in her

*The account of the escape of Mad. de Valliere, through the fidelity and attachment of her servant, is derived from an authentic source. His name was James Francois.

own, native land, she again embraced all who were dear to her.

Many years have come and gone since the events recorded. Time has whitened the locks of Mad. de Valliere, and robbed her cheek of its smoothness; but it has left untouched that heavenly spirit that sustained her under the pressure of ill, and enabled her to endure her sorrows patiently; it is not the meteor light of levity, but an unwavering, placid beam, that illumines those whose faith is fixed upon the Rock of Ages.

From the Farmville Journal.

THE GRAVE OF THE BROKEN HEART.

I knew a maiden once, upon whose brow
Scarce sixteen summers' suns had shed their light,
The flowers that bloom above her now,
By winter-snows have cast their blight.
She was beautiful, and pure, and fair
As the forms that poets love to feign;
Lovelier than fancy's fairest visions are,
Lovelier than this cold earth may know again.

There was a depth of bliss in her blue eye,
Mellow'd with love's own pure and heavenly light,
Calm as the deep blue of an eastern sky,
By passion's storm untroubled, soft and bright.
Her form, of more than woman's loveliness,
In nature's best, most perfect mould was cast,
And features that a Venus might possess,
Awoke some image of the dreamy past.

Yes, she was fair; but 'tis not oft on earth
The beautiful and good are happy too—
Sorrow will mingle in the strains of mirth,
And drag each cup of joy with bitter too!
The maiden loved—a youth of gentle mien
O'er her young heart had thrown love's witching
spell,

And though "he never said he loved," I ween,
His eye told more than empty words may tell.

And oft they met, and oft the conscious blush
Of mutual love would crimson on each brow,
While its sweet influence every thought would hush
In bliss intense that only lovers know.
They never said they loved—their passion seem'd
A thing too holy for the tongue to tell;
Their souls were mingled—so each fondly dream'd—
In mystic union by some secret spell.

Time flew apace, and with its rapid flight
"A change came o'er the spirit of their dream,"
A change, as that of beauteous day to night
Urcheer'd by pale moon-ray, or star-light's gleam.
Ambition woke within the lover's breast
A burning wish for glory and a name;
And love no longer found a home of rest
Within the bosom steel'd by sterner fame.

They parted—not as happy lovers part—
The tear bedew'd her cheek, and dimm'd her eye,

And from her wildly throbbing, anguish'd heart
His cold "farewell," wrung out one bitter sigh.
Woman's pure love around her being's core
Entwines its thousand sweet, mysterious ties,
And when that being may exist no more,
As blighted ivy withers, so it dies.

Spring flowers were blooming in their loveliest hue,
When to the cold grave-worm her form was given;
And friendship's tears, mingling with twilight dew,
Fell o'er the clay whose spirit soar'd in heaven.
She died with broken heart—the secret lot
Of many who love on with unpledged vows;
And o'er the stone that marks her resting spot,
A lovely willow droops its weeping boughs.

Prince Edward, March, 1839.

B. N. Y.

UPS AND DOWNS.

"Father," said Janette Oakley, a beautiful but vain young woman, "I have made a call on Miss Frasier to-day, and what do you think I saw there?"

"Probably a giddy unthinking girl like yourself, who is miserable till she possesses every new extravagance that folly sets afloat," was the half-gay, half-grave response.

"Why, father," continued Janette, "how can you say so?" and assuming one of her most witching smiles, she added, "Miss Frasier has got a new piano-forte of superior tone to her old one, besides being far more richly and beautifully finished."

"Well; what then, child?" rejoined her father, with pensive gravity.

"Why, I was thinking—but you will be offended, I fear."

"Not in the least, unless you *do* wrong as well as think. So you was thinking that?"

"I should like a piano like Matilda's," was the half timid response of Janette.

"I thought as much," continued her father, "but what is the cost of such an article, my dear?"

"Only fifteen hundred dollars, father," said Janette crouched down by his side and regarded him with a fond deprecating smile.

Charles Oakley loved his daughter—his hand pushed aside the rich tresses that shaded her polished brow, and imprinting thereon a parent's kiss, he added, "fifteen hundred dollars is a large sum for such an article, my dear, is it not?"

"True, father, but are you not as well able to afford it as Mr. Frasier?"

"It may be so, but what say you my dear," addressing his wife who had been silently but not a disinterested listener.

"I am anxious that Janette should prevail with you. She and Matilda are each to give a party soon, and I have a desire not to be eclipsed by her in the ornaments of the parlor."

"A most commendable pride," was the equivocal response.

"But," continued he, "what will you do with the old or rather the present new one? You surely do not want two?"

"O, we can sell it to Gen. Chandler! Maria was admiring it much while here yesterday, though she thought it rather high priced," eagerly responded Janette, who was happy to remove the only barrier to the gratification of her then predominant wish.

"Perhaps she too may wish a fifteen hundred dollar one! Gen. Chandler is surely able to afford one even more costly."

"O, no, father—she does not wish a better than mine,—she has quite a plain taste that way."

"How stupid she must be, Janette, must she not?" queried Oakley. Janette's face crimsoned at his pointed irony, but before she could frame any reply her father rose, and, as he left the house, said, "Let Miss Chandler have the piano-forte at her own price."

Janette's heart leaped for joy. She was not to be outdone by Matilda Frasier, and she looked forward with exultation to that day when she could astonish her friends by such an unexpected display. Her mother shared her fond anticipations, and it was soon arranged between them that Miss Chandler should be put into speedy possession of an article they now wondered could ever have found a place in their dwelling!

Charles Oakley commenced the world empty-handed, nor had he accumulated much when he sought and obtained a partner to his poverty. Both were poor, and although they lived quietly together, his wife was ever sighing for the splendor of the rich. Though, in the main, a good sort of a woman, she lacked that un-common sense so requisite to contentment in the possession of a little, as well as that knowledge of domestic economy, generally so important in the acquisition of more. Janette, her only child, and so like herself in form and mind, was just verging to womanhood, and being heir, as was supposed, to an ample fortune, she looked forward to a splendid career in the circles of gayety and fashion. Had she possessed in her mother a wiser counsellor, she would have been at eighteen a very different person. She lacked not the principles of an opposite character, but under the false training of her mother, they had been suffered to repose uncultivated, while the weeds of folly were cherished into an expensive growth. These defects of mind were the more striking, as they marked the more strongly the contrast with a pleasing—a speaking eye, and a faultless form.

Her father possessed none of the frivolity of herself or mother, and, owing to the sternness of his integrity, and his industrious ha-

bits, success followed his efforts till the time we have chosen for this introduction to the reader. He had been what is called *down* in the world, but now he is so far *up* as to rank among the first in wealth in the city of his residence. But the time has arrived to drop individual delineations and to group them again before the reader.

"Well, father, Miss Chandler is to have the piano. She will send for it this afternoon," said Janette, exultingly.

"At what price, my dear?"

"The same it cost. When she found you had left it to her to set the price, she would not take it at less. Do you not think the sale a good one?"

"Certainly—the best you ever made—being the only one."

"Here is the check for the money—a third of the cash of the new one."

"So you will lose only one thousand dollars after all, will you my dear?" was the grave response of her father.

"What say you," he continued addressing his wife and daughter, "to a new carriage—the present one is somewhat soiled, is it not?"

"By all means," was the exclamation of both! "Let the new one be fashioned like Judge Arnold's, though not so sparingly mounted!"

Oakley bowed, as if in assent, while a bitter smile played over his features for a moment; then all was calm again. The result of the conference was a resolve to sell the principal part of the furniture—all of a costly character, and replace it with that more fashionably splendid. Both mother and daughter retired to rest that evening full of importance which their new display was about to give them among their wondering neighbors. Alas, for the poor Frasers! They were to be overwhelmed by a competition in finery which a fifteen hundred dollar piano had proved!

A few days sufficed to clear the house of its most valuable furniture. Enough was left however for convenience and comfort, and when this was done, the mother and daughter were all impatience for that which was to replace what was gone. But two days remained to prepare for Janette's party. Evening came, but Oakley was yet absent and nothing had yet arrived. He came, but much later than usual, yet he atoned partially for his delay by the more than usual kindness of his manner.

"Where can you have been, Charles, so late?" was the query of his wife as she seated herself fondly by his side.

"I have had an uncommon share of business to attend to, my dear, and I rejoice that it is done. Come daughter bring forward the Bible and read a portion of it for our mutual instruction!"

The calm seriousness with which this was uttered, forbade any remarks on its unusual request. It so happened that Janette opened the book at the fifth chapter of Matthew, beginning, "Blessed are the pure in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," and by the time she had finished the first paragraph, her voice became choked, and unable to proceed; she gave way to emotion in all the violence of grief. Her mother from sympathy or other cause, was equally affected, nor was Oakley free from the same emotion. When his wife and daughter had become somewhat composed, he knelt down between them with the solemnly expressed words, "Let us pray!"—And he did pray in all the fervency of a broken spirit. He acknowledged his forgetfulness of God,—implored pardon for his own, and for the sins of those bound to him by the strongest of human ties—prayed that both he and his, might expel from their hearts the pride so long cherished—thanked his Creator for the gift of existence—for the blessings associated with it, as also for the hopes of an immortal existence hereafter, inspired by the promises of the gospel. He commended the world to the kind care of Him on whom are all dependant for the life that now is, as well as that which is to come; and so deeply did the spirit of his petitions affect his wife and daughter that they joined with him in that most solemnly expressive phrase, AMEN.

That night a new spirit reigned in the breasts of the Oakley family. And when what they had been half led to believe, was confirmed,—when they were assured that the wealth so long idolized was theirs no longer—scarcely a regret or a murmur escaped the lips of mother or daughter, but both seemed anxious to forget that misfortune had fallen on them. A situation more befitting their means was procured, and thither they repaired to enjoy far more real pleasure than when rioting in what seemed an inexhaustible abundance. The party—the carriage—the piano, and costly furniture were forgotten. Economy and industry took the place of fashionable folly, and they are now prosperous and happy. Mrs. Oakley lost her pride, but found contentment. Janette lost the same, as also a foppish beau, who had an eye to her fortune, but she has found her own good qualities, and has applied herself to their improvement, as well the worth of a young man who sighed for her when rich, and who loves her now while comparatively poor, and whom she will doubtless reward ere long, by surrendering herself to his care and keeping. Such is a sample of the "ups and downs" of life, and happy would it be if all who get toppled from the pinnacle of fortune could gain as much by the descent as did the Oakley family.

For the Ladies' Garland.

T O M. M.,

Who regretted that the writer never visited her in rose-time.

"In rose-time!"—why, however dear
The scenes around, we've roses here;
Dear, and still dearer to my heart,
Are summer flowers, but they depart
As autumn's with'ring touch discloses—
How frail the brightest, sweetest roses.

But here are flowers, whose changeless bloom
No sunshine fades,—no snows entomb,
In every season they are found,
Breathing the purest fragrance round;
And 'till for us earth's last scene closes,
We'll wreath the heart's unfading roses.

ELLA.

IMMENSITY OF CREATION.

"He who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe;
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns;
What varied beings people every star,
May tell why God has made us as we are."

Poet.

Some astronomers have computed that there are no less than 75,000,000 of suns in this universe. The fixed stars are all suns, having, like our sun, numerous planets revolving round them. The solar system, or that to which we belong, has about thirty planets, primary and secondary, belonging to it. The circular field of space which it occupies is in diameter 3,600,000,000 of miles, and that which it controls much greater. That sun which is nearest neighbor to ours is called Sirius, distant from our sun twenty-two billions of miles! Now if all the fixed stars are as distant from each other as Sirius is from our sun: or if our solar system be the average magnitude of all the systems of the seventy-five millions of suns, what imagination can grasp the immensity of creation! Every sun of the seventy-five millions controls a field of space about ten billions of miles in diameter. Who can survey a plantation containing seventy-five millions of circular fields, each ten billions of miles in diameter! Such, however, is one of the plantations of Him "who has measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance;" he who, "sitting upon the orbit of the earth, stretches out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in."

All excesses are followed by pain.

DUNKELD HOUSE.



Above we give a view of Dunkeld House, the former seat of the Duke of Athol—a plain comfortable structure, endeared to many of the ancient Caledonians. About thirty years since, it was abandoned for an establishment less pleasantly situated in its immediate neighborhood, but on a far more magnificent scale. The park and grounds, which are very extensive, are richly adorned with trees of stately and graceful growth, by hill and dale, and lofty craggy rocks majestically rising, thinly shaded with young firs. Along the river, (Tay,) and sometimes diverging from it, the most delightful walks are met through woods, shrubberies, and corn-elds.

An intelligent and observing tourist, speaking of this locality says, “the pen and the pencil would fail in giving any adequate idea of Lock Tay, a superb expanse of water, fifteen miles long and from one to two broad. Leafy farms and country residences every where enliven the eye. The road winds through plantations of young beech and oak, beneath the arches of whose branches the like is seen in a thousand points of varying beauty. A prodigal luxuriance diffuses itself over the fields which line its verdant margin, and high up the sides of the majestic mountains, which, whitened by many a waterfall, are reflected in its mirror; whilst a small island, thickly covered with trees, and supporting the ruins of a priory, the picturesque church-town, bridge and village of Kenmore, embellish its beautiful termination.

“The House of Dunkeld, or the *Hill of Haels*, has been most justly celebrated by the poet, and formed the subject of the painter.

It was considered to be in the centre of old Caledonia, and is now esteemed to be in the heart of the Highlands. Verbal description can impart but a faint impression of the romantic and exquisite scenery which here every where banquets the eye. Upon the hill descending to Dunkeld, the traveler, if he has a relish for the charms of nature, would be amply rewarded for the toil and labor of a long pilgrimage. I visited the Cathedral, which is a noble Gothic pile, and throws over the town the interesting appearance of antiquity. The choir still remains, and is used for worship. The chancel is now the burial ground. Upon one of the tombstones I read, ‘Here lies Roy Macdonald, and Eliza Fleming, his wife.’ I was informed that the wife continues her maiden name; and if a widow, and several times married, she may, if she likes it, select the name of the husband she loved best.”

BURIAL OF THE YOUNG AND FAIR.

The same pleasant author, speaking of his visit to Killin, says,—“I had just mounted my horse to quit this enchanting and romantic spot, when the bell of the church, which stood close to the inn, began to toll, and immediately afterwards a concourse of men appeared, moving with hasty steps to the churchyard, which induced me to follow them. In the middle of the throng I observed four men bearing a coffin to the grave, into which, with great decorum, but without ceremony, the poor remains of mortality were lowered. At that very moment every one took off his blue bonnet, and three of the group advanced to the verge of the grave, where they remained

until it was filled up, in attitudes of manly and unaffected sorrow. A long roll of green turf was then brought upon a pole, unravelled, and neatly placed over the mound. So rapid was the interment that in about ten minutes, only here and there, a little scattered fresh mould distinguished this from the neighboring tombs. The funeral bell struck but a few strokes. No minister attended—no prayer was said—no anthem sung. The deceased was the daughter of an opulent farmer; and one of those who attended said, that the Highlands could not boast of a lassie more good or more bonny, and that she fell in the bloom of youth—yet no female mourner was there. Such were the features of this solemn scene. Accustomed to see the dead interred with more showy sorrow, at first, I must confess that I thought these Caledonian mountaineers destitute of that sensibility which the memory of the departed inspires in every other country. But a minute's reflection rescued them from this impression—by placing their religion before me, simple and unadorned as it is in all its offices, and by the marks of genuine, though silent, sorrow, which appeared in every countenance:—and I also recollected to have met in my way to Killin, at some miles distant, several of the figures which stood before me, who had assembled from distant villages to mingle in the sad procession. One of the group, after observing me for some time, advanced and courteously asked if I “came from London?” I answered in the affirmative. “That is the place I believe,” said he “where the king tarries.” I told him it was. “Ah!” replied he, “then you must be surprised to see the manner in which we have placed this corpse in the ground, for I have heard ye bury your dead there with *more ceremony*, but yet YE DO NOT FEEL MORE THAN WE.” I fully agreed with the honest Highlander, who, after a few more words, bowed and withdrew.

SIR JOHN CARR.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

THE HERMITESS, OR PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

Oh solitude! thou'rt now my place of rest,
A sweet and calm retreat—my feeble bark
Long tow'd, and shatter'd by the troubled waves,
And all that made life dear are pass'd away,
And left me lonely on the foamy sea.
How sweet it is to find the little Isle
Of solitude—and there sweet converse hold
With those unseen, not absent, as I trust,
For oft their gentle spirits hover round,
And sooth the loneliness that charms me now.
The world, with its commotion and its noise,
Is heard unheeded;—I would not resign
Thy joys, for all the pleasures earth can boast.
Yet if, perchance, I leave thy calm retreat,

To hold communion with my sister worms,
Who oft intrude to draw me from thy cell;
Oh, with what transport I again return!
'Tis thine sweet solitude to calm the soul,
And by reflecting on its errors past,
To fit it for its last and solemn change.
To where the weary soul shall be at rest,—
The rest they so much need,—and I am one,
I sigh for quiet more than hidden gold,
To occupy the little space aright,
That lies between me and the silent grave.

ELIZABETH.

1st month, 1839.

WOMAN:

Her influence on the moral condition of the Community.

The intimate relation and mutual dependence of man and woman, is fully declared in their creation. Woman being declared “bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh” of man, plainly establishes the determination of the Deity, that they are destined to be intimately associated, and to exert a mutual influence over each other, either for weal or woe. This point, I suppose, none at the present day are disposed to gainsay. The fact that woman's influence is much greater, and more efficient than man's, is, I think, beyond dispute. To establish this, we have to refer merely to facts in sacred and profane history. Eve's influence over our common father, in inducing him to eat of the forbidden fruit, “whose taste brought death into the world and all our woe,” is an early instance of woman's power. The man, “beloved of God and approved,” David even, the “man after God's own heart,” experienced woman's “powerful influence; but why multiply instances? Facts speak for themselves, and substantially maintain the point.

The natural formation of woman, the delicacy, feebleness, and weakness of her physical construction, obviously manifest her dependence, declare man the protector and woman the *protege*, as is so beautifully represented by the delightful authoress: “Il faut pour que la nature et l'ordre social se montrent dans toute leur beaute, que l'homme soit *protecteur*, et la femme *proteegee*, mais que ce protecteur adore la foiblesse qu'il defend, et respecte la divinite sans pouvoir, qui, comme ses dieux Pezates, porte bonheur a sa maison. Ici l'on droit presque que les femmes sont le sultan, et les hommes le serail.

By the original fiat of the Creator, man possesses greater power of body and mind, and the weaker sex naturally regards her more robust companions as her protectors and support. The simple fact that she is the “weaker vessel,” ensures to her that right of protection which her feebleness demands. She forms an important part of the integer of so-

ciety, and what a wise Providence has seen fit to deny on the one part, is amply supplied on another. He has granted to woman an influence which man can never exert. The relation she bears to her children as a mother, that innate sense of dependence which the infant of the earliest days manifests, the constant hourly intercourse of mother and child, all afford her opportunities for securing an influence which the father can never possess. It is in the early state of society or in unchristianized lands only, that we see woman deprived of that influence which she possesses naturally, and even there, it is felt to a greater or less degree. But, wherever the benign and happy influences of Christianity exist, woman maintains a powerful, irresistible control over the interests of society and destinies of nations. The inherent possession of grace, softness, and delicacy of person; wit, sprightliness, and vivacity of mind; devotedness, ardor, and strength of attachments; of decision, promptness, and dignity of character; all, easily govern and direct man in the moral and social compact.

I intend no insipid compliment, no senseless flattery to woman, when I accord to her the importance and dignity of the situation she occupies in society. As a mother, she forms in the same mould of her own character that of her tender babe, "when prattling at the knee," she instills those principles which modify and form their after characters and habits. She has in her own hands, as far as human agency dares presume, the immortal destiny of her offspring. Oh! how truly awful the responsibility of a mother! Is there one who can think of it, without constantly seeking guidance from that power who overrules all? As her offspring increases in years her influence is strengthening; in maturer years it is felt; in social intercourse communities feel it. Nations and national characters are formed by the influence which the mother exerted over her "prattling babe."

It is of the influence of woman on the moral condition of the community, particularly, that I design to speak. As a daughter and a sister, she may maintain the happiest control over those who come in her circle, by her amiability, grace, and dignity of deportment; as a mother, she modifies the nature and disposition of her children; as a wife, she unconsciously moves and sways the pursuits and character of her husband; and as a member of society, she encourages by her smiles, and forbids by her frown whatever is virtuous or vicious. Such is woman as she should be, and as heaven destined her to be, but alas! very different from what she universally is. This is true and cannot be denied. When faults are as evident as the noon-day sun, we should not cloak or wink at them, for fear of

wounding where it is our duty to correct. Vices are no less so in the sight of Him, "who trieth the reins, and knoweth the heart of the children of men," whether they be committed by the most noble, or the most insignificant. With Him there are no *respectable* faults, no *royal* prerogatives of vice.

The latter consideration naturally leads me to that portion of my subject, to which I attach much importance, and to which I am anxious to direct the attention of those who honor these remarks with a perusal. It is this. The influence of woman as it exists in the higher classes of society, over the moral condition of men who are components of this society. It is well known that however republican and equal any people are, there must and will be different circles among that people—and it is another fact equally obvious, that whatever is patronized and encouraged by the higher class, will be imitated and adopted in the lower; the sanction which they give to vice, will find ready adoption in the more humble grade. Hence it is our design to attack vice in its high estate, to strike at the evil at its root. When we look abroad and observe the awfully devastating and destructive effect which *respectable vice* is producing, and when we see the servile dependence on popular favor, the miserable want of independence to condemn whatever we may disapprove as immoral and vicious—when we see those of known, notorious immorality, courted, respected, and complimented—we tremble to think of what may be the effect on the community. Who are the men to whom society looks for its comforts and pleasures? Who are the *recherches*, the *distingués*? Who are they to whom woman, lovely woman, extends her patronizing smile? Who are the companions which mothers seek and court for their daughters? I say, who are they? Are they not men of notoriously dissipated, vicious habits? Are they less respectable and courted on account of their habits? Let the *fashionable* gentleman, who can speak fluently of "Bulwer's last," of Boz, of Madam ———'s singing, of Mr. or Mrs. ———'s playing; let him be of a *fashionable* coterie, either by right or by sufferance, either by virtue of his own right, or a mere *parvenu attache*—any thing that is *fashionable*, and does not shew, to whom he is the deadliest enemy, readily, cheerfully, receive, acknowledge—aye, and boast of his attentions! On the other hand, in what esteem is that man held, who acquaints himself with the History of Nations, instead of Bulwer, reads the Bible, instead of Boz, attends the ordinances of the Sanctuary, instead of the Theatre! He is voted a *bore*, low, vulgar, *ignorant*; ah this "ignorance is bliss, and 'twere truly folly to be wise." There are

many, yes, I rejoice to say very many, who would court *his* society and be proud of *his* intercourse. Is it not time that virtuous women, whose approbation men love to merit, should be aroused to the responsibilities of her station? Is it not time that she should throw off the shackles with which *fashionable despotism* has enthralled her, and rise superior to the mandates of a depraved society? When can we expect that vice will cease to be *respectable*? When will immorality and profanity cease to be connived at by fashionable patronage? When woman in her powerful influence, will assume the noble independence to *dare* "the frowns of *outrageous*" fashion—when she will refuse her company to, and debar from her association, the vicious—when she shall assume the noble and daring to disown him who is unworthy of her—then, nor till then, shall we have the satisfaction of seeing our young men, (who might be ornaments to society, but whose habits have debased them) such as they were destined to be. Instead of being the *distingues*, for their personal adornments and fashionable *slang*, they would be the *distingues* for their noble virtues and merits. It is woman, "fairest of creation! last and best" gift of heaven to man, aided by divine grace, who can effect this consummation most devoutly to be wished. It is to her we turn, as the sheet anchor of the safety of our young men. Let her determination be to produce a reformation in these matters, and the time will soon arrive when it will be done; or an exception to the rule will be established which has never yet happened, viz., that woman has failed in the accomplishment of her determination. Were this the case, would woman but arouse to a sense of the danger which is threatening her son—would mothers be more careful in the selection of companions and associates for their daughters—would the young lady despise him, who holds her virtuous sex in contempt, and receive him who entertains a just appreciation of her worth, then, would be seen a radical, permanent reform commencing; then would be left two alternatives to our youth—virtuous association, or misery with vicious companions. Would woman do this, then "would follow, as doth the night the day," that men would cease to be what they now are.

I deem it entirely superfluous to enter into an argument to sustain the truth of these positions. It is well nigh an axiom that "woman rules, that man obeys."

As the pious Mussulman turns in his prayer towards the sacred city, wherever he may be, so is the inward eye of an *exile* steadily turned to his country.

For the Ladies' Garland.

TO MISS L. A. P.,

On the morning of her Marriage.

As bright as is thy bridal morn,
May every future prospect be;
May sweetest flowers thy path adorn,
No sorrows frown on thine or thee.

And as yon orb that proudly holds,
His journey through the eastern sky,—
Bright be each dream thy heart enfolds,
Still bright thy pleasure-beaming eye.

Propitious stars upon thee shine,
To light thee through this world of care,
Thy cup be filled with bliss divine,
And earth's best joys be mingled there.

And may thy setting sun be fair
And cloudless, as thy bridal morn,
That thou mayest love to linger there,
On joys that never shall return.

SYLVIA.

East Marlborough, Feb. 13th, 1839.

THE CRUSADES.

Bright rose the sun over the hills of Palestine, and never, since the world had birth, did it rise on a brighter or more inspiring scene. There, her gorgeous palaces and beautiful temples bathed in the sunlight of an eastern moon, rose Jerusalem!

"Her towers, her domes, her pinnacles, her walls,
Her glittering palaces, her splendid halls,
Show'd in the lustrous air like some bright dream
Wove by gay fancy from the beaming morn."

Jerusalem! What hallowed associations rush upon the mind at that name! Once Queen of the East, and mistress of the world; unsurpassed in importance, and unrivalled in splendor: the home and pride of Judea's sons. Now, the jackall howls where her kings reigned, and the crumbled marble, once marking where her warriors slept, now mingles with the whirling sands of Arabia.

Roll back the tide of time! Retrace the scroll of history to that epoch when Europe sent forth her noblest and her best, to battle with the Saracen, to rescue the sepulchre of their Redeemer from defilement and disgrace.

Under the city's walls were encamped the army of the Cross. Companions in former battles, they had come determined to accomplish their errand, or die in the attempt.—There were the flower and boast of Europe's chivalry. Steel hauberks and coat of mail gleaming in the sunbeams, and the trumpet's note of defiance rang on the morning air; with the taunting clash of the Turkish cymbal. That pennon which had floated o'er the head of its gallant lord amid former conflicts of his

house, now danced gaily to an Asiatic breeze. The emblem of an ancient line, it was not here to be dishonored; the cherished relic of past splendor, its fair blazonry was not their to be stained or sullied.

Who would blame the enthusiasm which had thus led them forth to battle? Who can censure that piety which gave strength and sinew to their arms in the battle's shock, and was their last solace in the hour of danger and of death? Yet, there are those who call the age of chivalry an age of folly—who denounce the crusades but as an act of madness. Madness and folly they may have been; unjust they certainly were; but who of us, had he lived in that day, would not have also found the sacred emblem to his shoulder, and followed the crusading host to the holy land? The enthusiasm of Amiens, the oratory of St. Bernard, and the commanding talents of Fulk, had successfully been used to spur them on for action. The commands of the papal prelate were imperative. Were not these enough to impel them to almost any deed?—But the Saracen's insulting beel was on the very sepulchre of their Lord! The Turk's proud foot spurned the dust once pressed by the meek footsteps of Christ! Jerusalem was captive! Through her courts and palaces a Moslem strode in defiance, and reigned without rebuke. Were they Christians, and could they endure this? Were they knights, and could they brook it? Drawing the avenging steel, they swore never again to sheathe it, till their object was accomplished, or till the last drop of their life's blood had ceased to circle around those hearts which beat only for their honor and their God.

But why seek to excuse the Crusades by the motives which led to them! It is their consequences that gave them importance in history, and furnish ample apology for all their follies, if not for all their crimes. Apology!

"Sleep, Richard of the lion heart,
Sleep on, nor from thy cerements start,"

at the wrong done thy memory and thy name. But the age of chivalry has passed, like a bright vision of the morning.

If we contemplate for a moment the dreary picture which the civilized world presented in the age of the Crusades, and compare it with the succeeding, we must allow that the political advantages resulting from them were such as Europe will never cease to feel, so long as her hills shall stand, or her name be known.

Torn by intestine feuds, the western world was at that time the scene of the most bloody and atrocious wars that ever disfigured the page of history. The order and beauty of the social compact, like that of the ocean lashed to fury by the raging tempest, was lost in the

wild vortex of raging passions and unbridled licentiousness. Law and right were neither respected nor obeyed. The sword was the only passport to greatness, and opened the only path to fortune and to fame. Human life was held but as the sport of any petty tyrant who chose to take it, and the frequent death-cry of the murdered rolled wildly up to an offended God.

Then came the Crusades. Glory, immortality, religion, all pointed with imploring finger to the scene of a Saviour's sufferings and death. Fame called upon her votaries to battle till the death with Pagan hosts; Religion upon hers to wipe forever from the escutcheon of the Christian world, the deep and dark disgrace of allowing an unbelieving race to defile the land they loved, the sepulchre they adored. Then warring nations dropped their swords, and gave answer to the cry of vengeance. They came, the noble and the proud, the young and the old, rallying round the crimson standard. Unity of sentiment and community of interest have ever given birth to mutual kindness, and

"All those courtesies that love to shed
Round virtue's steps, the flow'rets of her fruit!"

So was it then; and Europe, purified and enlightened from this and other causes flowing from it, woke from the lethargy which had so long bound her, and advanced rapidly toward that civilization and refinement which now ennoble and adorn her.

The effects of the Crusades upon literature, though not immediate, were no less salutary. Philosophers have moralized, scholars have wept, over the deplorable, the degrading ignorance of the tenth and eleventh centuries. Science slept. A death-like lethargy had come over her, which, like the sultry blast of an eastern noon, had palsied all her efforts, and withered all her energies. The spirit of poetry had long since fled. She seemed forever to have forsaken those haunts she once loved so well, till the Troubadours, catching up the lyre, then shattered by Time's careless hand, struck from its long mute strings those strains which roused nations to arms, and a world to madness. Never was music more magically eloquent. The lyre which thrilled beneath a Homer's touch, or the lapses of the cygnet song might have been sweeter; they could not have been more inspiring. All Europe responded to the strains which swept over the land, and echoed through her old baronial halls.

Then commenced the restoration of letters in the West. The Troubadour's lay was but the prelude to the diviner strains of Boccaccio, a Petrarch, and a Dante. Song again revived, and from the blushing vine hills of France, from the castled crags of Scotland, from the

wild glens of Switzerland, and the lovely villas of romantic Spain, again ascended the poet's breathings, free as their mountain air. The very crusades themselves, by furnishing the materials from which to weave their gorgeous fictions of the imagination, and by making the Crusaders acquainted with all the glowing imagery and fanciful decorations of oriental literature, gave an impulse to letters which will never cease till man shall cease to appreciate and admire the beautiful and the sublime. Can it be, then, that the Crusades retarded the progress of literature? Rather, they cherished and promoted it, when the last flicker of the fire upon her altar had nearly expired, in sadness and in gloom.

Such were the old wars, their causes and their effects; and our feelings and sympathies cannot but be gratified at their final success.

For the Ladies' Garland.

SIR,—I beg you to transplant the following exquisitely beautiful "*pot pourri*" into your interesting pages, and oblige
A CONSTANT READER.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Day stars! that ope your eyes with man, to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation—

Ye nation worshippers! who, bending lowly,
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright Mosaics! that with storied beauty,
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty,
Your forms create!

'Neath cloister'd boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer!

Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that Fane, most Catholic and solemn,
Which Heaven hath plann'd—

To that Cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps, the sun and moon supply;
Its choir, the winds and waves; its organ, thunder;
Its dome, the sky!

There, as in solitude and shade, I wander
Through the green aisles, or stretch'd upon the sod,
Awd by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers!
Each cap a pulpit, every leaf a book,

Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
Oh! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest,
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers, though made for pleasure
Blooming o'er field and wave by day and night;
From every source, your sanction bids me treasure,
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary,
For such a world of thought could furnish scope!
Each fading calyx, a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope!

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection,
Uprais'd from seed or bulb, interr'd in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, Sermons, Shrines!

PICTURE OF CONSUMPTION.

She withered slowly. It was like the fading away of one of those flowers I had loved in my childhood—gradual yet perceptible; not blasted at once, like a blossom, broken from the bough, or crushed down by the heedless foot, but calmly, gently, as the leaf fades under the ceaseless march of time. How often have I marked, upon the green woods and forest covered hills, the brown shadows of Autumn creep on day by day—so gradually, so gently deepening the tints, and stealing the fresh hues of summer, that from one hour to another the eye can detect no change in the green children of the spring, and yet each moment adds something to their decay; each day brings them nearer to the fall. Thus faded my beloved.

LEISURE HOURS.

In what way can your leisure hours be filled up so as to turn to greater account, than in profitable reading! the study of useful books, for those trifling amusements, which insidiously lead the unwary into the paths of profligacy and vice!

From the Philadelphia Farmers' Cabinet.

I pray you, Mr. Editor, to go a *leetle* out of your way, and make room for the following lines, which, although neither confined to agriculture, horticulture, or rural affairs, might come in under the head of *husbandry*, without which it is universally admitted, no man can be a good farmer—I add, *or good for any thing else*. It is a beautiful versification, by Mrs. Barbauld, of the *Traveler*, Ledyard's praise of Woman,—a subject which comes home to every man's business and bosom.

J. P.

LEDYARD'S PRAISE OF WOMAN.

Through many a land and clime a ranger,
With toilsome steps I've held my way;
A lonely, unprotected stranger,
To all the stranger's ills a prey.

While steering thus, my course precarious,
My fortune still has been to find
Men's hearts and dispositions various—
But gentle *woman*, ever kind!

Alive to every tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy ever prone,
The wounds of pain and sorrow healing,
With soft compassion's feeling tone.

No proud delay, no dark suspicion,
Stints the free bounty of their heart;
They turn not from the sad petition,
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of nature,
Obliging, modest, gay, and mild,
Woman's the same endearing creature,
In courtly town, and savage wild!

When parch'd with thirst, with hunger wasted,
Her friendly hand refreshment gave,
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted!
What cordial in the simple wave!

Her courteous looks—her words caressing,
Shed comfort on the fainting soul;
Woman's the stranger's general blessing,
From sultry India to the Pole!

RULES FOR THE NURSERY.

1. Never improperly indulge children, nor unnecessarily thwart them.

2. If they wish to have any thing which is not proper for them, on no account give it to them, but if possible put it out of their sight.

3. Never gratify children by beating or pretending to punish any thing, living or dead, which may have accidentally hurt or offended them; it will encourage a spirit of revenge.

4. Never excite little jealousies among children; but always endeavor to make them

a source of pleasure to each other; this will promote brotherly harmony and love.

5. Some persons are apt, in order to induce children to take their food, to say, "come, my dear, make-haste, or brother, (or sister,) shall have it; no, no, brother, you shall have it indeed!" Now every expression of this kind should be avoided; for it will infallibly create selfishness and greediness. A directly opposite conduct must be enforced; and children must be taught, as much as possible, to find their chief happiness in promoting the pleasure of their brothers and sisters—even if by the sacrifice of their own.

6. If a reward has been prepared for a child, in expectation of its behaving well, and this expectation has not been realized, never seek to increase the pain, (necessarily felt in not receiving the reward,) by bestowing it on a brother or sister; such conduct would tend to excite an envy in the breast of the child; and will most probably induce the good one to rejoice in the other's bad conduct.

7. On no account deceive children, either by word or deed.

8. If, to induce children to comply with your wishes, they have been promised to have something given to or done for them, let the promise be strictly fulfilled. This injunction must, of course, make you cautious in regard to promises.

9. Never suffer children to speak incorrectly, either in earnest or in play. If, on any occasion, they deviate in the slightest degree from truth, always set them right; and let the plain truth be always spoken to, and required of them.

10. Never mention any thing in their presence likely in the smallest degree to frighten them.

11. Never commend any thing, either in their persons or dress, except the appearance of good humor in the one, and of cleanliness and neatness in the other; praises of the first will excite personal vanity—and of the second, will induce them to set an undue value on things, (in themselves) of little importance.

12. Carefully avoid doing any thing before or saying any thing to them, which can possibly weaken their love and respect toward their parents.—[From *Woman*, as *Virgin*, *Wife*, and *Mother*.]

A life of duty is the only cheerful life—for all joy springs from the affections; and it is the great law of Nature, that without good deeds, all good affection dies, and the heart becomes utterly desolate. The external world then loses all its beauty; poetry fades away from the earth; for what is poetry, but the reflection of all pure and sweet, all high and holy thoughts?

MORNING IN SPRING.

How sweet the landscape! Morning twines

Her tresses round the brow of Day,
And bright mists o'er the forest pines,

Like happy spirits, float away
To revel on the mountain's crown,
Whence the glad stream comes shouting down,
Through woods and rocks, that hang on high,
Like clouds against the deep blue sky.

The woven sounds of bird and stream,

Are falling beautiful and deep
Upon the spirit, like a dream

Of music on the hour of sleep—
And gently from the dewy bowers,
Soft murmurs, like the breath of flowers,
Are winding through the purple grove,
And blending with the notes of Love.

The stream in veins of silver flow—

The sunrise gale o'er flower and tree
So lightly breathes, it scarce would blow

A fairy bark upon the sea:—
It comes so fresh, so calm, so sweet,
It draws the heart from its retreat,
To mingle with the glories, born
In the first holy light of morn.

A cloud is on the sky above—

And calmly o'er the young year's blue,
'Tis coming like a thing of Love

To gladden in the rising dew—
Its white waves in the sunlight blend,
And gentle spirits seem to bend
From its unrolling folds, to hear
The glad sounds from our joyous sphere.

The lake unruffled by the breeze,

Smiles in its deep, unbroken rest,
As it were dreaming of the trees

And blossoms pictured on its breast—
Its depths are glowing bright and fair,
And the far skies seem hollowed there,
Soft trembling—as they felt the thrill
Of music echoed from the hill.

The living soul of beauty fills

The air with glorious visions—bright

They linger round the sunny hills
And wander in the clear blue light—
Off to the breathing Heavens they go,
Along the earth they live and glow,
Shed o'er the lake the happy smiles,
And beckon to its glittering isles.

Oh, at this hour when air and earth

Are gushing joy, and love, and light,
And songs of gladness hail the birth
Of all that's beautiful and bright—
Each heart beats high—each thought is blown
To flame—the spirit drinks the tone
Of brighter world, and melts away
In visions of eternal day.

TRUTH.

Truth is the glory of time, and the daughter of eternity; a title of the highest grace, and a note of divine nature; she is the life of religion; the light of love; the grace of wit, and the crown of wisdom; she is the beauty of valor, the brightness of honor, the blessing of wisdom, and the joy of faith; her truth is pure gold, her time is right precious, her word is most gracious, and her will is most glorious; her essence is in God, and her dwelling with his servants; her will is his wisdom, and her work is to his glory; she is honored in love, and graced in constancy; in patience admired, and in charity beloved; she is the angel's worship, the virgin's fame, the saint's bliss, and the martyr's crown; she is the king's greatness, and his council's goodness; his subjects' peace, and his kingdom's praise; she is the life, learning, and the light of the law; the honor of trade, and the grace of labor; she hath a pure eye, a plain hand, a piercing wit, and a perfect heart; she is wisdom's walk in the way of holiness, and takes up her rest but in the resolution of goodness; her tongue never trips, her heart never faints, her hand never falls, and her faith never fears; her church is without schism, her city without fraud, her court without vanity, and her kingdom without villainy. In short, so infinite is her excellence in the construction of all sense, that I will thus only conclude in the wonder of her worth:—She is the nature of perfection in the perfection of nature, where God in love shows the glory of christianity.

HOUSEHOLD WOMAN.

Graceful may seem the fairy form,
With youth, and health, and beauty warm,
Gliding along the airy dance,
Imparting joy at every glance;

And lovely, too, when o'er the strings
Her hand of music woman flings,
Her dewy eyes still upward thrown,
As if from heaven to claim the tone.

And fair is she when mental flowers
Engage her soul's devoted powers,
And wreaths—unfading wreaths of mind—
Around her temples are entwined.

But never in her varied sphere
Is woman to the soul more dear
Than when the homely task she pines,
With cheerful duty in her eyes,
And every lowly pain well trod,
Looks meekly upward to her God.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

When a man has a passion for an ill-favored woman, it must needs be violent.

THE LADIES' GARLAND.

Vol. II.

A WREATH OF MANY FLOWERS.

No. 12.

APPEAL TO FEMALES:

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"We are verily guilty concerning our brother."

WHEN to expunge a foul blot from national character, the great, the wise, and benevolent, combine their energies, it becomes not those of humble name, or obscure station, to remain indifferent. The weaker sex, who depend for safety and protection on others, have immense interests at stake, in the morality and purity of the community. Their plea of want of power can scarcely be admitted as a fair release from responsibility, since the moralists, and even the politicians, of our own day, have asserted that no evil can obtain great predominance in the community without the permission of females.

The cause of temperance, which has already wrought such wonders, and has still a giant's work to perform, claims their earnest co-operation. Surely they whose duties and felicities are involved in the domestic and maternal relations, should be peculiarly and painfully watchful against every approach of a sin which desecrates home's hallowed sanctuary.

We do not, of course, address those who have given their hand to the destroyer—who, in the strong language of inspiration, have "made a covenant with the grave, and with hell are at agreement." We are sensible that scarcely any agent, save the voice of Him who raiseth the dead, is available to break their bondage. But they who, with regard to this insidious poison, literally obey the precept, "touch not, taste not, handle not," and suppose themselves absolved from all other effort—are they therefore absolved?

My sisters, if we assent to the proposition that not to prevent sin, when in our power to do so, is as blameable as to have aided in its

perpetration. Are we justified in supineness, while such multitudes are going down to the grave with this leprosy in their skirts and in their souls? Do we, to the teaching of example, add the whole weight of that influence which the courtesy of an enlightened age, and the condescension of the religion of Jesus have in those latter days accorded us? If we are conscious of remissness, let the words of the poet admonish us—

"Lo! our not doing is set down,
Among our darkest deeds."

Let the word of inspiration counsel us to avoid the anguish with which the erring sons of Jacob exclaimed, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother."

Intemperance is by the fireside—at the household board—in the nursery—have we *nothing to do*? We whose affections have taken root by that fireside—whose province it is to make that household board subservient to health and heavenly gratitude—to whom that nursery is the garner of the fondest hopes for time and for eternity;—shall we perceive, amid those sacred haunts, the footstep of the enemy, and *slumber*?

Wife!—who by a solemn vow before men and angels, has entered into a union which death alone can sever, has it been your fate to see the vice of intemperance casting a deadly shadow over a heart in which, next to heaven, was your confidence? And day by day, and hour after hour, as you watched its fearful ravage, have you been vigilant not to upbraid, not to argue reproachfully, but to repress your own sorrows to render home desirable, to re-awaken those affections which are the guardians of purity and peace? Above all, were your supplications unceasing to Him who "turneth the heart of man as the rivers of waters are turned?" If so, though the har-

vest of your labors may have perished—though the disruption of your hopes nothing earthly can supply—still you will have escaped that deeper torture of reflecting that you are “verily guilty concerning” him who was once “your more than brother—and your next to God.”

Mother!—whose duties are laid deeper than any vow of the lips, even in the immutable strength of a love that cannot “swerve, have you counselled your offspring in this matter, “rising up early, and late taking rest?”—Among those habits which modify character, did you inculcate the control of the animal appetites—the superiority of happiness derived from intellect and virtue, to the fleeting pleasures of sense—the nobleness of subjugating the flesh to the spirit? Did you oppose with your frown, with the force of your authority, the first aberration from these principles? Did you fully set before them the infirmity of their nature, the dangers that surround them, the necessity that they should seek help from God? At dawn, and at noon-day, and in the hush of midnight, was there a lifting up of your heart, that they might be “temperate in all things?” Yet, should it be your lot to behold one whom you had nurtured, blot the inheritance of his ancestors, and sink into the drunkard’s grave,—God forbid that you stand before his tribunal, and say, “I am verily guilty concerning”—whom?—not the brother, whose habits you might not have been able to influence,—not the husband, whom it was not your province to control,—but the child, whom you brought into life, and loved more than life,—the child, for the first pencilled lines upon whose soul you are accountable,—because it was entrusted to you as soft and unsullied wax, that you might stamp it with the seal of heaven.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS.

NO. V.

THE AMERICAN SPY.

“Where are you going?” said a lazy looking citizen, thrusting his head out of a window, as one of his acquaintances was passing by, “What brings so many people up this direction?”

“The military tribunal is sitting, and an American officer is to be tried as a spy,” was the hurried answer.

“Wait; I will go with you,” rejoined the querist, and quickly passing through the door, as if new life were infused into him by the intelligence, he joined his associate and mingled in the throng that was pressing on to the point of attraction.

The brief dialogue we have just noted took place in one of the remote streets of the city

of New York during the war of the Revolution, at a time when the British army had possession of the city, and the combined forces of France and America, under the immediate command of Washington, were encamped at Dobbs’ Ferry, a few miles distant from the British lines on the opposite side of the river. The familiarity of the American soldiery with the topography of the country, emboldened many of them to acts of adventurous daring, in the endeavor to obtain information of the position and plans of the enemy; and instances have been recorded wherein the hardy sons of the soil, for less public and national purposes, manifested an recklessness of exposure which could only be excused by the admiration they elicited, but could not be justified. By strange good fortune, however, notwithstanding the unsleeping vigilance of the enemy, these perilous visits were attended with remarkable success. But very few were detected or foiled in their undertakings, and such even as were captured on the forbidden ground, “lived to fight another day” in the ranks of their countrymen. An exception is however found in the prisoner, whose examination and trial had caused the sensation alluded to in the commencement of this narrative. Although more worthy than many who met a better fate, he was doomed to a bitter destiny. He was taken under very suspicious circumstances within a short distance of the British outposts; and being immediately conducted to Sir Henry Clinton, that officer promptly ordered a court martial for his trial, which assembled and was in readiness to proceed with its duties a few hours after the capture.

The building in which the military tribunal held its sittings, was on the outskirts of the city—and has long since been removed for the erection of more stately edifices. At an early hour the hall was filled to overflowing with a crowd of anxious spectators. The courts in which Sir Henry himself presided, was composed of nine officers of different grades, seated on a circular elevation at the extreme end of the room, and dressed out in the rich and gaudy uniform of England. A file of British soldiery flanked the judgment seat on each side, and the standard of the *Lion rampant* projecting from the wall above it, hung out in the area and floated immediately above the head of the prisoner. It probably never waved over a braver soldier since the days of the first Richard, who justly was entitled to the cognomen of *Cœur de Lion*, as well for his dauntless valor, as because during his tempestuous reign, he was the animating spirit of the warriors of that nation, of whom the royal beast of the forest is heralded as the emblem. Calm, dignified and unmoved, Ratcliff Dormer stood before his

judges as fearlessly as when in the halcyon days of peace he trod the pave of the now magnificent Broadway.

As soon as the court was organized, upon an intimation from the president, a breathless silence pervaded the assemblage. The judge advocate then arose and announced to their prisoner the solemn charge that was alleged against him. He was accused as having entered within the lines of the British camp as a spy in disguise, and that by such conduct he had forfeited his life under the rules and articles of war. During the reading of the specifications, which were numerous, the eyes of the spectators were riveted upon the prisoner. Under less interesting circumstances, there was much in the appearance of Ratcliff Dormer to attract attention; but in his present situation, in the midst of a hostile camp, friendless and unknown, arraigned before a sanguinary tribunal upon the charge of a crime whose penalty was an ignominious death, he excited an intense sympathy in his behalf.—He was about twenty-five years of age, but his light hair and blonde complexion would have made him pass with the casual beholder, for several summers less. In person he was tall, slender, and erect; but the firmly knit and well adjusted proportions of his form left no room for imputation of effeminacy. He heard the charge, though without the emotion of a muscle. It seemed as if he had so thoroughly reduced whatever there was of earth about him, to subjection to the spirit within, as either to be insensible to the jeopardy of his situation, or not at all to regard it. When the judge advocate had finished reading the charge, he made the usual inquiry that was to frame the issue. At this moment the whole assembly bent forward in subdued and painful silence to catch a word of utterance from the lips of the prisoner. In a clear and confident voice he plead **NOT GUILTY**. Witnesses were then called by the judge advocate and examined. One deposed, that on the previous night at a little before twelve o'clock, he had seen an individual resembling the prisoner, rowing across the North river in a small boat; that he had watched him, and saw him land about half a mile below the Brisith outposts; that he had fastened his boat to the shore and proceeded in the direction of the camp until he lost sight of him. Upon being cross-examined by one of the court, he swore to the identity of the prisoner; although, at the time, he was in a different dress. Another testified to the same facts, and also that the prisoner had questioned him as to the station of the sentinels, and appeared to be very anxious for correct information.—Two English soldiers were then successively called up, who deposed, that being off duty they were indulging themselves with a mug of beer at a small ale house, just within the

lines of the camp, and that about three o'clock in the morning they saw the prisoner pass by in a manner that attracted their suspicion—that they hailed him, but upon his not heeding them they started off in pursuit, and upon coming up with him one of them collared him. The first stated that he had hardly got his hand on the prisoner before he turned fiercely upon him, as if just awakened from sleep, and knocked him down, "but he could not have done it, your honor," resumed the discomfited deponent, "if he had not taken me unawares." The second then swore, that seeing his companion thus used, he had aimed a blow at the prisoner with the butt-end of his musket, and prostrated him. His associate then recovering, they had together carried the prisoner to the inn they had left, and upon ascertaining that he wore a disguise over an American uniform, they had delivered him to the sergeant of the guard. He also stated that he searched the prisoner, and found upon him a dagger, and a piece of suspicious looking writing which nobody could read.

The president handed to the witness a half sheet of paper, one side of which was filled with something written in cipher. The lines were not regular as if written continuously on one subject, but in detached sentences, like memoranda of observations. This the witness identified as the same that he had taken from the pocket of the prisoner.

The case was here closed on the part of the prosecution. The testimony unexplained, and no efforts had been made to obviate its effects, appeared to be clear and conclusive. The feelings of the audience, which in similar cases, *when there is no hope of escape*, always turn to sympathy, were audibly manifested on this occasion in behalf of the accused; and even the stern voice of the president was softened down to tones of compassion, as he contemplated the lofty bearing of the doomed youth before him, and propounded the customary inquiry, "whether he had any thing to say why sentence should not be pronounced."

In turning from the stand which had been occupied by the witnesses when addressed by the court, Dormer caught a glimpse of an old and wrinkled negro woman who had pushed her way through the crowd and was earnestly watching every turn of the proceedings. At that instant, and for the first time during the whole scene of the trial, a shade of embarrassment passed over his countenance. His eyes fell, and he seemed for a moment struggling with inward and intense agony. Was this suffering produced by the interrogatory of the judge, recalling him to a sense of his danger, or did the sight of a shrivelled hag occasion it? All lookers on, probably without hesitation, attributed it to the first. They could not under-

stood how at that time other considerations could affect him,—they did not observe advisedly his slow and stealthy survey of the crowd, as if fearful of encountering in his glance some objects whose presence could add to the misery of the hour. After a violent effort for mastery, the prisoner again anxiously scrutinized the countenances of those in the immediate neighborhood of the old woman, and then as if satisfied and relieved, resumed his composure and replied to the formal inquiry of the president. He admitted the correctness of the testimony that had been detailed, but denied the inferences that had been drawn from it. He emphatically declared, that his purpose in crossing the river had no relation whatever to military affairs, nor was in any way connected with the movements of the army.

He spoke with animation and an air of sincerity that could not fail to excite a belief of his innocence. The court felt the effect of his address and manner, and were disposed to concede to every latitude in his defence, in order to arrive at the truth of the case.

"You cannot expect," observed the president, "that the court can be influenced by your mere denial, in opposition to the express evidence before it. We are bound to decide according to the testimony in the cause, and all the concurring facts deposed to, indicate guilt. You have not attempted to reconcile them with the presumption of your innocence. Even this paper," continued the president, (holding up the cipher found upon the prisoner,) "remains unexplained. What is the meaning of the characters described on it. If it be not the result of your reconnaissance, which we are led to believe it is, and therefore proof conclusive of your guilt, furnish to the court the key by which they may decipher it."

Dormer was fully sensible of the weight that, unexplained, this piece of evidence must have upon the minds of the court, and therefore hesitated a moment, in self deliberation as to the propriety of elucidating it. He was aware that under the circumstances in which he then stood he could have no reasonable ground to calculate upon an acquittal under a strict enforcement of the laws of war, however foreign his intentions might have been to any purpose connected with the campaign or operation of the army, inasmuch as he violated them by the very act of being found "lurking about a hostile camp in disguise;" and as the only effect of a public denouncement of the mystery would be to vindicate his own reputation from reproach, and recommend himself to the pardoning power of the British army, he concluded that it would be most advisable to resort to this expedient after the termination of the court. One great leading motive that

induced his resolution was the fact, that he could not unravel the difficulty without the agency of others, and without bringing into public view matters of deep, private concern to himself, which could not be exhibited to the idle gossip of the vulgar without causing the most agonizing suffering to his sensitive bosom. After a brief pause of varied emotion, he calmly replied to the interrogatories of the court.

"I have no witnesses, nor do I expect that my simple denial will be of any avail before your tribunal. I spoke just now to answer your question, not to avert your judgment."

"Are you not what that button betokens?" said the president, (pointing to Dormer's coat.) "I am an American officer," was the reply.

"How long have you served in the rebel army?" inquired one of the associates.

Dormer turned upon him a glance of scornful contempt, but said nothing.

"You are a young man," resumed the president, "and yet scarcely younger than the Marquis De La Fayette, who, I am informed, has been honored with the title and rank of Major General in the American army. Notwithstanding our colonial fellow subjects have become such thorough republicans, I doubt whether a plain untitled soldier of his age, without the magic of aristocracy, would have been so fortunate, even though an adventurer from sunny France. You, I presume, are not of so high a grade?"

There was a keen irony in the tones of the president, as he uttered these remarks, which did not escape the observation of Dormer.

"I am but a subaltern—an humble lieutenant in the army of the republic. The Congress of the United States in conferring upon La Fayette the rank he now holds, paid a tribute not to his long line of martial ancestry, nor to his almost princely title, but to his zeal, his unprecedented devotion, his sacrifices in the cause of liberty. It may be true, that the circumstances of his birth afforded him the means of rendering himself gloriously conspicuous, but the use he made of them elevated him beyond ancestral fame and laid for him the foundation of a renown that will end only with our everlasting mountains."

The ardor with which Dormer spoke of this great benefactor of our country, convinced Sir Henry that so far from any jealousies having been created by the preferment of the young Marquis, it met with almost universal approval. This was a sentiment, however, which by no means accorded with the bent of his feelings; it was for a long time hoped that dissensions and disaffection would be stirred in the American army, in consequence of the appointment of foreigners to high command.

Young, ardent and ambitious, as he had no doubt Dormer was, he expected a reply of a different character, and far more consonant to his feelings. Finding himself foiled and disappointed, he changed the course of his inquiries, and continued—

"Did you enter the city alone?"

"I did."

"What was your motive in coming?"

"My motives belong to myself. You have already said that I could not expect my own assertions to be received against the testimony or to explain it. I do not expect, and therefore I decline answering your question."

"Do your parents live in the city?"

"My parents are dead," said Dormer in a hurried tone of much feeling.

The president conferred for a few moments with his associates, and then addressing himself to the prisoner, in whose behalf a strong and manifest sympathy had been excited, he informed him that, in consequence of the lateness of the hour, the decision of the tribunal would be suspended until the morrow, and that another opportunity would be allowed him for defence, if he should see fit to make one.

Dormer gently bowed to the court in token of his gratitude for their indulgence, and after an intimation to that effect by the president, he was conducted by the guard to his prison.

The crowd dispersed, or collected in groups to talk over the particulars of the scene that had just passed before them, and, as on all similar occasions, each one was anxious to tell over to his companion what each had equally witnessed. There was one, however, of that thronged concourse, who, though she understood the changes of the scene best of all there, except the prisoner himself—neither stopped to tell what she knew, nor to make other than a single brief inquiry of one of the guards. This was the old negress, who had so much disconcerted the prisoner when his eye first fell upon her. As soon as he was led off by the guards, she was seen hurrying as fast as her cane and the rheumatism would permit, down one of the narrow alleys that led to the interior of the city, until turning a corner she was lost to the view.

New York, whose harbor is now whitened with the canvass of the world, presenting as you look far out to sea a centre for the argosies of every clime to converge in—even at this period gave promise of the importance to which she has arisen; but the limits of the city were then far more circumscribed, and the adjacent country which at this day embraces the busiest portion of that mighty emporium, was studded with the summer residences of many of the opulent citizens. It is to one of these mansions situated just without the suburbs of the city, not far from the British camp, that our story now turns.

On the evening of the day of the occurrences we have just related, in an apartment looking out on the gorgeous west, reclined on a damask ottoman a female of exquisite beauty. She was leaning upon her elbow, and her small and delicate hand supported a brow of Grecian mould, and purely white as alabaster. The parting sunbeams stealing through the aperture of the crimson curtain that overhung the window, rested upon her cheek in feeble rivalry of the roses that dwelt there, and curls of glossy jet fell neglected over her shoulders, and half concealed the thrilling outline of her features. From her sudden starts at every noise that occurred, it might readily be inferred that she had long been anxiously expecting the arrival of some one in whom she took deep interest, and being wearied with her long vigil, had sought relief in the attitude we have described. She remained but a short time in this position, and then painfully unquiet, arose, in the full perfection of her matchless symmetry, to look out at the window. Long and anxious was her gaze, until, satisfied that the object of her solicitude was not to be seen, with a suppressed sigh, she resumed her seat upon the sofa. She took up a book that lay near her, and attempted to read, but the still unmoved direction of her eye showed that she gazed inwardly, and not on the lessons it taught.—Throwing it down, she flew to her piano and ran over a tune of melody, but it soothed not her feelings. Suddenly rising from her seat, she seized her bonnet as if impelled by some sudden and desperate resolution, when a step was heard in the entry, and presently, the door opening, revealed the figure of the old negro woman resting on her cane, whom we have before introduced to the notice of the reader.

"O, Phœbe!" exclaimed Agnes Pointois, (for that was the name of our heroine,) "how could you stay so long? Where is Ratcliff? is he safe? Did you go over to the American camp to see that nothing harmed him on his return? That was kind, very kind of you.—But you are tired after so long a walk—come sit down here, and I will sit beside you.—Now, tell me all about your journey."

During these questions and commands of Agnes, which followed in rapid succession, the old woman, almost breathless from her recent exertions, attempted no reply; but after being seated a moment beside her young mistress, whose sole confidant she was in a matter that was intimately interwoven with her all of happiness, she collected together her scattered senses to communicate the important intelligence with which she was charged. But the opportunity was too favorable for garrulous old age to forego its privileges, and therefore Phœbe began to detail her personal ills and weariness.

"Here, here," said Agnes, snatching from a table near at hand a glass of cool water, "drink this, and then tell me where you have been, and if Ratcliff is safe. Do, dear Phœbe, tell me quickly."

"You must give me time," said Phœbe, "for I have a heap of things to tell."

"Do then begin," said Agnes, imploringly; "did you see him put off into the river?"

Phœbe shook her head and said nothing; but the expression of her eye conveyed to the mind of her fair mistress a mournful presentiment of the truth. The rich blood which had been struggling to escape through her cheeks fled back to its citadel. With altered tone she bade her domestic repeat to her all she had seen and heard, who now related the terrible truth. In the calm predominance of intellectual superiority, she met the shock, and partially recovering her composure, pursued her inquiries.

"And you say Ratcliff has been accused of being a spy, and is confined in prison because he will not explain the paper and tell the object of his coming to the city at this time?"

"Yes, miss, I reckon dat is bout de amount of it, and I had a good mind to tell dem sengers dat set upon de bench and ax'd questions, as how de paper was a lub letter, and dat mass Ratcliff comed over here to git married to you, case you was 'gaged to him a long time, but den mass Ratcliff would'nt say so hisself, and so I thought I oughtn't. He know'd it as well as me. La me! lovyers now a days aint nothing like so free spoken as dey used to be, in my time. But may be it's prudent," continued the old woman with a sigh; "case de ladies is so fickle. Dey sometimes change deir minds now and fall in lub wid a new face arter de weddin garment is made up, and de day ob de union fixed upon. But perhaps dis is all right—yes, yes, 'tis all right. If deir minds *can* change, better change before de ceremony dan arter—better before dan arter; better for both of dem; but more 'specially de gent'man.

Agnes was wrapped in thought with the intimation thrown out in the first part of Phœbe's answer, and without hearing the latter or unheeding it if she did, consoled herself with the belief that she possessed the power of extricating him from his difficulties, by clearing up, as she resolved to do, the mystery that hung over the object of Ratcliff's visit to the city. In reflecting upon his conduct, she dwelt with infinite pleasure upon the delicacy and tenderness which he had manifested in refusing to mention her name before that promiscuous crowd, as if in his estimation it were too sacred for vulgar ears, and suppressing the part she bore in the purposes of his visit, even at the peril of his life.

United in heart by the sanctifying ligament of first love, Ratcliff Dormer and Agnes Pointois, a few months previous to the occupation of the city of New York by the British, had mutually pledged to each other their lasting affections; and became, in the common phrase of the day, *engaged*. Little anticipating the difficulties that afterwards obtruded themselves, they had fixed upon the day of the scene we have described, for the celebration of their nuptials. No parental obstacles interfered to prevent their union. Ratcliff was without father or mother, both having died whilst he was a mere boy, and left him the heir of an ample fortune. As soon as he passed his minority; he had entered the army, and by his bold and manly bearing, had quickly won the esteem and confidence of his compatriots. Agnes had lost her mother a few years previous to the events of this story, and reigned in her father's princely mansion as its sole mistress. She was his only child, and the object of his tenderest solicitude.

The strict guard which the English maintained, prevented all communication by letter between the lovers—and on the evening previous to the appointed day, Ratcliff resolved upon the rash enterprise of passing the river in the night, by a circuitous route with which he was familiar, and of renewing the pledges of their vows, to be redeemed when brighter auspices smiled upon them. He succeeded, by evading the stations of the sentinels, in seeing his betrothed; and in the presence of old Phœbe, who was the heirloom of the family, and the sole and especial confidant of her love, new arrangements were entered into, and a cipher agreed upon for correspondence—a copy of which he preserved, and which proved a pregnant source of difficulty—as we have seen in the trial.—After a few hours of happiness in the presence of Agnes, he tore himself from her society; and in returning to his camp was captured.

It appeared that he had not observed the caution which had marked his coming, but had trodden recklessly in the very view of the enemy—thus verifying the comparison, that the excited lover is like a somnambulist, who walks through the world with his eyes open, but their sense dead to all outward objects. Ratcliff was engrossed with the thought of Agnes, and no longer dreamed of an enemy or danger.

The information gathered from Phœbe, that guilt had been inferred from the manuscript in cipher, and the refusal of Ratcliff to explain the object of his coming to the city, determined Agnes to go herself in person to Sir Henry Clinton, and reveal to him the whole matter without disguise. Having made up her mind on this point, and drawn from it

considerable relief, she again questioned the old woman concerning the particulars of the trial; but could learn nothing further than that Ratcliff was confined for the night in the debtors' prison, and that the trial would be resumed in the morning at ten o'clock. Satisfied that no further information could be acquired, she immediately sought out her father, and communicated to him the tidings she had received. She found no difficulty in enlisting him in her cause; but at his urgent solicitation postponed the hour of the visit to Sir Henry until early on the following morning.

This arrangement being made, Agnes retired to her chamber—but not to sleep. The shades of evening had already thickened into darkness. She threw up the casement, and leaning on her elbow, looked out on the gorgeous heavens. Alone and sick at heart with the calamity which had fallen upon her, she meditated on the painful reality of the change which had come over the spirit of her existence. Her life had hitherto been all sunshine. Too young at the death of her mother to be much affected by the loss, until that hour she had scarcely been able to comprehend the meaning of misery. But the interpretation of it was written for her with a pencil of light now—and in the agony of her feelings, she felt as if the bonds which connected her with society were rent asunder, and that she was desolate. How natural is it for those who have been blest with uninterrupted prosperity, to surrender and be utterly miserable upon the first heavy visitation of misfortune; and a sense of lone and universal abandonment, is the shape the feelings usually assume under such circumstances.—The stillness of the night, and the bright quiet stars that twinkled in the heavens added to the melancholy of Agnes, until, in the fulness of her grief, she found relief in a flood of tears.

New York was now buried in sleep—and the watchman and his rattle were the sole occupants of the streets,—when a stream of flame shot up towards the skies from a remote part of the city. Quickly it increased in volume, and shed a fitful glare upon the surrounding houses; when the alarm bell announced a fire!

Sixty years ago, that sense of security which has since been effected by the organization and discipline of engine companies, was unknown to the inhabitants of our largest cities; and the most that was expected in case of an alarm of fire, was to prevent the destructive element from communicating to the adjoining houses. In other respects, a fire at that period exhibited pretty much the same appearances as at present. The same noise, the same confusion of tongues, and the same gathering together from every quarter

within sight or hearing, took place then as now. Soon after the signal we have mentioned was given, the whole city grew vocal with the cry of the *debtors' prison*. It was there the fire had commenced; and in fifteen minutes after the alarm, an immense concourse of people had collected around it. At the first glance, an experienced eye would have seen that there was no hope to save it. The fire had begun in one of the lower apartments, and having consumed all its wooden appendages, had rushed up the main stairway, and burst through the roof. All the prisoners had been timely released from their perilous prison walls, with but one exception, and that was the captured spy, who, as we have before mentioned, was lodged for the night in this strong hold. The key of his cell had been taken out of the jailor's hands and was in the possession of the officer of the guard, who being at some distance from the prison when the fire broke out, did not arrive until all access to the upper apartments in which the spy was confined, had been entirely cut off by the devouring element. A ladder was immediately procured, and placed against the side of the building reaching to his cell, and he was loudly called upon to descend; but his solitary window was doubly grated with bars of iron, and he could not get out to avail himself of the facility offered. A brawny and dauntless citizen rushed up the ladder with a huge hammer in hand to release him; but after striking a few ringing but ineffectual blows upon the bars, the heat became too intense for suzerance, and he was compelled to descend. The spectators then stood powerless and appalled at the speedy and horrible death that awaited their fellow being, with whose character they were unacquainted; and the anxious question was asked—who is it?—and the answer circulated and grew louder with the mingling of voices, until it gathered into a shout like distant thunder—"It is the captured American. Let us save him, countrymen, for liberty and the States." The appeal went up from a thousand tongues, and a mass of the spectators, as if by concert and for some purpose connected with the object now in view, rushed down the several streets leading off from the prison. At this moment a stir was made in the rear of those that remained, and a female, enveloped in a large cloak, pressed forward with frantic agitation to the front line.

"Ratcliff," exclaimed the unknown stranger, in a tone of deep and wild melody, "Ratcliff—will you not hear me?—Oh, God! how utterly miserable I am! Speak to me Ratcliff—come to me."

"I cannot, Agnes," rejoined the prisoner, (for it was his betrothed that had thus braved the perils of the night;) "I cannot escape.

Do not come near these walls; return home, dearest—and farewell forever.”

A gentleman at this moment stepped from the crowd, and politely tendered to her his services.

“Your services,” exclaimed Agnes bitterly; “yes, I will accept them. Go, *save him*.—I am free—I want no assistance. *Save him*, and I will bless you—thank you forever.”

The gentleman stated to her the apparent impossibility of effecting the release of the prisoner, and pointed to the iron bars of his window, and the living coal of the whole interior of the first floor. She turned from him despairingly, and again called upon her lover.

“Break those hideous bars, Ratcliff.”

“I cannot, Agnes; they are iron; farewell.”

“Oh, no, no, no,—do not bid me farewell, but come to me—I am all alone here, Ratcliff—come to me.”

Dormer seized hold of the middle bar which crossed his window, and pulled with all his strength; but did not move it. Relinquishing his hold, he darted back into his chamber, as if some new hope had crossed him, and in a moment re-appeared, standing on the sill of the window.

“Once more—once more,” repeated the maiden with clasped hands.

Dormer again caught the bar, and planting his foot firmly against the wall, pulled with the strength of a giant. The frame of the window, shrivelled and loosened by the cracked and scorching walls, presently began to yield. Another and sterner effort—a voice of encouragement from the crowd—it shook—moved, and at last fell into the cell, burying the unfortunate Ratcliff in a pile of the ruined wall, which he had dragged after him.

The shout of triumph which had almost escaped the lips of the spectators, died away into a moan of despair. The events we have here last recorded, occurred in less time than we have taken to detail them; and at the moment of the falling in of the wall, the mass which had moved off for implements of operation upon the first recognition of the character of the prisoner, returned to the scene of danger, but it was too late.

In vain then were torrents of water poured into the blazing ruin; in vain were ladders erected and screens set up, and fearless hearts and strong arms brought to the rescue. The prisoner was found, and taken out a mangled corpse.

The next day a solemn and unusually large line of mourners moved down one of the streets of New York, and directed its course to the cemetery of St. Paul’s.

Afflictions are thorough teachers.

The following beautiful and affecting lines we cut from a western paper. From the signature and date, we presume they are from the pen of a highly gifted young lady of Plainfield, New Jersey. The author, whoever she may be, is imbued with the true spirit of poetry, which if carefully cherished will ere long place her in the first rank of the female authors of our country.

[WRITTEN FOR AN ORPHAN FRIEND.]

MY MOTHER.

“Blest mother! I remember thee!”

Blest mother! I remember thee, from early childhood’s hour,

When first my heart awoke to feel maternal love’s deep power;

When not a transient tear could dim the smile of infant bliss,

That was not dried beneath the warmth of a mother’s fervent kiss.

Ah! yet the prayer I learned to lip at twilight by thy knee,

Is clear upon the deep-wrought page of hallowed memory!

And those soft tones that rose to heaven from out thy swelling breast,

They seem to sound upon my ear, though thou art gone to rest.

Blest mother! I remember thee, from youth’s fresh buoyant day;

A star thou wert to guide my feet, of pure and constant ray;

Thy love possess’d a charm beyond the light of pleasure’s beams,

And ’twas thy counsel that forbade my trust in earthly dreams.

And I remember a soft hand, that smoothed my aching head,

A tearful, guardian eye, that watch’d beside my curtain’d bed;

The careful step, the soothing draught thy kindness had prepared,

And all the tokens of that love thy orphan child once shared.

Blest mother! I remember thee, as guide, companion, friend!

When years mature had taught my heart life’s blessings and their end;

When I had learn’d to share thy griefs, to shed the tear for thee,

Who in my wayward days had turn’d to pray and weep for me.

’Twas mine to cheer thy widow’d heart with all a daughter’s love,

And lift thy sinking spirit up to brighter scenes above;

To scatter in thy lonely path the flowers which kindness weaves,

And bind around thy temples fair affection’s myrtle leaves.

Blest mother! I remember thee, (alas! how sad the spot
On memory's page which even now the tear of grief
must blot!)

When first the blight of fell disease pass'd o'er thy constant heart,

And on thy brow, with death's pale hand, 'twas written—"We must part!"

But not a murmur mingled then with faith's assurance given,

And not a fear pass'd with thee through the darksome vale to heaven;

No! God's own rod and staff were there, nor could I wish thy stay,

When angels beckon'd thee from earth and all its ills away.

Blest mother! I remember thee, when on thy sable bier,
And follow'd by an orphan train, which stranger hands must rear;

When laid within thy narrow bed, where now the green turf grows,

While we were left alone to stem the tide of human woes.

Yet not alone, for One there is, our Father in the sky,
Who stoops to make our cause his own, who listens to our cry;

Upon his arm our strength was stayed, his hand hath been our guide,

And he who gives the ravens food, for us will still provide.

Blest mother! now I think of thee, as one amid that throng

Who chant before the throne of God their "everlasting song;"

In midnight dreams thy angel form around my couch appears,

And oft thy hand seems stretched again to wipe away my tears.

When gazing at the shining stars, their fixed and holy light,

Recalls thine own unwavering faith, and thy example bright;

And in the firmament of heaven, a star thou'lt ever shine,

With beams more beautiful and bright—a lustre all divine.

E. C. S.

Cedar Brook, 1839.

EARTHLY HAPPINESS.

This is a phantom of which all are in pursuit, and which none have yet been able to embrace. Most people can see it, but always at a distance. It is a mere shadow, always flying but never caught. It allures but to deceive; it promises only to disappoint. It is the grand object for which most people live; but perfect happiness is what no person living ever yet found, and what none ever can find until they arrive at the exhaustless source from whence it springs—the throne of God.

—*Mobile Gazette.*

BEAUTIES OF SALATHIEL.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

No. XVI.

While, with my head bent on my knees, I hung in the misery of self abhorrence; I heard the name of Constantius sorrowfully pronounced beside me. The state in which he must be left by my long absence flashed upon my mind; I threw back the mantle, and saw Salome. It was her voice that wept; and I then first observed the work of woe in her form and features. She was almost a shadow; her eye was lustreless, and the hands that she clasped in silent prayer were reduced to the bone.—But before I could speak, Miriam made a sign of silence to me, and led the mourner away; then returning, said, "I dreaded lest you might make any inquiries before Salome for her husband. Religion alone has kept her from the grave. On our arrival here we found our noble Constantius worn out by the fatigue of the time; but he was our guardian spirit in the dreadful tumults of the city. When we were burned out of one asylum, he led us to another. It is but a week since he placed us in this melancholy spot, but yet the more secure and unknown. He himself brought us provisions, supplied us with every comfort that could be obtained by his impoverished means, and saved us from want. But now,"—the tears gushed from her eyes, and she could not proceed.

"Yes—now," said I, "he is a sight that would shock the eye; we must keep Salome in ignorance, as long as we can."

"The unhappy girl knows his fate but too well. He left us a few days since, to obtain some intelligence of the siege. We sat during the night, listening to the frightful sounds of battle. At day-break, unable any longer to bear the suspense, or sit looking at Salome's wretchedness, I ventured to the Fountain-gate, and there heard what I so bitterly anticipated—our brave Constantius was slain!"

She wept aloud; and sobs and cries of irrepressible anguish answered her from the chamber of my unhappy child.

The danger of a too sudden discovery prevented me from drying those tears; and I could proceed only by offering conjectures on the various chances of battle, the possibility of his being made prisoner, and the general difficulty of ascertaining the fates of men in the irregular combats of a populace. But Salome sat fixed in cold incredulity. Esther sorrowfully kissed my hand for the disposition to give them a ray of comfort; Miriam gazed on me with a sad and searching look, as if she felt that I would not tamper with their distresses, yet was deeply perplexed for the issue.

At last the delay grew painful to myself.

and taking Salome to my arms, and pressing a kiss of parental love on her pale cheek, I whispered, "he lives."

I was overwhelmed with transports and thanksgivings. Precaution was at an end.—If battle were raging in the streets, I could not now have restrained the generous impatience of friendship and love. We left the tower. There was not much to leave, besides the walls; but such as it was, the first fugitive was welcome to the possession. Night was still within the building, which had belonged to some of the Roman officers of state, and was massive and of great extent. But at the threshold, the grey dawn came quivering over the Mount of Olives.

We struggled through the long and winding streets, which ever in the fight were nearly impassable. From the inhabitants we met with no impediment; a few haggard and fierce-looking men stared at us from the ruins; but we, wrapped up in rude mantles, and hurrying along, wore too much the livery of despair, to be disturbed by our fellows in wretchedness.

With a trembling heart I led the way to the chamber, where lay one, in whose life our general happiness was centred. Fearful of the shock which our sudden appearance might give his enfeebled frame, and not less of the misery with which he must be seen, I advanced alone to the bedside. He gave no sign of recognition, though he was evidently awake; and I was about to close the curtains, and keep at least Salome from the hazardous sight of this living ruin, when I found her beside me. She took his hand, and set down on the bed with her eyes fixed on his hollow features. She spoke not a word, but sat cherishing the wasted hand in her own, and kissing it with sad fondness. Her grief was too sacred for our interference; and in sorrow scarcely less poignant than her own, I led apart Miriam and Esther, who, like me, believed that the parting day was come.

Such rude help as could be found in medicine,—at a time when our men of science had fled the city, and a few herbs were the only resource,—had not been neglected even in my distraction. But life seemed retiring hour by hour; and if I dared to contemplate the death of this heroic and beloved being, it was almost with a wish that it had happened before the arrival of those to whom it must be a renewal of agony.

But the minor cares, which make so humble, yet so necessary a page in the history of life, were now to occupy me. Food must be provided for the increased number of my inmates; and where was that to be found in the circle of a beleaguered city? Money was useless, even if I possessed it: the friends who would once have shared their last meal with

me, were exiled or slain; and it was in the midst of a fierce populace, themselves dying of hunger, that I was to glean the daily subsistence of my wife and children. The natural pride of the chieftain revolted at the idea of supplicating for food; but this was one of the questions that show the absurdity of pride; and I must beg, if I would not see them die. The dwelling had belonged to one of the noble families extinguished or driven out in the first commotions of the war. The factions which perpetually tore each other, and fought from house to house, had stripped its lofty halls of every thing that could be plundered in the hurry of civil feud; and when I took refuge under its roof, it looked the very palace of desolation. But it was a shelter; undisturbed by the riots of the crowd, too bare to invite the robber; and even its vast and naked chambers, its gloomy passages, and frowning casements, were congenial to the mood of my mind. With Constantius insensible and dying before me, and with my own spirit darkened by an eternal cloud, I loved the loneliness and darkness. When the echo of the winds came round me, as I sat during my miserable midnights watching the countenance of my son, and moistening his feverish lip with water, that even then was becoming a commodity of rare price in Jerusalem; I communed with memories that I would not have exchanged for the brightest enjoyments of life. I welcomed the sad music, in which the beloved voices revisited my soul; what was earth now to me, but a tomb! pomp, nay, comfort would have been a mockery. I clung to the solitude and obscurity that gave me the picture of the grave.

But the presence of my family made me feel the wretchedness of my abode. And when I cast my eyes round the squalid and chilling halls, and saw wandering through them those gentle and delicate forms, and saw them trying to disguise by smiles and cheering words the depression that the whole scene must inspire, I felt a pang that might defy a firmer philosophy than mine.

"Here," said I to Miriam, as I hastened to the door, "I leave you mistress of a palace. The Asmonean blood once flourished within these walls; and why not we? I have seen the nobles of the land crowded into these chambers; and every spot of them echoing with festivity. They are not so fall now; but we must make the most of what we have.—Those hangings, that I remember the pride of the Sidonian who sold them, and the wonder of Jerusalem, are left to us still; if they are in fragments, they will but show our handy-work the more. We must make our own music; and, in default of menials, serve with our own hands. The pile in that corner was once a throne sent by a Persian king

to the descendant of the Maccabees; it will serve at least for firing: the walls are thick; the roof may hold out a few storms more; the casements, if they keep out nothing else, keep out the day-light, an unwelcome guest, which would do any thing but reconcile us to the state of the mansion: and now farewell for a few hours."

Miriam caught my arm, and said in that sweet tone, which always sank into my heart; "Salathiel, you must not leave us in this temper. I would rather hear your open complaints of fortune, than this affectation of scorn for our calamities. They are many, and painful, I allow; though I will not—dare not repine. They may even be such as are beyond human cure. But who shall say, that he has deserved better; or if he has, that suffering may not be the determined means of purifying and exalting his nature! Is gold the only thing that is to be tried in fire?"

She waited my answer with a look of dejected love.

"Miriam, I need not say that I respect and honor your feelings. But no resignation can combat the substantial evils of life. Will the finest sentiments that ever came from human lips make this darkness light, turn this bitter wind into warmth, or make these hideous chambers but the dungeon?"

"Salathiel, I dread this language;" was the answer, with more than usual solemnity. "It is, must I say it, even ungrateful and unwise: shall the creatures of the power by whom we are placed in life, either defy his wrath, or disregard his mercy! Might we not be more severely tasked than we are? Are there not thousands at this hour in the world, who, with at least equal claims to the divine benevolence, (I tremble when I use the presumptuous phrase,) are undergoing calamities to which ours are happiness? Look from his very threshold: are there not thousands within the walls of Jerusalem groaning in the pangs of unhealed wounds, mad, starving, tripped of every succor of man, dying in hotels, the last survivors of their wretched race; and yet we, still enjoying health, with a roof over our heads, with our children round us safe, when the plague of the first-born has fallen upon almost every house in Judea, can complain! Be comforted, my love; I see but one actual calamity among us; and, if Constantius should survive, even that one would be at an end."

I tried to escape under cover of ridicule.

"So, let fancy have its way; and never had it a more boundless field. Let us dream this ruin into our palace, fill its walls with imaginary opulence, and be happy in spite of chance or change. Here will I sit," said I, throwing myself on the remnant of an embroidered couch; "enjoy the delights of soci-

ety in solitude, and feel every comfort of life in cold, squalidness and privation." Miriam turned away with a vexed look; but soon, recovering her composure, came back to conquer with her irresistible smile.

"I can forgive your unhappiness: the spirit of man is not made to endure with the patience of woman. But, thoughts like yours are nurtured into sadness by inactivity: you must leave us for a while, and see how far our skill may not improve even this dwelling. Go into the streets, and bring us intelligence of what the Romans are doing. Try the effect of sunshine and air; and then return, and allow the wonders that can be done even by helpless woman."

I obeyed the orders of my gentle despot, and hurried through the echoing halls of this palace of the winds. As I approached the great avenues leading from the gates to the temple, unusual sounds struck my ears.—Hitherto, nothing in the sadness of the besieged city was sadder than its silence.—Death was lord of Jerusalem; and the numberless ways in which life was extinguished, had left but a remnant of its once proud and flourishing population.

But now shouts, and still more the deep and perpetual murmurs that bespeak the movements and gatherings of a crowded city, astonished me. My first conception was, that the enemy had advanced in force; and I was turning towards the battlements to witness or repel the general fate, when I was involved in the multitude whose voices had perplexed me.

It was the season of the passover; the Roman barrier had hitherto kept back the tribes: but the victory that left it in embers, opened the gates: and we once more saw the sons of Judea filling the courts of the city of cities.

Nothing could be more unrestrained than the public rejoicing. The bold myriads that poured in hour by hour, many of them long acquainted with Roman battle, and distinguished for the successful defence of their strong holds; many of them even bearing arms taken from the enemy, or displaying honorable scars, seemed to have come, sent by heaven. The enemy evidently disheartened by their late losses, and the destruction of the rampart which had cost them so much labor, were collected in their camps; and access was free from every quarter. The rumors of our triumph had spread with singular rapidity through the land; and even the fearful phenomenon that wrote our undoing in the skies, stimulated the national hope. No son of Abraham could believe, without the strongest repugnance, that heaven had interposed, and yet, interposed against the chosen people.

A living torrent was swelling into the gates; and the great avenues and public places were quickly impassable with the multitude. Jerusalem never before contained such a mass of population. Wherever the eye turned were tents, fires, and feasting; still, the multitude wore an aspect not such as in former days. The war had made its impression on the inmost spirit of our country. The shepherds and tillers of the ground had been forced into the habits of soldiership; and I saw before me, for the gentle and joyous inhabitants of the field and garden, bands of warriors, made fierce by the sullen necessities of the time.

The ruin in which they found Jerusalem, increased their gloom. Groups were seen every where climbing among the fallen buildings to find out the dwelling of some chief of their tribe, and venting furious indignation on the hands that had overthrown it. The work of war upon the famous defences of the city was a profanation in their eyes. Crowds rushed through the plain to trace the spot where their kindred fell, and gather their bones to the tardy sepulchre. Others were exulting over the wrecks of the Roman, and burning them in heaps, that they might not mix with the honored dead. But it was the dilapidation of the temple that struck them with the deepest wrath. The whole nervous sensibility and native reverence of the Jew were awakened by the sight of the humiliated sanctuary. They knelt and kissed the pavements stained with the marks of civil feud. They sent forth deep lamentations for the dismantled beauty of gate and altar. They wrapped their mantles round their heads, and, covering themselves with dust and ashes, chanted hymns of funeral sorrow over the ruins. Hundreds lay embracing pillar and threshold, as they would the corpse of a parent or a child; or, starting from the ground, gathered on the heights nearest to the enemy and poured out curses upon the abomination of desolation—the idolatrous banner that flaunted over the Roman camps, and by its mere presence insulted and polluted the temple of their fathers.

In the midst of this sorrow, and never was there more real sorrow, was the strange contrast of a violent spirit of festivity. The passover, the grand celebration of our law, was till now marked by a grave homage.—Even its recollections of triumphant deliverance and illustrious promise were but slightly suffered to mitigate the general awe. But the character of the Jew had undergone a signal change. Desperate valor and haughty contempt of all power but that of arms, were the impulse of the time. The habits of the camp were transferred through every part of life; and the reckless joy of the soldier when

the battle is done, the eagerness for immediate indulgence, and the rude and unhallowed resources to while away the heavy hour of idleness, were powerfully and repulsively prominent in the final coming up of the nation.

As I struggled through the avenues in search of the remnant of my tribe, my ears were perpetually startled by sounds of riot; I saw, beside the spot where relations were weeping over their dead, crowds drinking, dancing, and clamoring. Songs of wild exultation over the enemy were mingled with laments for their country; wine flowed; and the board, loaded with careless profusion, was surrounded by revelers, with whom the carouse was often succeeded by the quarrel.

The Pharisee and Scribe, the pests of society, were as busy as ever, bustling through the concourse with supercilious dignity, canvassing for hearers in the market-places as of old, offering their wordy devotions where they might best be seen, and quarreling, with the native bitterness of religious faction. Blind guides of the blind; vipers and hypocrites; I think that I see them still with their turbans pulled down upon their scowling brows; their mantles gathered round them, that they might not be degraded by a profane touch; and every feature of their acrid and worldly physiognomies wrinkled with pride put to the torture by the assumption of humility.

Minstrels, far unlike those who once led the way, with sacred song to the gates of the holy city, flocked round the tents; and companies of Greek and Syrian mimes, dancers, and flute-players, the natural and fatal growth of a period of military relaxation, were erecting their pavilions, as in the festivals of their own profligate cities.

Deepening the shadows of this fearful profanation, stood forth the progeny of terror; the exorcist, the soothsayer, the magician girdled with live serpents, the pretended prophet, naked and pouring out furious rhapsodies; impostors of every color and trade; yet some of those abhorred and frightful beings the dupes of their own imposture; some utterly frenzied; and some declaring and doing wonders, that showed a power of evil never learned from man.

In depression of heart I gave up the effort to urge my way through scenes, that, firm as I was, terrified me; and turned towards my home, through the steep path that passed along the outer court of the temple. There all was the mournful silence suited to the sanctuary, that was to see its altars kindled no more. But the ruins were crowded with kneeling and woe-begone worshipers, that from morning till night, clung to the sacred soil, and wept for the departing majesty of

Judah. I knelt with them, and mingled my tears with theirs.

Prayer calmed my spirit; and before I left the height, I stopped to look again upon the wondrous expanse below. The clear atmosphere of the East singularly diminishes distance, and I seemed to stand close to the Roman camps. The valley at my feet was living with the new population of Jerusalem clustering thick as bees, and sending up the perpetual hum of their mighty hive. The sight was superb; and I involuntarily exulted in the strength that my country was still able to display in the face of her enemies.

"Here were the elements of mutual havoc; but, might they not be the elements of preservation?" The thought occurred, that now was the time to make an effort for peace.—"We had, by the repulse of the legions, shown the price which they must pay for conquest. Even since that repulse, a new force had started forward, armed with an enthusiasm that would perish only with the last man, and tenfold increasing the difficulties of the conquest."

I turned again to the ruins, where I joined myself to some venerable and influential men, who alike shuddered at the excesses of the crowd below, and the catastrophe that prolonged war must bring. My advice produced an impression. The remnant of the Sanhedrim were speedily collected; and my proposal was adopted, that a deputation should immediately be sent to Titus, to ascertain how far he was disposed to an armistice. The regular pacification might then follow, with a more solemn ceremonial.

From the top of Mount Moriah, we anxiously watched the passage of our envoys through the multitude that wandered over the space from Jerusalem to the foot of the enemy's position. We saw them pass un molested, and enter the Roman lines; and from the group of officers of rank who came forward to meet them, we gladly conjectured that their reception was favorable. Within an hour we saw them moving down the side of the hill on their return; and at some distance behind, a cluster of horsemen slowly advancing.

The deputation had executed its task with success. It was received by Titus with Italian urbanity. To its representations of the power subsisting in Judea to sustain the war he fully assented; and, giving high praise to the fortitude of the people, only lamented the necessary havoc of war. To give the stronger proof of his wish for peace, his answer was to be conveyed formally by a mission of his chief counsellors and officers to the Sanhedrim.

The tidings were soon propagated among the people, and proud of their strength, and

irritated against the invader as they were, the prospect of relief from their innumerable privations was welcomed with undisguised joy. The hope was as cheering to the two prominent leaders of the factions, as to any man among us. John of Giscala had been stimulated into daring by circumstances alone; nature never intended him for a warrior. Willy, grasping and selfish; cruel without boldness, and keen without intellectual vigor; his only purpose was to accumulate money, and to enjoy power. The loftier objects of public life were beyond his narrow capacity. He had been rapidly losing even his own meaner objects; his followers were deserting him; and a continuance of the war involved equally the personal peril which he feared, and the fall of that tottering authority, whose loss would leave him to insulted justice.

Simon, the son of Gioras, was altogether of a higher class of mankind. He was by nature a soldier; and might have, in other times, risen to a place among the celebrated names of war. But the fierceness of the period inflamed his bold spirit into savage atrocity. In the tumults of the city he had distinguished himself by that unhesitating hardihood, which values neither his own life nor that of others; and his boldness threw the hollow and artificial character of his rival deeply into the shade. But he found a different adversary in the Romans. His brute bravery was met by intelligent valor; his rashness was punished by the discipline of the legions; and, weary of conflicts in which he was sure to be defeated, he had long left the field to the irregular sallies of the tribes; and contented himself with prowess in city feud, and the preservation of his authority against the dagger.

Peace with Rome would have relieved both John and Simon from the danger which threatened to overwhelm them alike: to the citizens it would have given an instant change from the terrors of assault to tranquility: to the nation, the hope of an existence made splendidly secure and honorable, by its having been won from the sovereign of the world.

The movement of the Roman mission through the plain was marked by loud shouts. As it approached the gates, our little council descended from the Temple-porch to meet it, where one of the open places in the centre of the city was appointed for the conference. The applauding roar of the people followed the troop through the streets; and when the tribunes and senators entered the square, and gave us the right hand of amity, the universal acclamation shook the air. A gleam of joy revisited my heart; and I was on the point of ascending an elevation in the centre, to announce the terms of this fortunate arm-

istice;—to my astonishment I saw the spot pre-occupied.

Whence came the intruder no one could tell. But there he stood, a figure that fixed the universal eye. He was of lofty stature, brown as an Indian, and thin as one worn to the last extremity by sorrow or famine. Conjecture was busy. He seemed, alternately, the fugitive from a dungeon—one of the half-savage recluses that sometimes came from their dens in the wilderness, to exhibit among us the last humiliation of mind and body—a dealer in forbidden arts, attempting to impose on the rude credulity of the populace—and a prophet armed with the fearful knowledge of our approaching fall. But to me there was an expression in his countenance that partook of all; yet I gazed with an indefinable feeling that there was a something different from all in the glaring eye, the fixed and livid scorn of the lip, and the stern and grand outline of features, that appeared alike overflowing with malignity and majesty.

No man thought of interrupting him. A powerful interest hushed every voice of the multitude; and the only impulse was eagerness to hear the lofty wisdom, or the fatal tidings, that must be deposited with such a being. He himself seemed overwhelmed with the magnitude of the thoughts that he was commissioned to disclose. He stood for a while with the look of one oppressed by a fearful dream; his bosom heaving, his teeth gnashing, every muscle of his meagre frame swelling and quivering. He strongly clasped his bony arms across his breast, as if to repress the agitation that impeded his words; then, stamping on the ground, in wrath at the faculties which thus sank under him at the important moment, the tempest of his soul broke forth.

"Judah! thou wert as a lion—thou wert as the king of the forest when he went up to the mountains to slay, and from the mountains came down to devour. Thou wert as the garden of Eden, every precious stone was thy covering; the sardine, the topaz, and the beryl, were thy pavements; thy fountains were of silver, and thy daughters that walked in thy groves were as the cherubim and the seraphim.

"Judah! thy temple was glorious as the sun-rising, and thy priests were the wise of the earth. Kings came against thee, and their bones were an offering; the fowls of the air devoured them; the foxes brought their young, and feasted them upon the mighty.

"Judah! thou wert as a fire in the midst of the nations—a fire upon an altar; who shall quench thee?—A sword over the neck of the heathen; who shall say unto thee, smite no more! Thou wert as the thunder and the lightning: thou camest from thy place, and

the earth was dark: the heaven was thin, the earth was at thy feet. Thou didst thunder, and the nations shook; and the fire of thy indignation consumed them."

The voice in which this extraordinary being uttered those words was like the thunder. The multitude listened with breathless awe. The appeal in the language of their own prophets was to them a renewal of the times of inspiration; and they awaited with stretched and quivering countenances the sentence, that their passions interrupted into the will of heaven.

The figure lifted up his glance, that had hitherto been fixed on the ground; and, whether it was the work of fancy or reality, I thought that the glance threw an actual beam of fire across the upturned visages of the myriads that filled every spot on which a foot could rest; roof, wall, and ground.

Bowing his head, and raising his hands in the most solemn adoration towards the temple, he pursued, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, yet indescribably impressive—

"Sons of the faithful Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob; people chosen of God, elect and holy! Will you suffer that house of holiness to be the scoff of the idolater? Will you see the polluted sacrifice laid upon its altars? Will you be slaves and victims in the presence of the house of David?"

A rising outcry of the multitude showed how deeply they felt his words. A fierce smile lightened across his features at the sound. He erected his colossal form; and cried out, like the roar of the whirlwind, "Then, men of Judah, be strong, and follow the hand that led you through the sea and through the desert. Is that hand shortened, that it cannot save? Break off this accursed league with the sons of Belial. Fly every man to arms, for the glory of the mighty people. Will the Most High desert his people! Go; and let the sword that smote the Canaanite smite the Roman."

He was answered with furious exultation. Swords and poniards were brandished in the air. The safety of the Roman officers became endangered; and I, with some of the elders, dreading a result which must throw fatal obstacles in the way of pacification, attempted to control the popular violence by reason and entreaty. But the spirit of the Romans, haughty with conquest, and long contempt of rabble prowess, disdained to take precautions with a mob: and they awaited with palpable contempt in their faces the subsiding of this city effervescence. But this silent scorn, which probably stung the deeper for its silence, was retorted to by clamors of unequipped rage; the mysterious disturber saw the storm coming; and flinging a furious gesture towards the Roman camps, which lay glitter-

ing in the sunshine along the hills, he rushed into the loftiest language of malediction.

"Take up a lament for the Roman," he shouted. "He comes like a leviathan; he troubleth the waters with his presence; and the rivers behold him, and are afraid.

"Thus saith the king, he who holdeth Israel in the hollow of his hand: I will spread my net over thee, and my people shall drag thee upon the shore; I will leave thee to rot upon the land; I will fill the beasts of the earth with thee, until they shall come and find thee dry bones and dust, even thy glory turned into a taint and a scorn.

"Lift up a cry over Rome, and say:—Thou art the leopard; thy jaws are red with blood, and thy claws are heavy because of the multitude of the slain; thy spots are glorious, and thy feet are like wings for swiftness. But thy time is at hand. My arrow shall smite through thee: my steel shall go through thee: I will lay thy flesh upon the hills, thy blood shall be red in the rivers, the pits shall be full of thee.

"For, thus saith the king, I have not forsaken my children. For my pleasure, I have given them over for a little while to the hands of the oppressor; but they have loved me—they have come before me, and offered up sacrifices; and shall I desert the land of the chosen, the sons of the glorious, my people Israel!" A universal cry of sorrow, wrath, and triumph, followed this allusion to the national sufferings.

"Ho!" exclaimed the figure. "Men of Israel, hear the words of wisdom. The burden of Rome. By the swords of the mighty will I cause her multitude to fall; the terrible and the strong shall be on thee, city of the idolater; they shall hew off thy cuirasses, as the hewer of wood; and of thy shields, they shall make vessels of water. There shall be fire in thy palaces, and the sword. Thy sons and thy daughters shall they consume; and thy precious things shall be a spoil, when the king shall give the sign from the sanctuary." He paused, and lifting up his fleshless arm, stood like a giant bronze pointing to the temple.

To the utter astonishment of all, a vapor was seen to ascend from the summit of Mount Moriah, wreathing and white like the smoke that used to mark the daily sacrifice. Our first conception was, that this great interrupted rite was resumed; and the shout of joy was on our lips. But the vapor had scarcely parted from the crown of the hill, when it blackened, and began to whirl with extraordinary rapidity; it thenceforth less ascended than shot up, perpetually darkening and distending. The horizon grew dim, the cloudy canopy above continued to spread and revolve;

lightning began to quiver through; and we heard at intervals, long low peals of thunder. But no rain fell, and the wind was lifeless.—Nothing could be more complete than the calm; not a hair of our heads was moved; yet the heart of the countless multitude was penetrated with the dread of some impending catastrophe, that restrained every voice; and the silence itself was awful.

In the climate of Judea we had been accustomed to the rapid rise and violent devastations of tempests. But the rising of this storm, so closely connected with the appearance of the strange summoner, that it almost followed his command, invested a phenomenon, at all times fearful, with a character that might have struck firmer minds than those of the enthusiasts round him. To heighten the wonder, the progress of the storm was still faithful to the command, wherever this man of mystery waved his arm, there rushed a sheet of cloud. The bluest tract of heaven was black as night the moment he turned his ominous presence towards it, until there was no more sky to be obliterated, and, but for the fiery streaks that tore through, we should have stood under a canopy of solid gloom.

At length the whirlwind that we had seen driving and rolling the clouds, like billows, burst upon us; roaring as it came: scattering fragments of the buildings far and wide, and cutting a broad way through the overthrown multitude. Then superstition and terror were loud-mouthed. The populace, crushed and dashed down, exclaimed that a volcano was throwing up flame from the mount of the temple; that sulphurous smokes were rising through the crevices of the ground; that the rocking of an earthquake was felt; and, still more terrible, that beings not to be looked on, nor even to be named, were hovering round them in the storm.

The general rush of the multitude, in which hundreds were trampled down, and in which, nothing but the most violent efforts could keep any on their feet, bore me away for awhile. The struggle was sufficient to absorb all my senses, for nothing could be more perilous.—The darkness was intense. The peals of the storm were deafening; and the howling and fury of the crowd, trampling and being trampled on, and fighting for life in blindness and despair, with hand, foot, and dagger, made an uproar louder than that of the storm. In this conflict rather of demons than of men, I was whirled away in eddy after eddy, until chance brought me again to the foot of the elevation.

There I beheld a new wonder. A column of livid fire stood upon it, reaching to the clouds. I could discern the outline of a human form within. But while I expected to see it drop dead, or blasted to a cinder, the flame spread over the ground, and I saw its

strange inhabitant making signs like those of incantation. He drew a circle upon the burning soil, poured out some unguent, which diffused a powerful and rich odor, razed the skin of his arm with a dagger, and let fall some drops of blood into the blaze.

I shuddered at the sight of those palpable appeals to the power of evil; but I was pressed upon by thousands, and retreat was impossible. The magician then, with a ghastly smile of triumph, waved the weapon towards the Roman camps. "Behold," he cried, "the beginning of vengeance!" A thunder-roll, that almost split the ear, echoed round the hills. The darkness passed away with it.—Above Jerusalem the sky cleared, and cleared into a translucence and blue splendor, unrivaled by the brightest sunshine. The people, wrought up to the highest expectancy, shouted at this promise of a prouder deliverance, and exclaiming, "Goshen! Goshen!" looked breathlessly for the completion of the plague upon the more than Egyptian oppressor. They were not held long in suspense.

The storm had cleared away from above our heads only to gather in deeper terrors round the circle of the hills, on which we could see the enemy in the most overwhelming state of uncertainty and alarm. The clouds rushed on, ridge over ridge, till the whole horizon seemed shut in by a wall of night towering to the skies. I heard the deep voice of the magician; at the utterance of some wild words, a gleam played round the dagger's point, and the wall of darkness was instantly a wall of fire. The storm was let loose in its rage. While we stood in daylight and in perfect calm, the lightning poured like sheets of rain, or gushes of burning metal from a furnace, upon the enemy. The vast circuit of the camps was one blaze. The wind tore every thing before it with irresistible violence. We saw the tents swept off the ground, and driven far over the hills in flames, like meteors; the piles of arms and banners blown away; the soldiery clinging to the rocks, or flying together in helpless crowds, or scattering, like maniacs, with hair and garments on fire; the baggage and military machines, the turrets and ramparts sinking in flames; the beasts of burden plunging and rushing through the lines, or lying in smouldering heaps where the lightning first smote them.

[To be continued.]

Advantage of poverty in early life.—An English judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied, "Some succeed by great talent, some by high connexions, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

THE DAYS OF YOUTH.

Across the calm and brilliant sky
Not e'en a cloud was hovering;
But all amid the blueness high,
The sunbeams bright were playing:
And O! it seem'd this sunlit world
Might tempt an angel's wing;
And ne'er I wished the tempest hurld
Could o'er it darkness fling.

But soon there rose a wayward cloud
Far on the verge of heaven;
Then quickly like a gloomy shroud,
A squadron dark was driven:
And where was now the spirit's dream!
With hope's just rising form?
For o'er the sky I saw the gleam
That rides before the storm.

As nearer came the thunders roll,
With clouds in wildness sweeping;
O! who that has a heart and soul
Could gaze without e'en weeping!
Such beauty which but lately hung
Above this smiling earth;
Thus dash'd away, and left among
The joys that fade in birth.

But o'er the strife which hurried by,
A bow was brightly bending;
I brushed the tear to see it lie
So sweetly earthward tending:
It seem'd a remnant coming back
From glory swept away,
And arching o'er the tempest's track,
Brought hope's receding ray.

And thus I thought our youth is thrown
Beneath time's raging billow;
When storms of life have rudely blown,
And torn its downy pillow:
And like the rainbow, memory brings
The scenes of early days;
And o'er the soul remembrance flings
Its new and healing rays.

LLYWELYN.

Burdett, N. Y.

EDUCATION.

Education is a better safeguard for liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise the wages of the recruiting sergeant.—Ed. Everett.

A young girl, scarcely yet awake to the mysteries of her nature, and fluttering over the first demonstrations of Love, is like a child sporting on the rippling strand of the sea when a high tide is about coming in.

